

PLAYS *of the*  
MOSCOW ART  
THEATRE  
MUSICAL  
STUDIO



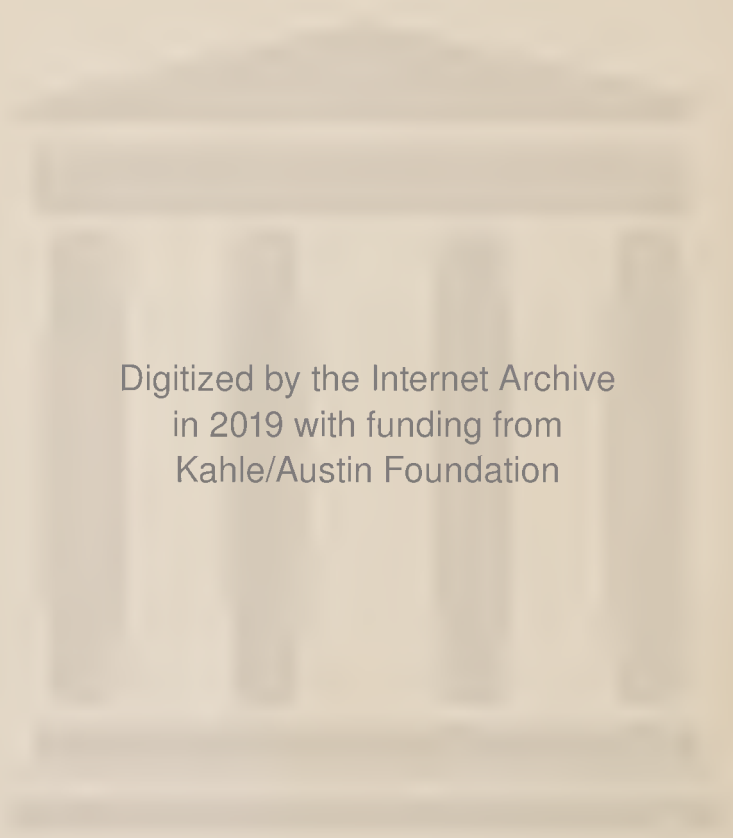
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A.M.

Nelly & L. Gunn





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THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE  
MUSICAL STUDIO*



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PLAYS OF THE MOSCOW ART  
THEATRE MUSICAL STUDIO

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LYSISTRATA

By ARISTOPHANES

CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

New Version of the Bizet-Mérimée "Carmen"

By CONSTANTIN LIPSKEROFF

THE DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

By LECOCQ

LA PÉRICHOLE

By OFFENBACH

LOVE AND DEATH

Featuring "ALEKO," by RACHMANINOFF  
and including RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS

*English Translation from the Russian by*

GEORGE S. AND GILBERT SELDES

*With Introductions by*

OLIVER M. SAYLER



NEW YORK  
BRENTANO'S  
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*LYSISTRATA*

*In Three Acts*





## INTRODUCTION \*

This racy old record of feminine revolt in ancient Athens is just as alive, just as stimulating, today as it was when Aristophanes produced it in 411 B. C. at the gloomiest moment of the Peloponnesian War, braving the wrath of the public, playing the leading rôle himself when professional actors struck and molding a mask of yeast, according to tradition, when the mask-makers refused to have anything to do with the production. Amazing as it may be, the coin of its leading motives is still current after nearly two and a half millenniums—war, peace, nature, health, men, women, sexual desire. And the conflict between these motives is just as far from solution.

Perception of this vitality, this contemporary significance, in "Lysistrata" is the keynote of lines by Dmitry Smolin, author of the Russian version of the play, published in *Programs* a few weeks before the Moscow premiere on June 16, 1923. "Our age of supreme activity rather than meditation," says Smolin, "of creation rather than philosophy, is the age of farce and tragedy rather than of comedy and drama. Through Aristophanes it is

\* From Chapter VIII ("The Humors of the Immortal Greeks") of "Inside the Moscow Art Theatre," by Oliver M. Saylor. Copyright 1925 by Brentano's.

possible to restore to the frivolous theatre its full weight, value, importance and vitality as well as its human and social function. That is why, aside from its purely theatrical effect, the production of 'Lysistrata' can have a great social and human significance."

With this sound, intelligent and realistic respect for Aristophanes, which Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, founder of the Moscow Art Theatre 'Musical Studio, shared with Smolin, it was natural that their aim in the Russian version should be to preserve as faithfully as possible not only the spirit of the original but also its form. Never did it enter their heads to make of it an operetta-bouffe, as Adelardo Fernández-Arias and C. L. de Cuenca did for the Teatro de la Zarguela in Madrid in 1905, with music by Paul Lincke. Intellectual prostitution would probably be their verdict on the celebrated Maurice Donnay adaptation, with its decadent pandering to the boulevardier and its interpolated scene among the Athenian courtesans, which was produced at the Grand Théâtre in Paris in December, 1892, and which has had revivals in 1896, 1909, and latterly with revisions in 1919. Even the Laurence Housman adaptation, frank to the point of making the Lord Chamberlain think twice before licensing Gertrude Kingston's production at the Little Theatre, London, in October, 1911, and provocative of "oh's" and "ah's" at the performance under the auspices of the

Women's Political Union at Maxine Elliott's Theatre the year before the war, would seem timid and evasive. And the accepted collegiate version of B. B. Rogers, with its convenient omission of all downright lines and situations, would be beneath their scorn. The full blood and vigor and tang of Aristophanes—gusty humor, grotesque by-play, intimate glimpses into masculine and feminine psychology, lyric beauty and exalted moral indignation—this was their goal, just as it has been the goal of George S. and Gilbert Seldes in their admirable English translation of Smolin's Russian text for the Morris Gest edition of librettos. . . .

I do not propose to enter into a discussion of the merits of the controversial issues with which "Lysistrata" bristles, although it is interesting to recognize them and note how they are still alive today. It is one of those rare plays or works of art of any kind which are deliberate propaganda and yet at the same time great art. Like Bernard Shaw, Aristophanes wrote to correct or to ridicule a contemporary wrong. The wrong considered in "Lysistrata" was war—fratricidal war between the States of Greece. For that reason, it has been annexed by the Pacifists, who seem to forget that Lysistrata urged peace in the household that Greece might be strong enough to resist foreign aggression. To accomplish her aim, she recruited the women of all Greece and gave them the first recorded lesson in

"women's rights." And for this reason, "Lysistrata" has been the Bible of the suffrage organizations, such as the Women's Political Union, which sponsored a production in the Brookside (N. Y.) open-air theatre in 1912 and two matinees in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, February 17 and 18, 1913. So far as I know, these are the only performances "Lysistrata" has had in America. The controversial vitality still inherent in the play is apparent again in Anthony M. Ludovici's choice of "Lysistrata" as a title for his recent stormy monograph on "woman's future and future woman," one of the most discussed volumes in Dutton's "Today and Tomorrow Series," which has already provoked rejoinder in another volume of the same series, "Hypatia," by Dora (Mrs. Bertrand) Russell. In seizing upon Aristophanes' heroine as prototype of the future matriarch whom he fears, Ludovici ignores the fact that Lysistrata did not bother her head about politics, peace and procreation until the men of Greece had made a sorry mess of things. If "Lysistrata" signifies sex tyranny, the men of the world have only themselves to blame!

THE EDITOR.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

LYSISTRATA—A Young Athenian Woman.

PROBULOS—An Aged Athenian Official.

KINESIAS—A Soldier, Husband of Lysistrata.

KALONIKA—An Athenian Woman, Friend of Lysistrata.

MYRRHINA—Another Athenian Woman.

LAMPITO—A Spartan Woman.

Athenian, Spartan, Corinthian, Anagyrian, Bæotian, Mytilenian and Scythian Women; Young and Old Athenian Men, Spartans, Scythians, etc.

The action takes place on the Acropolis in Athens, 411 B. C.





# LYSISTRATA

## ACT ONE

### SCENE ONE

LYSISTRATA.

Now if all these women had been invited  
To dance in the temples of Pan or of Bacchus  
Or pray to Genetyllis for ease when in labor,—  
You couldn't have passed through the crowd and the  
cymbals.

As it is—no one comes. . . . Ah, at last, one appears.  
Here's my neighbor, Kalonika.

KALONIKA.

Good morning, Lysistrata. How worried you look!  
Dear child, don't take on so. Don't fret. What's the  
matter?  
It doesn't become you to knit up your eyebrows.

LYSISTRATA.

Oh, my heart does get bitter, my blood does boil over,  
When I see that our old men, and even our husbands  
Think women a silly, incompetent lot.

KALONIKA.

As Zeus is my witness, I think they are right.

LYSISTRATA.

I sent out the order for them to assemble  
To discuss weighty matters. But they are asleep.  
No one's coming.

KALONIKA.

Give them time.  
It's not an easy thing to leave your household.  
One tends her husband, one watches the slaves,  
One puts baby to sleep, one prepares baby's breakfast.

LYSISTRATA.

Yes, but these matters are far more important.

KALONIKA.

What are they? Why did you ask us to come here?

LYSISTRATA.

To share with you the burden of my sleepless nights.  
The welfare and the safety of our nation  
Is in our hands—is in the hands of women.

KALONIKA.

In women's hands? Have pity, Zeus, on Hellas!

LYSISTRATA.

Not only one town's fate is in our hands,  
But Sparta's, too, to save or let it perish. . .

KALONIKA.

By all means, let it perish!

LYSISTRATA.

Bœotia, too.

KALONIKA.

Not all of it, my dear:

You'll surely spare their tasty eels.

LYSISTRATA.

And as to Athens, draw your own conclusions.

But if the women all will form a compact—

From Athens, Thebes, and distant Peloponnesus—

Together we will save the whole of Hellas.

KALONIKA.

But can we, women, rise to such endeavors?

We sit at home and deftly paint our faces,

We dress in saffron silks and dainty laces,

We squeeze our feet into such tiny shoes. . .

LYSISTRATA.

Why, they're the very things will save the nations,

Our smallest shoes, our most transparent laces,

Our saffron silks, our perfumes, and our robes.

KALONIKA.

How can that be? How can these things avail?

LYSISTRATA.

They will avail us much; so that no man

Will ever raise his spear again in battle . . .

KALONIKA.

By the fair Goddess, I will use my silks . . .

LYSISTRATA.

Nor even touch a shield . . .

KALONIKA.

I'll paint my face . . .

LYSISTRATA.

Nor take up the sword.

KALONIKA.

I'll buy a dozen pair of tiny shoes.

LYSISTRATA.

Is this sufficient reason for the women?

KALONIKA.

By Zeus, they should have come a-flying hither.

Now I hear some people coming.

[*Voices of women heard approaching at a distance.*]

Look, there, and there, and more there. Hi, there!

Heigho!

[*Athenian Women enter.*]

Where do these come from?

LYSISTRATA.

These from Anagyrus.

[*The Women of Anagyrus enter, followed by those from Mytilene, Sparta, Bæotia and other states.*]

KALONIKA.

You should have known they are Anagyrians.  
You know how they smell.

MYRRHINA.

Are we too late already?  
Tell us, Lysistrata.

LYSISTRATA.

I'm not pleased, exactly,  
That you should be late on such a day.

MYRRHINA.

It took me hours to find my girdle in the dark.  
But tell us, quickly, what the trouble is?

LYSISTRATA.

No, we'll wait yet a while for the Peloponnesians,  
And the Bœotian women, and some of the others.

MYRRHINA.

Yes, of course, we should wait.  
Look, here comes the Spartan, Lampito.  
[LAMPITO and a number of Women approach.]

LYSISTRATA.

Lampito, my darling, I'm so glad to see you!  
How are you, dear; you look simply fine,  
And so healthy I'm sure you could strangle a heifer.

LAMPITO.

Believe me, I can!  
I'm strong; I can kick as high as your head!

LYSISTRATA.

What an exquisite breast!

LAMPITO.

Stop prodding me so; do you think I'm a sheep?

LYSISTRATA.

And who is this one, and where does she come from?

LAMPITO.

She comes from Bœotia.

LYSISTRATA.

She's beautiful, too, I swear that she is!

Her shape and form are surely divine!

KALONIKA.

Yes.

A fine and well-proportioned body is hers.

LYSISTRATA.

And who is this?

LAMPITO.

A woman from Corinth.

LYSISTRATA.

By Zeus, it needs but one look

To tell you that she was born in Corinth.

WOMEN.

At whose command have we made this long journey?

Who ordered us to be assembled here?



LYSISTRATA.

I did.

LAMPITO.

What for? What is the object?

MYRRHINA.

Yes, by the Gods!

KALONIKA.

Disclose the nature of this grave affair.

LYSISTRATA.

Presently; but first I must  
Ask all of you one question.

MYRRHINA.

Ask anything you please.

LYSISTRATA.

Does it not grieve you that your children's fathers  
Must stay far from you, on service at the wars?  
I know that every one of your men is in service.

MYRRHINA.

My husband, poor dear, 's been gone five months,  
Stationed in Thrace, to watch Eucrates.

KALONIKA.

And mine's been seven months in Pylos.

LAMPITO.

And mine, when he gets leave, has only time  
To change his shield-straps, and he's gone again.

LYSISTRATA.

We have been long deprived of love's caresses  
Have known no love since the false Mytilenians  
Betrayed us. But I have devised  
A way to put an end to war, if you will help me.

MYRRHINA.

I swear I will!  
Here is my ring, I'll gladly pawn it  
And spend my last cent for—some wine to drink.

KALONIKA.

To end the war I swear that I am ready  
To split myself in two, just like a turbot.

LAMPITO.

And I would scale the very peak of Taygeton,  
If that would help to put an end to war.

LYSISTRATA.

Since you are brave, I can declare my plan:  
Women, it rests with us, we can compel  
Our men to give up war for ever more  
If we abstain . . .

LAMPITO.

From what?

LYSISTRATA.

But will you do it?

ALL.

We will! We will!

KALONIKA.

We will do anything, we'll die if need be.

LYSISTRATA.

We must abstain from men—

A WOMAN.

From what?

LYSISTRATA.

From men.

Why do you turn away?

Why do you shake your heads in silence?

Why are you pale? And why these tears?

Are you running away? Don't you agree?

KALONIKA.

I never will! Let them go on fighting!

MYRRHINA.

Nor I, nor I! Let the war go on!

LYSISTRATA.

You say that, Mrs. Turbot, who were ready

A moment back to split yourself in two?

KALONIKA.

Ask anything you like—I'd go through fire,

But never will I yield my nuptial couch!

Nothing in life can take the place of that!

LYSISTRATA.

And you . . . ?

MYRRHINA.

I, too, would rather go through fire. . . .

LYSISTRATA.

Oh, fie on this love-ridden female species!  
No wonder we're the source of tragedies,  
Since that is all you're fit for, women!  
But you, dear Spartan, if you will support me,  
We still can hope to triumph in our cause.  
I beg you to uphold me!

LAMPITO.

The gods alone will know how hard it is  
For women to forego their husband's beds.  
But what you say, must be. We must have peace!

LYSISTRATA.

Dearest, you are the only woman worthy of Hellas.

KALONIKA.

But if we should abstain, as you require,  
(Which may the gods forbid) how will that help us  
Toward a speedier end of war and conflict?

LYSISTRATA.

Help us? It will surely turn the trick.  
Imagine us displaying all our finery,  
Bedecked with filmy silks and dainty laces,  
Rousing their passion, whetting their desire,  
And we—refusing to respond to them!  
Will they withstand our clamor, then, for peace?

LAMPITO.

Yes! Did not Menelaus himself cast sword away  
At the fair sight of Helen's lovely breast?

KALONIKA.

Suppose our husbands leave us altogether?

LYSISTRATA.

We must be patient, then, and bide our time.

KALONIKA.

Easy to say!

And if by force they drag us to our bedrooms?

LYSISTRATA.

Resist, and grab the door-knob!

KALONIKA.

And if they beat us?

LYSISTRATA.

Submit yourself then in your coldest way.

There's little zest in an extorted pleasure.

A man may rave and storm; his wife unwilling,

His pleasure will be scant.

KALONIKA.

Oh, well, if all agree, we'll do it, too.

LAMPITO.

Suppose in all good faith we can persuade

Our husbands to lay down their arms, stop fighting,

What will prevent the vile Athenian rabble

From breaking out afresh upon us?

LYSISTRATA.

Have no fear. For we will have the upper hand.

LAMPITO.

Not while they have their triremes, and the treasure  
Lies still heaped up in the Acropolis. . .

LYSISTRATA.

This, too, I have foreseen: the sanctuary  
Will soon be in our hands; the older women  
Were thus instructed by me some time since:  
While we deliberate in this assembly  
They must, with pretext of some sacrifice,  
Seize the Acropolis this very morning.

LAMPITO.

If they have done this, we can rest content.

LYSISTRATA.

Why not at once pronounce the sacred oath  
Of our allegiance to this weighty cause?

LAMPITO.

You read the oath, and all of us repeat it.

LYSISTRATA.

Very well! Where is the Scythian? Hurry there!  
Reverse a shield, hold it extended forward,  
And bring the sacrifice.

KALONIKA.

One moment, Lysistrata,  
What rites do you propose to use?



LYSISTRATA.

What rites? A shield reversed, a lamb as sacrifice.

KALONIKA.

No, dear Lysistrata, 'tis not well.

A shield is not right for a pledge of peace.

LYSISTRATA.

Then what would you suggest?

KALONIKA.

Use a white mare.

LYSISTRATA.

Wait, I have it.

We'll pledge our honor o'er good Thasian wine

And swear not to dilute the wine with water.

Bring here the jar and cup.

MYRRHINA.

This oath suits me! For such I'm always ready.

[*The Scythian brings a cup, a full wine-skin, and a short dagger.*]

LYSISTRATA.

Set it down. Hold fast the boar.

Queen of Seduction, take this friendly gift

As sacrifice of worship from the women.

[*She pierces the wine-skin with the dagger.*]

KALONIKA.

How red the blood is, and how bright it sparkles.

LAMPITO.

By Castor, what a fragrant odor!

MYRRHINA.

Let me be the very first to take the oath.

LYSISTRATA.

Let all repeat the oath that I am reading:

“Whether it be my husband or my lover,

When he approaches me with desire,

I shall remain stone-cold and impassive. . .”

KALONIKA.

My knees are as weak as water, Lysistrata!

ALL THE WOMEN.

“Whether it be my husband or my lover,

When he approaches me with desire,

I shall remain stone-cold and impassive. . .”

LYSISTRATA.

“I’ll don my silks, and paint my cheeks,

I’ll rouse him to the pitch of passion. . .”

ALL THE WOMEN.

“I’ll don my silks, and paint my cheeks,

I’ll rouse him to the pitch of passion. . .”

LYSISTRATA.

“I’ll grant no joys of my free will. . .”

ALL THE WOMEN.

“I’ll grant no joys of my free will. . .”

LYSISTRATA.

“Should he resort to brutal force  
I will submit, unwillingly. . .”

ALL THE WOMEN.

“Should he resort to brutal force  
I will submit, unwillingly. . .”

LYSISTRATA.

“I will excite him with pretended coldness. . .”

ALL THE WOMEN.

“I will excite him with pretended coldness. . .”

LYSISTRATA.

“And when he’s roused, I will dictate my terms. . .”

ALL THE WOMEN.

“And when he’s roused, I will dictate my terms. . .”

LYSISTRATA.

“And to affirm this I drink of this cup . . .”

ALL THE WOMEN.

“And to affirm this I drink of this cup . . .”

LYSISTRATA.

“That if I lie, my wine may turn to water.”

ALL THE WOMEN.

“That if I lie, my wine may turn to water.”

LYSISTRATA.

Have you all sworn to this?

ALL THE WOMEN.

Zeus is our witness!

LYSISTRATA.

Then I will sanctify the cup.

MYRRHINA.

Oh, leave a drop for us, my dear,  
Just to prove that we're all friends.

OLD WOMEN [*in the rear*].

Halloa! Halloa! Halloa!

LAMPITO.

What's all this noise?

OLD WOMEN.

Halloa! Halloa! Halloa!

LYSISTRATA.

Halloa! Halloa!

The Acropolis is ours! The highest part  
Is in their hands already. Lampito, go,  
Hurry to Sparta, start an insurrection there,  
And these will stay as hostages with us.  
We with the rest now stationed in the temple  
Will run to help them let down the bars.

KALONIKA.

You're not afraid the men will soon be marching  
With force of arms against us?

LYSISTRATA.

Let them march!  
We have no fear of threats,  
Nor siege nor fire will open up those gates.  
There's but one key to them—it is Peace!

KALONIKA.

So help me, Aphrodite! Otherwise  
With justice would all women be called liars.

ALL THE WOMEN [*with dance and song*].

Halloa! Halloa! Forward march! Sing and march!  
Beat the Cymbals!  
Great is Pan!  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

CURTAIN.

## ACT ONE

### SCENE TWO

[*March in single file of the Old Athenian Men.*]

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Forward, Drakes, hurry! Although the log you carry,  
Of green olive, is far beyond your strength.

In life the unexpected always happens.  
Who would have thought, friend Strymodore,  
That these very women  
We raised in our homes—

The thankless serpents!

Would dare attack the holy statue,  
Would capture the holy Acropolis.

And place under bar and bolt  
The Propylæa.

Now, hurry, let's get on to the Acropolis. You, Philurgus,  
Must pile up the logs all around them.

And those who have conceived and brought to pass

This act of treachery shall be burned to death.

One penalty for all of them.

And first of all, burn Lysistrata.

By Zeus, they shall not mock me while I live.

Even Cleomenes, who took the citadel,

Did not depart without heavy losses;

Despite his Spartan pride and arrogance,

I forced him to surrender up his arms.

Defeating him with sixteen ranks of shields. . .

And do you think that I, myself in person,

Will fail to punish these hussies' impudence?

As likely I'll let you destroy my trophy at Marathon.

The Acropolis must now be near—

It's yonder over that escarpment.

It's hard to make headway and without an ass,

This heavy log has chafed my shoulder sore.

We must move forward, on to the assault!

Blow on the cinders, keep the fire alight,

So that it's flaming when we reach the top!

Phew! Phew! What a smoke!

Oh, King Herakles, this horrible smoke

Rises in clouds from out the pot.

It eats my eyes out, hang it!

Hurry on, hurry on to the Acropolis.

Today we save our Goddess. Great Zeus, today or never!

Phew! Phew! What smoke!

The gods themselves are blowing on the fire. . .

And in my breast!

Now first we'll place the logs around,  
And put the vine-torch in the pots,  
And fire the gates and ram them in.

If they will not undo the bolts,  
We'll burn the gates themselves  
And let them smother in the smoke.

Let us first lay down our burdens.

Oh! Oh! And what a smoke, my friends!

Perhaps some Samian officer will lend a hand.

Quite right. High time my back got some relief.

It's up to you, my fire-pot,  
To form a torch of flame for me to use.

Oh, Goddess, hearken to our prayers,  
Let Victory alight on your brave warriors,  
And grant them Titan's strength to bring you trophies!  
[*The Chorus of Old Men disappears and the Chorus  
of Old Women enters, some with water jugs.*]

AN OLD WOMAN.

What's this! Look here! Soot and smoke!  
A fire! Hurry! Something's burning!



Nikodika, look out!  
You're on fire, Myrrhina!

MYRRHINA.

What barbaric customs!

WOMEN.

What spiteful old men!

Ye gods! Am I too late?

AN OLD WOMAN.

Hurry here with your water jug.

WOMEN.

It was no easy task to fill that jug. . .  
The springs and the fountains were so crowded. . .

You could hardly pass through the throng of slaves.

Where is it? Who's burning? Here is the water!  
We'll soon have it under control.

LAMPITO.

They say the old men are about to attack.  
What is the wood for? To heat a bath for us?  
The faggots are too thick for that, I'll swear.

A WOMAN.

You should have heard them threaten us.

AN OLD WOMAN.

What do they say?

MYRRHINA.

That women are the vilest of creatures—

A WOMAN.

And that we shall all be burned alive.

AN OLD WOMAN.

Let us pray to the Goddess!

WOMEN.

Oh, Goddess, protect us from this furious fire!  
We have besieged your temple, it is true,  
But only to spare Hellas from the blight of war.  
Be ever with us, gold-crowned Tritogeneia,  
Let ample waters quench their raging fire!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Ho, there! You people down below!

MYRRHINA.

What are you doing there, you monsters?

AN OLD WOMAN.

No valorous, virtuous man would dare such outrage!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Can I believe my eyes?  
They actually sally forth to fight us!

MYRRHINA.

Oho! You are afraid of us!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Our numbers overawe you? . .

What you see is only a thousandth part of us!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Oh, Phædrias!

Shall we suffer these women to taunt us?

Here, let me get—

Get that burning log!

And throw it straight into their mugs!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Let's all set down our water jugs,

And have our hands free for the fight.

Now let them try to approach us!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

If I could land once on their jaws!

A good hard slap, or two, or three!

That would stop their chatter, quick!

AN OLD WOMAN.

Come on now! Come on!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Here I am! Why don't you hit me!

LAMPITO.

Hit me, hit me! For the rest of your days  
No woman will ever love you again.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

You hold your tongue! For if I catch you—  
I'll have you beaten to a pulp!

AN OLD WOMAN.

Come here, then!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

You dare not lay a finger on Stratyllis!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

I'll lay my heavy fist upon her!  
Then what will you do?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

We'll tear out your entrails!

AN OLD WOMAN.

We'll show you no pity!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Surely of all creatures is woman most depraved. . .

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Come on, Rhodippe, lift your jug.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

You God-forsaken hussy!  
What made you bring the water?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

What made you bring the fire, old carcass?

LAMPITO.

To start your own funeral pyre, perhaps?

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

To make a bonfire of you!

Of you and all your friends!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

My water will put out your fire!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Oh, pshaw! What can a jugful do?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Just watch me do it now!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

I'll singe you with this torch!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

You filthy man, a bath will do you good!

LAMPITO.

Yes, all of you get ready for a shower!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

What, you give us a bath! . .

You vile creatures!

LAMPITO.

Yes, a bath for your wedding day!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Did you ever hear such impudence?

AN OLD WOMAN.

I am a free Athenian woman . . .

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

I'll put a stop to your chatter.

LAMPITO.

You'll be no more a man when I am through!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

What did she say? Burn her!

Singe her hair!

Forward, march! Singe their hair!

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Flow down then, God of Water—

LAMPITO.

Like a great river.

*[They pour water down on the Old Men.]*

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Pa-pa-pa-papax!

LAMPITO.

What is it? Too hot or too cold?

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Forward! Follow! Burn their hair!

Pa-pa-pa-pa-pax! . .

You women, you must stop that drenching.

How dare you do a thing like that?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

You might as well be watered, too;

It will help your growth.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

I'm shaking all over!

I'm all of a shiver!

A curse on these women!

[*Enter a PROBULOS, a City Magistrate.*]

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Why don't you dry at your own fire?

PROBULOS.

This is the work of women, I'll warrant!

These sounds of frenzy, this Bacchic fury,

As if it were a Dionysian orgy! . .

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

If you had heard their brazen chatter . . .

They have mortally offended us.

They have drenched us with cold water.

So that we are dripping wet.

We must go home to change our clothes.

PROBULOS.

Yes, by Poseidon! But it serves you right!  
Yours is the fault that they are so corrupt.  
It's you that spoil and pamper them,  
It's all the fruit of your own weakness! . . .  
You go to the young goldsmith, and you say:  
"That necklace that you made for my dear wife . . .  
The pin worked loose while she was dancing; now  
I'm off for Salamis myself, and right away.  
Won't you come over to the house this evening,  
And set another pin in place of t'other! . . ."  
There's nothing else to do, we must attack them.  
I order you: erect your battering-rams. . .

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Call Lysistrata, call for Lysistrata!

[*Enter* LYSISTRATA and KALONIKA.]

PROBULOS.

For this, their insolence, they shall atone!  
Ho, there, you wretch, what are you gaping at?  
Do you smell a wineshop? Forward, march!  
Erect the rams, we'll batter down the gates.  
You need not be afraid, now I am here!

LYSISTRATA.

Ho, there! Halt! I'm ready for you.  
You need no battering-rams or levers—  
Use only common sense.



PROBULOS.

It is she, it is she! The traitress herself.

Ho, slave! seize that woman,

And bind her hands tight!

LYSISTRATA.

Hands off!

MYRRHINA.

I swear, by Artemis, if you but touch her,

You or your slave, you shall pay dearly, both!

PROBULOS.

What, slave, are you afraid?

Here, catch her round the waist.

And you, there, help him tie her hands.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Oh, by Pandora!

If you will lay a finger on her person,—

You'll very shortly need a change of raiment!

PROBULOS.

What? I will need a change?

Ho, there! Seize both, and tie them firmly!

Enough of this palaver!

MYRRHINA.

By our hallowed Artemis,—

Touch her, and you'll be needing medical attention.

PROBULOS.

What stuff they talk! Here, archers,  
Catch this one, too. I'll put a stop . . .  
They'll finish with these tricks, I swear it.

LAMPITO.

I swear, by Artemis of Tauris,  
If you come near her,  
I'll pull your hair out,  
Till you cry for mercy.

PROBULOS.

Oh, shame! Disgrace! Where are you, slaves?  
Will you retreat before these women?  
Here! Forward, march! Hi, get in step!

LYSISTRATA.

Fall back!  
We have four squadrons here of women,  
Well armed, and very well-equipped.

PROBULOS.

Forward! Close the ranks, and charge!  
Twist their hands behind them!

LYSISTRATA.

Up and at them, darlings! Charge!  
Rally now, you market-women!  
Barmaids, shopmaids, produce-sellers,  
Beat them, smack them!  
[*The battle is on.*]  
Fall back! You need not strip them naked!

PROBULOS.

They are a sorry lot, my archers!  
Oh, what a mess they've made of it.

LYSISTRATA.

Well, now, how did that strike you?  
You thought you were dealing still with slaves.  
You did not credit us with valor!

PROBULOS [*to the Archers*].

The only valor you display  
Is in assault upon—a wineshop.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

You, leader of the nation, waste your words  
And wage a fruitless war upon these brutes.  
Did you not see the drenching bath they gave us,  
These brutal creatures?

KALONIKA.

A hearty drubbing was the next in order.

MYRRHINA.

You can not take exception to our conduct,  
We were impartial, nobody was spared.

LAMPITO.

Beware of stings, if you disturb the hornets!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Oh, smite them, Zeus, for their impertinence!  
We can not bear such bold effrontery!

But let us first inquire into the cause  
Of ways so strange and unforgivable.

What moved these women  
To seize the Acropolis  
And hold the temple on the rock?

Wisely spoken! Let us examine them!

You must not let them fool you!

You must be circumspect with them.

PROBULOS.

Now you must answer first. By Zeus,  
What made you seize the Acropolis,  
And bar the gates with heavy bolts?

LYSISTRATA.

To seize the treasure and prevent  
Your spending it on making war.

PROBULOS.

Is money, then, the cause of war?

LYSISTRATA.

Of war and many more misfortunes.  
The council and the officers of Athens  
Try to entangle us in bloody war  
To cover up their graft and peculations.  
But let them try it now. . .  
And do their very worst. . .  
They will not see one talent of the treasure.

PROBULOS.

But you—what will you do with it?

LYSISTRATA.

We will administer it wisely.

PROBULOS.

What you! Administer the treasure!

LYSISTRATA.

Why should you be surprised?

We are well-skilled in—domestic economy!

PROBULOS.

But these are different matters.

LYSISTRATA.

What is the difference?

PROBULOS.

This treasure is designed for war!

LYSISTRATA.

You are wrong. There is no need for war.

PROBULOS.

No need for war? And our defences?

LYSISTRATA.

We will defend you!

PROBULOS.

You?

LYSISTRATA.

Yes, we!

PROBULOS.

This is too much!

LYSISTRATA.

We will defend you against your will.

PROBULOS.

Against our will—defend us?

LYSISTRATA.

That seems to ruffle you,  
And yet we'll do it!

PROBULOS.

But, by Demeter, this is tyranny!

LYSISTRATA.

It is our duty plain to save you.

PROBULOS.

And what if I refuse?

LYSISTRATA.

So much the worse.

PROBULOS.

What ever put it into your heads  
To meddle with peace and war and State affairs?

LYSISTRATA.

I'll tell you presently.

PROBULOS.

Speak up, or I will make you weep.  
I'm pained beyond endurance,  
I'm going mad!

AN OLD WOMAN.

Look out, or you'll be sorry later on!

PROBULOS.

Perhaps you will regret it more than I.  
But speak!

LYSISTRATA.

Now listen!

For years unmurmuring we have submitted  
To every policy of peace or war, while you  
Have never suffered us to speak our minds.  
But all that you have done and left undone  
We have observed, with careful scrutiny.  
The great part of your plans has proved unwise,  
And frequently you passed, we soon found out,  
Decrees pernicious to the State.  
And when, at home, with smiles upon our lips,  
But anxious hearts, we ventured to inquire  
What matters came today before the council  
And what the steps you took for making peace,  
Our husbands answered: "Woman, hold your tongue,  
Mind your own business!" And I held my tongue.

PROBULOS.

Lucky for you you held your tongues,  
Or you would have regretted it.

LYSISTRATA.

Yes, we did hold our tongues.  
But sometimes, hearing of a mad decree,  
We ventured, saying: "Dearest, why permit  
The passage of such ruinous proposals?"  
Husband would only look annoyed and answer,  
Moodily, "Stick to your spinning, I beg you;  
Don't trouble your head with these affairs of State.  
War is the care and the business of men."

PROBULOS.

And very well answered;  
The husband is right!

LYSISTRATA.

Why right, you fool?  
Shall we remain mute while you bungle and blunder,  
Until our patience at last is exhausted?  
We heard your loud alarums in the streets:  
"Athens has no defenders! All are gone!  
Not a brave hero left to fight its battles!  
Athens is lost!" And so we women rallied  
To form a strong, indomitable league,  
And join our forces to save all of Hellas.  
That ought to be enough! And therefore,  
We bid you take our offer and advice,  
And we'll adjust all matters for the best.

PROBULOS.

You, women,  
Hope to improve the work of men?



LYSISTRATA.

We'll put a stop to the daring raids  
Of your well-armed heroes  
In the market-place.  
They're charging now, with arms at "ready"  
On vegetables and on crockery.

PROBULOS.

By Zeus, even a hero must eat.

LYSISTRATA.

But isn't it a ridiculous sight  
To see a soldier, gorgons on his shield,  
Buying red herrings!

KALONIKA.

And I have seen a cavalryman,  
His beard as long as horses' manes,  
Filling his shield with pilfered eggs  
Abstracted from a market-woman.

MYRRHINA.

And I've seen one, from the artillery,  
Beat on his breastplate with a dart  
To frighten an old woman selling figs.  
And the manœuvre turned out so successful  
He took the best and ripest figs and ate them.

PROBULOS.

Perhaps! But how will you contrive  
To put an end to lawlessness?

LYSISTRATA.

Very simply.

PROBULOS.

How, simply? Explain.

LYSISTRATA.

When we find our skeins entangled,  
Dextrously we shift our spindles,  
First to this side, then to that side.  
And that's how we shall deal with war.

PROBULOS.

Silly women!

Not one of them has ever suffered  
Or taken part in any war.  
Leave them to handle our affairs,  
They'll only make the matter worse.

LYSISTRATA.

What nonsense!

The sufferings which women bear  
Have far exceeded those of men:  
Our children are born in pain and danger,  
And when they are grown, you send them forth  
To meet their death in battle.

PROBULOS.

Hold your tongue!

Do not remind us of our misfortunes!

LYSISTRATA.

And to pay us for our pains  
We lead a joyless life, forsaken.  
Our own martyrdom, forget,—  
But remember our young girls,  
Doomed to go through life alone,  
Never to know the joys of love,  
Nor the comfort of a home.

PROBULOS.

And our young men?  
Do they never grow old?

LYSISTRATA.

With a man it is different!  
He comes back from the war,  
Picks the youngest and prettiest  
Girl for his wife.

PROBULOS.

There is a difference between old and old,  
Appearances are often times deceptive—  
Some old ones could outdo the young.

LYSISTRATA.

Come nearer, old man,  
You've been cheating death so long.  
Here, bring him hither.  
Go buy yourself a coffin, quick.  
The earth is tired of you.

PROBULOS.

I'll listen no longer to this woman's chatter!

LYSISTRATA.

Silence while I speak!

PROBULOS.

Contemptible woman!

How dare you order me about!—

You with your chaplet round your head.

LYSISTRATA.

If my headgear offends you,

I'll change it for yours. . .

And if you'll be silent,

I'll throw in my basket,

Go spin wool and earn your bread.

KALONIKA.

Here, take my fillet.

MYRRHINA.

And take this from me.

LYSISTRATA.

Nothing now left to desire?

Jump in the boat for Hades!

When three days have elapsed,

We will sing your requiem.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Hail, Conqueror! . . [*They laugh.*]

PROBULOS.

Oh, Zeus, must I suffer this!  
Thus arrayed I must go  
To the Council of State!

MYRRHINA.

Now dance, dance!  
I'm never tired of dancing.  
I could dance for ever.

AN OLD WOMAN.

Oh, Women! Hallo there!  
With those that are nimble and brave,  
With those that are daring and plucky,  
With those that are pretty and strong,—  
With them I will cast my lot!

LYSISTRATA.

And when at last Eros, the God of Desire,  
Together with the Cyprian Aphrodite,  
Will kindle in our breasts the flame of love . . .

THE WOMEN.

Ohe! Ohe! . .

LYSISTRATA.

And make the men to be consumed with passion,  
And send the hot blood coursing through their veins—

THE WOMEN.

Ohe! Ohe! . .

LYSISTRATA.

Then be assured that we will be proclaimed  
The heroines and the saviors of mankind!

CURTAIN.

## ACT TWO

[*An Old Woman and LYSISTRATA discovered.*]

AN OLD WOMAN.

You who summoned us to battle  
And led us on to victory,  
Must show yourself still resolute,  
And not be sad. What worries you?

LYSISTRATA.

I am in despair!  
Our women are behaving shamefully.

AN OLD WOMAN.

Can this be true?

LYSISTRATA.

The naked truth!

AN OLD WOMAN.

What are they doing that is so disgraceful?

LYSISTRATA.

Our women have succumbed to carnal passion.

AN OLD WOMAN.

Oh, Zeus!

LYSISTRATA.

The discipline imposed is breaking down. . .  
The women are escaping one by one. . .  
One I surprised a little while ago  
Digging herself out by the grotto of Pan;  
Another swung a crane over the wall,  
A third is simply trying to walk out. . .  
A fourth would gladly use the sparrow's wings,  
If it would land her in her lover's lap;  
I dragged her by the hair and brought her back. . .  
They all invent a multitude of pretexts  
To leave the ranks and seek their lovers dear.  
    [*A Woman passes on the run.*]  
There! Do you see? Another one!  
Ho, there! Halt, I say! Where are you running?

FIRST WOMAN.

Running? Why running home, of course. . .  
My wool, I fear, will be attacked by moths!

LYSISTRATA.

What wool? What moths! I bid you stop!

FIRST WOMAN.

I will be back directly. On my oath,  
I'll only stay to shake and spread it out.

LYSISTRATA.

Plenty of time to spread it later on.  
Stay where you are.



FIRST WOMAN.

But my wool, I swear to you, my wool will spoil.

LYSISTRATA.

Then let it spoil, for you must stay with us.

[*Enter two Women. They stop, seeing LYSISTRATA; one speaks.*]

SECOND WOMAN.

What a wretched memory I have!

I clean forgot to brush my fox-fur out!

LYSISTRATA.

There you are! She must go home, forsooth,

Because her furs need brushing and cleaning!

Get back!

SECOND WOMAN.

By the moon, I swear I will return

As soon as I have finished with my furs.

LYSISTRATA.

Oh, no, my dear! You'll have to put that off.

I'll not allow a single one to go! . .

[*Enter another Woman.*]

Here's one already imitating you.

THIRD WOMAN.

Goddess of child-birth, stay these pangs of labor

I must reach home before I am confined.

LYSISTRATA.

What's that, my dear? What are you saying?

THIRD WOMAN.

I tell you I am in the throes of labor.

LYSISTRATA.

In throes of labor, say you?

Why, yesterday there wasn't any sign!

THIRD WOMAN.

Oh, let me go! Oh, oh, I must be gone!

I've only time enough to catch the midwife!

LYSISTRATA.

Good woman, you are lying. What is that  
Huge solid thing you have under your dress?

THIRD WOMAN.

That is the child—a boy!

LYSISTRATA.

I swear by Aphrodite that you lie!

This thing is hollow, like a brazen pot.

Let's see! . . . Of course! . . . You wretched woman!

You desecrate the holy shield of Pallas,—

Do you insist you are in labor now?

THIRD WOMAN.

I am, so help me Zeus!

LYSISTRATA.

Then what's the purpose of this shield?

THIRD WOMAN.

The shield is to receive the little baby  
If I give birth here in the citadel. . .  
I'll make a nest of it, as pigeons do. . .

LYSISTRATA.

There's not a word of truth in all you say!  
Go back. Postpone your labor for a while.  
A little later. Ho, there, where away?  
[*Another Woman runs by.*]

FOURTH WOMAN.

Oh! Oh!  
I can not sleep a wink here:  
The holy serpent frightens me,  
Wriggling his way through the stones.  
[*Another Woman appears.*]

FIFTH WOMAN.

I'll not stay here another night, I'll not:  
You can not sleep with all those owls a-hooting.

LYSISTRATA.

You wretched creatures!  
How dare you speak to me of serpents and of owls!  
When what you really want is husbands, lovers.  
I know they, too, are passing sleepless nights.  
But if you will be patient yet a little,  
I promise you this vigil soon will end.  
The Oracle has promised victory,—  
If all of us unite in strong alliance.

Listen now to his prophecy:

"To be rescued from dire trouble

The swallows will nest together

Within the holy temple. Let them refuse

To consort with their mates,

And their troubles are ended. . . Zeus the Thunderer

Will raise the lowliest to the top. . ."

A WOMAN.

Then will we, women, be on top.

LYSISTRATA.

"But if the swallows disperse,

They shall be accursed forever as harlots."

AN OLD WOMAN.

Plain are the Oracle's words!

LYSISTRATA.

God grant us strength and resolution.

Now all of you get back to your posts.

And let them be branded as shameless and vile

Who fail to obey the sacred commands.

[*Enter KALONIKA.*]

KALONIKA.

Quick, Lysistrata! Come here! Look!

LYSISTRATA.

What is it? What is happening?

Why do you call me, Kalonika?

KALONIKA.

Look, over there! A man is coming,  
Burning with the flames of passion.

LYSISTRATA.

Oh, Pan! Oh, Aphrodite! Oh, Mother of Love!  
If only he continues on his way! . .  
Where is he now?

KALONIKA.

By Chloe's temple.

LYSISTRATA.

By the Gods, it is he!

KALONIKA.

Who?

LYSISTRATA.

My husband, Kinesias.

KALONIKA.

Fan him into a flame. . .  
Let him take all liberties,  
Except the one forbidden by your oath!

LYSISTRATA.

On that score you need have no fear.

KALONIKA.

I will stand by and add to his troubles,  
Helping you too, as far as I can.  
I'll go down to meet him,

For here he comes, running.

[LYSISTRATA *departs as* KINESIAS *enters.*]

KINESIAS.

Great Gods how I suffer!

This torture and pain!

Riven by desire

As one racked on the wheel!

KALONIKA.

Halt! Who goes there?

KINESIAS.

I!

KALONIKA.

A man?

KINESIAS.

A man.

KALONIKA.

Then you must leave at once.

KINESIAS.

Who are you? Why must I go?

KALONIKA.

Ha! I'm the sentinel!

KINESIAS.

I beg you, don't make a row,

But fetch me Lysistrata.

KALONIKA.

Fetch Lysistrata? Who are you?

KINESIAS.

I'm her husband, I'm Kinesias!

KALONIKA.

Oh, good morning, Kinesias!

I've heard so much about you.

Your wife is always saying

When she eats an apple or an egg:

"I wish I could give this to my Kinesias."

KINESIAS.

Ye gods!

KALONIKA.

I swear 'tis true, by Aphrodite!

And when the conversation turns to men,

She says: "All men are nobodies

Compared to my brave Kinesias."

KINESIAS.

Bring her here at once!

KALONIKA.

And what will you give?

KINESIAS.

All I have. Take this! [*Hands over a purse.*]

KALONIKA.

I'll go and call her.

KINESIAS.

Run faster, hurry, please!  
Since my dear wife has left our home,  
Life is pleasureless and sad.  
Sorrow and mourning everywhere. . .  
The house is lonely and deserted. . .  
Even the daintiest food is tasteless. . .

[*Re-enter* LYSISTRATA.]

Quick, Lysistrata, quick!  
Why treat me so badly?  
I beg you, come down to me!

LYSISTRATA.

By the Gods, I will not!

KINESIAS.

You will not come to me?

LYSISTRATA.

You have no need of me.

KINESIAS.

No need! **I can not** bear waiting.

LYSISTRATA.

I'm going back.

KINESIAS.

Lysistrata, I beg you, don't leave me.  
Think of our little son, have pity!  
Can't you hear him calling: "Mamma!"  
Is he not pitiful to look at,  
Unwashed, unfed, these many days?



LYSISTRATA.

On him I surely have compassion.  
His father, though, is good for nothing.

KINESIAS.

Then come to see me for his sake!

LYSISTRATA.

I will come.

KINESIAS.

How I worship her!  
Now she seems younger and more beautiful.  
Her anger and hostility  
Make high and raging my desire.

[To LYSISTRATA.]

Lysistrata, are you not ashamed  
To start rebellion in the streets of Athens  
Of women versus men, and versus women?  
[*He seizes her; she escapes him.*]

LYSISTRATA.

Don't touch me!

KINESIAS.

And do you really want our home  
To go to ruin entirely?

LYSISTRATA.

Take care of it yourself.

KINESIAS.

Aren't you worried because your wool  
Is being all pulled to pieces by the chickens?

LYSISTRATA.

Why don't you drive them off?

KINESIAS.

And think of all the days we have not brought  
A single offering to the God of love!

Will you not come home, I beg you?

LYSISTRATA.

Not until you put an end to the war,  
And declare a friendly peace,—  
Then I'll come back.

KINESIAS.

If this is your condition,  
We will make peace.

LYSISTRATA.

Then only can I come;  
It is an oath that binds me.

KINESIAS.

Then come and lie with me a little while.

LYSISTRATA.

Much as I love you,  
I must not do it!

KINESIAS.

What manner of love is yours  
That will not grant me this?

LYSISTRATA.

What do you mean? Right here?

KINESIAS.

We'll go down by the grotto of Pan.

LYSISTRATA.

And where shall I perform the lustral rites?

KINESIAS.

That's simple.

Make your ablutions at the holy fountain.

LYSISTRATA.

But what of my oath?

KINESIAS.

Oh, have no scruples.

Let the sin be on my head.

LYSISTRATA.

All right. . . I'll bring the couch.

KINESIAS.

What for?

A soldier's used to sleep on the bare ground.

LYSISTRATA.

No, no! By Apollo.

No matter how hurried,

You shall not lie on the ground. [*She goes off.*]

KINESIAS.

How tenderly my wife takes care of me!

LYSISTRATA [*returning*].

Now lie down! I will undress.

Oh, Zeus! But I forgot the coverlets!

KINESIAS.

Oh, hang all coverlets!

I promise you I have no need of them.

LYSISTRATA.

No, by Artemis!

It is not meet to lie uncovered.

KINESIAS.

Well, kiss me, dear, before—

LYSISTRATA.

Here. [*She kisses him and goes.*]

KINESIAS.

Don't be too long!

LYSISTRATA [*returning*].

Here are the covers. Lie down! And I'll disrobe.

Oh, fie; but I've forgot the pillows now.

KINESIAS.

I'll do without them. Really, I don't want them.

LYSISTRATA.

But I do. [*She goes.*]

KINESIAS.

Oh, Zeus be witness  
How wives receive their husbands.

LYSISTRATA [*returning*].

Get up now, and let me fix the pillows!

KINESIAS.

Now are you finished?

LYSISTRATA.

Quite finished.

KINESIAS.

Dearest!

LYSISTRATA.

I must unclasp my girdle.  
You will remember your promise to make peace.

KINESIAS.

I will, I will. By my life, I will.

LYSISTRATA.

One cover only? This won't do. I'll fetch another.

KINESIAS.

I do not want a cover—I want you!

LYSISTRATA.

Have patience, dear,  
You shall have your wish.  
I'll be back in an instant. [*She goes.*]

KINESIAS.

She'll be the death of me,  
With all this fuss about bedding.

LYSISTRATA [*returning*].

I'm ready now—but I've forgot my perfumes!

KINESIAS.

For heaven's sake do without them for once!

LYSISTRATA.

Oh, no, my dear, I must have fragrant thyme. [*She goes.*]

KINESIAS.

Oh, Zeus, look down upon my tortures—  
Go on, pour perfumes till you're reeking!

LYSISTRATA [*returning*].

Quick, give me your hand,  
Pour out these perfumes!

KINESIAS.

But these are not the perfumes of love!  
What earthly good are they?

LYSISTRATA.

I'm sorry, dear, I must have brought the wrong ones!

KINESIAS.

They'll do! Here, wait! Are you mad!

LYSISTRATA.

No, I assure you, I must— [*She goes.*]

KINESIAS.

May the gods destroy  
The inventor of perfumes!

LYSISTRATA [*returning*].

Here, take this, my dear.

KINESIAS.

Hold it yourself. Lie down, you minx!  
You've fetched and carried long enough.

LYSISTRATA.

A second only, to slip off my sandals.  
But, dearest, tell me something of the terms  
Of the peace you have promised.

KINESIAS.

We'll talk about that later—there'll be time . . .  
Where are you going? What for? Oh—!

[LYSISTRATA *escapes*. *Enter Chorus of Old Men*  
*and Old Women.*]

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Poor fellow!  
Your misery, we see, is great!  
I pity you with all my heart!

Alas! Alas!

None but the strong could endure this!

What fine bones! And fine muscles!

He is invulnerable.

KINESIAS.

Oh, Zeus, my knees are trembling!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

And this, poor man, was brought upon you  
By the meanest and vilest of women.

AN OLD WOMAN.

Vilest? Fairest, best of all,  
Is surely what you mean to say.

KINESIAS.

Fairest? No, the wickedest,  
The vilest of her sex.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Oh, Zeus, lift her as a straw,  
Toss her up on high,  
And land her on her husband. [*The Women giggle.*]

I have a good mind  
To knock the teeth out of that woman's mouth.

AN OLD WOMAN.

Try it! Yours will come out first!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

Enough! This is no time to bicker!  
Citizens of Athens! Prepare for battle!

MYRRHINA.

Your mothers will not know you  
When we get through with you.



CHORUS OF OLD MEN [*to the men in the audience*].

Citizens, it is disgraceful  
That women should have dared intrude  
Their voice into our councils!

How dare the weaker sex compel us  
To make peace with the wretched Spartans!

The Spartans! Oh, those hungry wolves!

KALONIKA [*to the women in the audience*].

Dear women comrades, you shall judge!  
We have been fully justified  
In both our anger and our pride.  
We are in duty bound to give advice  
To citizens and elders of the State.

CHORUS OF WOMEN [*to the men in the audience*].

Judge for yourselves, oh, citizens!  
Whether we're fit to give good counsel:  
At the age of seven I took part  
In the mysteries of Demeter.

And I was mill-girl for Pallas Athena.

And I at ten was consecrated  
As bear-girl for the huntress Artemis.  
And I have taken part in sacrifices  
And worn the holy necklace of the fig-leaves.

KALONIKA [*to the women in the audience*].

Citizens, do we not render tribute  
By giving sons and daughters to the State?

These are but weak and poor old men,  
The State can profit little from them now.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN [*to the men in the audience*].  
Their insolence exceeds all bounds!

AN OLD WOMAN [*to the women in the audience*]  
They have squandered the wealth of their fathers.  
What can they bring to the temple's treasure?

CHORUS OF OLD MEN [*to the men in the audience*].  
We must be saved before this evil spreads!

Take warning, citizens,  
This plot was laid by Spartan democrats,  
Who with their cunning wiles persuaded  
These senseless, god-forsaken women  
To take possession of the temple's wealth.

Men, if you permit this to go on,  
How will we pay our own salaries?

Citizens, let every man  
Who is worthy of the name  
Do his bit to combat evil!

CHORUS OF WOMEN [*to the men in the audience*].  
Dare to attack us and your eyes  
Will water worse than eating onions!

MYRRHINA [*to the women in the audience*].  
Women of Athens, don't permit  
Your men to say a single word!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN [*to the men in the audience*].

Men, take care lest women should  
Gain the upper hand in this.  
If they win, they'll stop at nothing.

KALONIKA [*to the women in the audience*].

It's time, oh, women, for our anger to rise!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN [*to the women in the audience*].

Beware of the tyranny I can foresee.  
You women ne'er shall be allowed  
To turn yourselves to Amazons.  
We remember how the Amazons destroyed us.  
[*To the men in the audience.*]

Don't suffer them to take their places  
Among those dreadful bareback riders.  
Avoid those women bareback riders,  
They're far too clever in their capers!

KALONIKA [*to the women in the audience*].

Let not the threats of men dismay you!  
We have our Spartan Lampito.  
And brave Bœotian Ismenia.  
Let their council issue orders,  
We don't give a fig for them.

CHORUS OF OLD MEN [*to the men in the audience*].

Hi, there! Forward! Toss your robes off!  
We will prove to these vile creatures  
That we still are strong and brave.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Bravest of our women, forward!

Charge upon them, furiously!

MYRRHINA [*to the women in the audience*].

Women!

Our ranks we'll close, we will confound them,

Fighting till they cry for mercy!

CHORUS OF OLD MEN.

On, on, ye whitefoot veterans,

Charge upon the enemy.

Courage, courage, every one!

Lalalah! Lalalah!

[*The song is repeated first by the Women, and then by the Men and Women together.*]

AN OLD MAN [*to the men in the audience*].

We'll rivet chains about the women,

And set them out in rows,

Each tied to a block.

MYRRHINA [*to the women in the audience*].

Courage, dear women,

Pull them by their feet,

And beat their heads in!

[*The Men and Women howl, as the Women attack and beat back the fleeing Men.*]

CURTAIN.

### ACT THREE

*[Discovered sleeping: KALONIKA and five Women. On the lower stair PROBULOS and two Old Men are asleep. An Old Woman is on guard duty, with spear ready.]*

SPARTAN HERALD *[running in]*.

Where'll I find the Athenian Senate?

Where is it sitting? Where are its guards?

News of importance I have to deliver.

PROBULOS.

Who may you be?

THE HERALD.

A Herald from Sparta. In the name of Zeus,  
I come to treat of peace.

Sparta and her allies live in suspense,  
Starvation stares us all right in the face:

We're starving for our women!

PROBULOS.

So Sparta, too, has not been spared?

AN OLD MAN.

And do you know how this starvation started?

THE HERALD.

The pest was brought from you by Lampito.

Our women instantly did rally round her,

And now deny themselves to men.

PROBULOS.

You must hasten back to Sparta,  
Bid them promptly send us envoys  
Empowered to conclude the treaty.

THE HERALD.

With your wise counsel, I'll hasten to Sparta. [*He goes.*]

PROBULOS.

Women are the most abandoned creatures!  
I'd rather fight with fire or with leopards.

KALONIKA.

If this be your philosophy,  
Why do you fight with women?

A WOMAN.

You'd better find yourself a sweetheart. . .

PROBULOS.

I'll hate all womankind for ever more.

A WOMAN.

She would give you kisses.

AN OLD MAN.

I do not want her kisses.

PROBULOS.

Nor I, neither.

KALONIKA.

Willing or unwilling, ye shall be kissed!

[*Three Women take hold of three Men and lead them by force to the rear of the stage.* PROBULOS

*and the Old Men cry out, "Ai, ai!" The two remaining Women sing a song, "Everything now is as rosy as Roses." The three Women return first, followed by the three Men.]*

PROBULOS.

Both horns of the dilemma gore us equally:  
To have women is bad; not to have them is worse.

THE OLD MEN.

Women! The Gods will destroy you! . .

But nothing is sweeter than woman's love!

PROBULOS.

Women, let us put an end to discord.  
Since neither wishes much to hurt the other,  
Let us make peace and live in harmony.

KALONIKA.

Be well assured we have no wish to slight  
Even the meanest of our citizens.  
We come to you with friendly words and deeds.  
We want to put an end to suffering!  
Let every man and every woman know  
That we have gold and treasure in abundance.  
We'll hand it over to you as a loan—  
And never even ask for its return,  
If you'll but sign the pact of peace today.

THE WOMEN.

Today, if you but sign the pact of peace,  
Let all your gluttons and your sybarites,

All those who've starved for dainty food, and love,  
Come to us. We'll prepare for them  
The daintiest, most appetizing morsels,  
Of suckling pig, most tender and most luscious.

A WOMAN.

Today, if you but sign the pact of peace,  
You may approach us any time you choose.  
Soon as you're bathed,  
With your youngsters and children:  
Wait for no invitation,  
Come to us freely,  
The door you'll find open.  
[*Sound of trumpets.*]

PROBULOS.

Here comes the embassy from Sparta.

THE SPARTANS [*singing as they enter*].

Welcome, gallant sons of Sparta.  
Favored land of mighty Zeus.  
Worthy sons of your fore-fathers,  
Bold, audacious, and defiant.  
May the Gods of valiant Sparta  
And the deeds of your forefathers  
Brace your spirit, gather courage,  
Crush your enemies before you!  
[*Women enter with the cry of "Evoe! Evoe!"*  
*Then Athenians enter, singing.*]

ATHENIANS.

With our spears aslant,  
With our shields on our arms,



With our daggers prepared,  
Fearless we come,  
In the thick of the battle!  
The tearful Orestes  
And almighty Zeus  
Will always protect us!

PROBULOS.

Welcome Laconians! How fares it with you?

A SPARTAN.

You can see for yourself.  
Our condition's too obvious.

PROBULOS

You have suffered much sorrow.

AN OLD MAN.

Your burdens weigh on you.

A SPARTAN.

It is too much to bear,  
Words will not express it.  
Is there someone in Athens  
Who is willing to treat  
For peace—at any price?

PROBULOS.

Athenians, I greet you!  
We, too, are grown weary.  
How is it with you?

AN ATHENIAN.

Things have passed beyond endurance.  
If we can not treat at once,  
We will have to marry statues.  
Spartans, tell us truthfully,  
What you intend by coming here?

A SPARTAN.

Our aim is peace; let us discuss  
The terms on which we can agree.

AN ATHENIAN.

We, too, are here in quest of peace.  
So, quickly summon Lysistrata;  
She is the only one to help us.

ALL.

Lysistrata, Lysistrata! [*Enter* LYSISTRATA, KALONIKA  
and LAMPITO.]

A SPARTAN HERALD.

There she comes!

A SPARTAN.

Greetings to the bravest of her sex!

PROBULOS.

It is the critical moment now  
To prove yourself courageous or a coward,  
Noble or low, resolved or wavering.  
You must uncover all your wisdom now,  
The greatest men of Hellas stand before you,  
Subdued and conquered by your stronger will,

No longer able to withstand your ban,—  
They place their future in your hands alone.

LYSISTRATA.

Their sufferings can promptly be relieved.  
The force of famine brought them to their senses,  
They crave for peace. But hearken to me!  
Though but a woman, I have common sense.  
Nature has been generous,  
The wisdom of my father fell to me.  
It is not you alone I take to task,  
I censure Spartans and Athenians both,  
And all of you engaged in bloody strife. . .  
You who do worship in the self-same temples,  
You who make consecration at the self-same altars,—  
At Delphi, or Olympus, or the Pass,  
And scores of others which I need not name,—  
You—kin by consanguinity,  
Brothers and sisters in spirit and birth,  
You, like the rude barbarians round us,  
Have set the worst example to the savage  
And brought upon your country and yourselves  
Ruin and desolation.  
This is my grievance against you all.

AN ATHENIAN.

I hope she cuts it short!

LYSISTRATA.

Recall, oh, Spartans, when your general,  
All bright in uniform—and pale in face—

Came here to Athens, asking for our aid;  
Recall the dangers which were threatening then:  
The slaves' revolt, the shaking of the earth.  
Did not in answer to your prayers  
Athens lead forth her men to save you,  
Restoring Sparta to yourselves unhurt?  
Ungrateful for the blessings you receive,  
You now destroy and decimate your country.

AN ATHENIAN.

True, Lysistrata! The blame is theirs.

A SPARTAN.

That may be so—but she is beautiful!

LYSISTRATA.

And you, Athenians, recall the days,  
When Hippias was tyrant, worse than serfdom!  
Did not the Spartans rush to your relief,  
Did they not fight and drive away the despot?  
Does not that day commemorate your freedom  
To don the noble costume of a citizen  
And not the low mean garb of paltry slaves?

A SPARTAN.

In all my life I never met a woman  
More beautiful than is your Lysistrata!

AN ATHENIAN.

Neither did I!

LYSISTRATA.

Then why should you forget all services,  
Array yourselves in arms, and fight each other?  
Why not be at peace?  
What stands in the way?

A SPARTAN.

We are ready,—grant us only  
The restitution of the “circle.”

LYSISTRATA.

And what may that mean, my dear sir?

A SPARTAN.

We must have Pylos given back to us.

AN ATHENIAN.

No, by Poseidon, that you never will!

LYSISTRATA.

Athenians, let us give way to them!

AN ATHENIAN.

And what are we to have in place of Pylos?

LYSISTRATA.

Some other territory, they will offer.

AN ATHENIAN.

If they will give us all that length of bay  
Between the rock and the peninsula,  
We will consent.

A SPARTAN.

Never! You shall not have it!

AN ATHENIAN.

And I was getting ready for my ploughing!

A SPARTAN.

To raise a crop upon the rocky crest.

LYSISTRATA.

We've bickered enough,  
'Tis time to come to friendly terms.  
If you are truly bent on peace,  
You will at once consult the wishes  
Of all your friends now under arms.

AN ATHENIAN.

There is no need for consultation,  
Our woes have made a unit of us.  
We are all parts of one large body,  
Aching and crying for peace and love.  
We want our wives restored to us.

A SPARTAN.

We Spartans willingly agree to this.

LYSISTRATA.

Well then, it's peace we'll celebrate  
In a feast of pleasure and abundance!  
Come here! First give your solemn oath,

And then you're free to take your wives  
And lead them to your homes.

A SPARTAN.

I'll lead her anywhere she wants!

AN ATHENIAN.

I'll follow mine through fire and flame!

ALL.

All I have I'll freely give:  
Gorgeous robes and lovely cloaks,  
Dresses of the softest wool,  
All my prettiest jewels, too,  
All my vessels of wrought bronze,  
All my most expensive buckles,  
Lightest hoods and thinnest slippers,—  
All of these I gladly offer  
To yourselves and to your children,  
To the maidens who are bringing  
Sacrifices to the temples.  
Everything is freely given,  
Every one may freely take.  
If by chance something is found  
Sealed or locked in any place,  
Freedom now I do award you—  
Break the seal, undo the lock.  
If your house holds any slaves  
Or too many little children,  
Lacking food or other needs,—

They will get it at my house.  
Let them come for wheaten bread,  
Let them bring around their sacks,  
Let them bring their empty jugs,—  
All of these I'll fill for them.

## LYSISTRATA.

Thou, Oh, Goddess Artemis!  
Thou, Oh, Huntress in the forest!  
Thou, divine and holy Virgin!  
Come, come down to us, we pray!

## ALL.

Thou, Oh, Goddess Artemis!  
Thou, Oh, Huntress in the forest!  
Thou, divine and holy virgin!  
Come, come down to us, we pray!

## THE WOMEN.

Sanctify our peace today,  
Be the leader of our league!  
May the reign of love descend,  
And endure with us for ever.

## THE MEN.

Gods, we call you to be witness  
To the taking of our oath!  
May this peace which love composes  
Be the peace that has no end.



ALL.

Thou, divine and holy Virgin!  
 Thou, Oh, Huntress in the forest!  
 Thou, Oh, Goddess Artemis!  
 Shed upon us Love and Peace!

LYSISTRATA.

Now the reign of Peace begins!  
 Spartan maids, indulge your men.  
 Treat them not tyrannically,  
 Harshly, bitterly, as they do.  
 Gentle, mild and tender, be you.  
 Spartans, gather you on this side,  
 All Athenians on the other.

A SPARTAN MAN AND WOMAN [*together*].

Goddess of Memory!  
 Muse of our youth,  
 Again the old song  
 And the ancient dance!  
 Oh, Muse of Sparta!  
 Descend from the mountain!

ALL SPARTAN MEN AND WOMEN.

We sing your praises, Oh, Apollo,  
 God of everlasting beauty!  
 And render glory to Athena  
 And all the cloud-bestriding Gods!

AN ATHENIAN MAN AND WOMAN [*together*].

Hail to the Graces  
 And hail to Apollo!

We sing and call  
To Artemis!

ALL ATHENIAN MEN AND WOMEN.

Oh, Patron of our mirthful dances!  
Dionysos! God of Wine!  
God of joyful inspiration!  
Of the Mænads and Bacchantes!

ALL.

One and all we call to you  
To be witness of our oath,  
That this, our peace, of love begotten,  
May endure for ever more.

LYSISTRATA.

Then let our gay young maidens plunge  
Into the merriest, happiest dance,  
And like wild horses strike the ground  
With their nimble, prancing feet.  
Pæan, thunder forth!

*[All sing a song and dance.]*

CURTAIN.

*CARMENCITA AND THE  
SOLDIER*

*In Four Acts*



## INTRODUCTION \*

What Nemirovitch-Dantchenko saw in "Carmen"—its eternal qualities as well as the blemishes that challenged his remolding hand—is succinctly expressed in an interview he gave to *The Life of Art* a fortnight before the premiere of "Carmencita and the Soldier" on June 16, 1923:

"A lyric tragedy—that must be the ideal of this production. The composer Bizet remains the keynote where he brilliantly and dramatically translates into music the intense characters and scenes of Mérimée's novel. But those portions of his work which were called forth by the demands of the public of his time have been adapted by the Musical Studio, changed root and branch or omitted entirely. Entire scenes have been shifted, the locale has been externalized. The fundamental theme of this lyric tragedy, as I see it, is the pathetic collision of elemental passions—the divine element of woman in Carmencita, the divine element of man in José. That theme must be set free from the surrounding triviality and operatic absurdity and must be developed with highest seriousness, passion, economy of

\* From Chapter IX, ("Spanish Passion—and Russian") of "Inside the Moscow Art Theatre," by Oliver M. Saylor. Copyright 1925 by Bren-tano's.

external stage means and the depth of their inner expression."

In sum, the regisseur determined to discard the tinsel and trumpery in which "Carmen," the opera, was swathed at birth. . . . Back to the intimacy, simplicity and intensity of the original "Carmen," the "Carmen" of Prosper Mérimée and of Bizet's first unbridled dream! Passionate intensity—Spanish passion, first recorded by French passion, and now rekindled and fanned to consuming frenzy by Russian passion. That is the touchstone of "Carmencita and the Soldier." The passionate intensity of José and Carmencita when they love; the equal intensity of their hatred. The intensity of the essential struggle between male and female. . . .

To carry out these audacious innovations, the regisseur drew on three sources of inspiration—Mérimée, Bizet and Nietzsche. The most casual acquaintance with "Carmen," the story, will show how ample a warrant Nemirovitch-Dantchenko had in Mérimée himself for his interpretation. . . .

That Bizet's impulse in selecting Mérimée's story for lyric treatment was characterized by genuine respect for its stark tragic power, can not be doubted by those who have read his letters to his friends at the time the idea occurred to him. That he compromised this respect in order to get

a hearing at all in a world to whom Wagner was still anathema, is a matter of history. . . .

Bizet, then, the real Bizet, the thwarted Bizet, gave Nemirovitch-Dantchenko his second source of inspiration. The third was Nietzsche. With his uncanny instinct for penetrating to the heart of things, the philosopher, who narrowly missed being a composer himself, saw in "Carmen" the intense lyric tragedy that Bizet would have written—saw in actual performance only the evidences of that tragedy which survived the ordeal of compromise, and forthwith completed them. In a very real sense, therefore, the Russian version is even more directly and intimately beholden to Nietzsche's stimulating and revealing vision than to either Mérimée or Bizet. . . .

The choice of a poet to fulfill the challenge of Mérimée, to complete the lost dream of Bizet, to realize the instinctive vision of Nietzsche, was no easy task. . . . It fell fortunately on Constantin Lipskeroff, born in Moscow in 1899 of a literary family, perhaps the sole inheritor in the present generation of the classic Russian lyric tradition which stems from Pushkin. . . . Lipskeroff's renovation is thorough-going, drastic. How essentially new and his own—and Mérimée's—is "Carmencita and the Soldier," English readers will be able to make up their minds from the intense, passionate and picturesque translation by George

S. and Gilbert Seldes for the Morris Gest edition of librettos. . . .

In this new "Carmen," then, we see that Micaëla, the original librettists' sop to the sentimentality of fifty years ago, drops out altogether; her portions of the score are allotted to three women in the chorus singing for José's mother, an all-pervading figure in José's subconscious mind, according to Mérimée. Old Dorotea, the smuggler, reënters the cast from Mérimée's pages; and the bull-fighter regains his true name, Lucas. . . . Only a poet, in the first place, could have grasped and carried out Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's bold and difficult conception. Only a poet with Lipskeroff's mastery of form and sensitive ear could have coördinated every line of his text, every link in his action, with the musical phrases of Bizet.

THE EDITOR.



## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CARMENCITA—A Gypsy of Seville.

DON JOSÉ—A Soldier from Navarra.

LUCAS—A Matador.

TWO GYPSY WOMEN.

DANCAÏRE }  
REMENDADO } —Smugglers.

OLD DOROTEA.

A COLONEL.

HIS ADJUTANT.

Officers, Gypsy Women, An Old Smuggler, A Boy, A Girl, and Guards. Women's Chorus. Men's Chorus. First, Second and Third Women from the Chorus Singing for José's Mother.

The Action takes place in and near Seville.



# CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

## ACT ONE

DON JOSÉ.

The eagles soar high  
O'er the hills of Navarra.  
In the tongue of Navarra  
Words are as music.  
The girls of Navarra  
Are as fierce as the mountains—  
Mates of the eagles for the boldest of hunters,  
Mates of the eagles for the boldest of hunters.  
Girls in plenty,  
And plenty of lads.

A VOICE IN THE CHORUS.

Soldier, beware of the fatal eye,  
With evil forebodings it threatens your doom—  
Suffering, horror, and pain.

CHORUS.

This dry heat corrodes the soul.  
Take heed, good soldier, be warned and beware.  
Navarran, you struggle against it in vain.  
Unfelt, the poison steals into your soul.  
It may madden or burn you,—

## 2 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

It will surely destroy you.

Too late to forewarn of ecstatic disaster!

Beware!

Her eyes are bold, her expression is brazen,

Beware!

The tempest is coming, is almost upon us,

Beware!

The branches are shaken and bowed by the wind.

Beware!

She comes, she will burn all hearts to ashes.

This dry heat corrodes the soul.

In such a heat even poison may cool us.

Shadows pass, vapors glow on sultry days.

Beware! Beware!

A VOICE IN THE CHORUS.

The lightning will strike, soldier; run to cover.

CHORUS.

Beware! Beware!

[*Enter CARMENCITA.*]

CARMENCITA.

The cards have told me true

That I will find him here;

He will know me at once,

He will remember his love,

He will remember me

Forever.

*Habanera*

Never did God or Devil sing

## *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 3

A sweeter song than mine.  
The way to Heaven hurts my feet—  
Come, Devils, keep me company.  
Desire is seeking for its mate.  
Forget, my friend; bow down your head.  
Many have found their way to death,  
Here in my enchanting arms.  
Come to me, I call you, come!

### CHORUS.

Desire is seeking for its mate.  
Forget, my friend; bow down your head.  
Many have found their way to death,  
There in her enchanting arms.

### CARMENCITA.

I call in winter, I call in spring.  
At my command you'll raise your knife,  
One look—and you will follow me,  
One nod—and you will die at my feet.

### CHORUS.

Die at her feet.

### CARMENCITA.

You die—who cares!  
First dance and sing and then—the knife.  
And then—the knife!

### CHORUS.

And then—the knife!

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CARMENCITA.

Like a tornado I break them and twist them;  
And am false to them all!

CHORUS.

I call in winter, I call in spring.  
At my command you'll raise your knife,  
One look—and you will follow me,  
One nod—and you will die at my feet.  
Die at my feet.

CARMENCITA.

Kiss me, my friend,  
Without kisses, life is empty.

CHORUS.

Life is empty.

CARMENCITA.

I will come to you like the storm,  
And will leave you—with a threat!

CHORUS.

With a threat!

CARMENCITA.

Carmencita never yields!  
The tempest of life beats in her breast!  
You may as well ask of the lightning  
When and where it means to strike!  
Some I captivate by song,  
I send others to their fate.

*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 5

I give my all, I give myself  
To those who brave my gypsy pride!  
Oh, come, my love, come soon to me!

CHORUS.

Desire is seeking for its mate.  
Forget, my friend; bow down your head.  
Many have found their way to death,  
There in her enchanting arms.

CARMENCITA.

I call in winter, I call in spring.  
At my command you'll raise your knife,  
One look—and you will follow me,  
One nod—and you will die at my feet.

CHORUS.

Die at her feet.

CARMENCITA.

You die—who cares!  
First dance and sing and then—the knife.

CHORUS.

And then—the knife.

CARMENCITA.

Like a tornado I break them and twist them,  
And am false to them all!

CHORUS.

I call in winter, I call in spring.  
At my command you'll raise your knife,

## 6 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

One look—and you will follow me,  
One nod—and you will die at my feet.  
Die at my feet.

CARMENCITA.

Kiss me, my friend,  
Without kisses, life is empty.

CHORUS.

Life is empty.

CARMENCITA.

I will come to you like the storm,  
And will leave you—with a threat!

CHORUS.

With a threat!

GYPSY WOMEN [*off-stage in the house of the COLONEL*].

Pour wine! To Andalusian lips!  
Pour wine! Long life to us!  
Pour wine! Let everybody drink!  
And drink to wine alone!

CHORUS.

I call in winter, I call in spring.  
At my command you'll raise your knife,  
One look—and you will follow me,  
One nod—and you will die at my feet.

[CARMENCITA goes into the COLONEL's house.]



CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 7

DON JOSÉ.

A shameless creature!

If mother had seen her!

SECOND WOMAN IN THE CHORUS [*singing for JOSÉ's Mother*].

It is well you thought of your old mother

In your hour of distress.

DON JOSÉ.

My mother!

THIRD WOMAN IN THE CHORUS [*singing for JOSÉ's Mother*].

It is well you thought of gray old mother

Here in Seville.

SECOND WOMAN.

José!

DON JOSÉ.

My home!

SECOND WOMAN.

You are in Seville alone,

Beset by temptations on every side,

Lurking in each street and alley.

Guard your honor, dear José,

This whole country swarms with gypsies.

DON JOSÉ.

This gypsy would get short shrift from her!

## 8 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

SECOND WOMAN.

Do not disgrace your Andalusian honor,  
And bring it back unstained!

FIRST WOMAN IN THE CHORUS [*singing for José's Mother*].

Mother of God, preserve the Navarran!  
Shield him with your starry mantle.

THIRD WOMAN.

But what have we to fear for him?  
A proud Navarran is this lad,  
And bravely he confronts the storm.  
He will return covered with glory,  
And all his days will live in peace.  
Oh, José! Here,  
Beneath your trees, your mother will embrace you.

FIRST WOMAN.

A mother's prayer is sure protection  
From snares of these designing gypsies.  
Herself she placed an amulet  
Of San Diego round your neck.  
The evil eye can not attack you,  
Nor all the witchcraft of the crystal.  
From lightning bolts and wiles of women  
The saintly amulet protects you.

DON JOSÉ.

Shall I look for a hiding place?

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 9

SECOND WOMAN.

José will not forget . . .

DON JOSÉ.

As mother taught me.

SECOND WOMAN.

José will not forget

To sprinkle salt over glowing coals

Every time a witch appears.

DON JOSÉ.

Some day I hope once more to see

My home and my beloved Navarra.

With quick promotion I shall reach

The rank of some high officer.

[*Through the remainder of JOSÉ's song, the FIRST*

*WOMAN sings a lullaby without words.*]

A light uniform would become me,

I will be noticed in a hundred.

Then will I hasten to my mother,

And press her closely to my breast,

And show my Uhlan uniform.

FIRST WOMAN and DON JOSÉ [*together*].

Oh! For once to hold you to my heart.

To hold each other in one long embrace

And press you tenderly.

DON JOSÉ.

Why did I put her flower under my coat?

## 10 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

Oh, mother! Throw your mantle over me!  
Shield me from her witchery!  
Oh, pray for your beloved José,  
And offer prayers at our sacred shrine.

SECOND WOMAN.

There is trouble, trouble, trouble!  
He has met the evil eye.  
Away with the devil! Away!

DON JOSÉ.

Away! Away!  
I now remember that my mother  
Used to shun all gypsy-folk.

THIRD WOMAN.

No, no! No true Navarran  
Quails before a jealous eye!

DON JOSÉ.

I have no fears, I shall not lose my way.  
My dear mother's tearful prayers  
Will be my guide on every path.  
The amulet my mother gave me  
I carry with me everywhere.  
It will shield me from the lightning,  
It will guard against foul play,  
Protect me from all witchery,  
Even from Toledan daggers.

FIRST WOMAN.

Then, sally forth, José,  
To your home and mother,

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 11

To your native hills,  
My dear beloved José!

DON JOSÉ.

Oh, for the freedom of the hills,  
Where my old mother waits for me.  
For weeks and months in loneliness,  
She waits and longs for my return.

[*Through the remainder of JOSÉ's song, the FIRST  
WOMAN sings a lullaby without words.*]

I, too, am lonely and ill-at-ease,  
And long for the cheer of my native land.  
Oh, my dearest Elisonda!  
If I could leave this angry place,  
For my quiet and peaceful home!

FIRST WOMAN and DON JOSÉ [*together*].

Oh, to hold you to my loving heart,  
To hold each other in one long embrace,  
Once more to hold you to my heart.  
To be together as we used to be,  
In our home on the mountain side,  
In Navarra, the well beloved!  
Oh, quiet house beneath the leafy oaks!

DON JOSÉ.

Where the wind plays freely through the trees.

SECOND WOMAN.

Around our apple orchard!

## 12 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

THIRD WOMAN.

Where the wind plays freely . . .

DON JOSÉ.

Around our apple orchard!

FIRST, SECOND and THIRD WOMEN.

There it is, our trysting place,

Where your mother waits for you.

DON JOSÉ.

There it is, my trysting place,

Where my mother waits for me.

CHORUS.

Look, the gypsy girls are dancing.

See, the wine is flowing freely.

Watch the ghitanilla's whirl,

See the mesanilla flowing.

Carmencita dances wildly,

Wine is splashed on every table.

Drink has set them all on fire!

Carmencita is afire!

Do not touch her! Don't go near her!

All are drunk, all afire!

There is trouble, fire and flame!

She can not retrace her steps,

She is doomed to go through fire.

The little gypsy dances wildly,—

Wilder than a hunted hare,

Faster than a flying eagle,

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 13

Swifter than the rising sun.  
Dare not thwart her in her purpose,  
For she brooks no interference.  
In the twinkling of an eyelash,  
She'll inflict a gaping wound.  
Do not cross the ghitanilla  
In her mad and whirling dance.  
She can wound you with her fire,  
There are angry daggers, too.  
The gypsy's knife is always handy,  
The gypsy's anger quick to rise.  
So it was and always will be,  
When hot blood is rising high.

[*The COLONEL enters with his ADJUTANT*].

COLONEL.

I foresaw this drunken orgy.  
Look, she's clutching at her throat.  
Away! you witches, there's no room  
For such as you in decent homes.

CHORUS.

Carmencita grasps her knife.  
The other's face is marked with blood.  
The knife is sunk into her side.  
The gleaming knife is raised again.  
Nothing now can stay its thrust.  
Blood is streaming.  
Love and blood! Love!

[*A gypsy's shout in the background.*]

## 14 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

COLONEL.

Stop! Carmencita slashed her with her knife.

[*They enter the house.*]

CHORUS.

Wine and blood! Blood and wine!

She burns with fury, you dare not touch her!

Her rage is more intense than fire,

She is striding toward her fate.

She can not retrace her steps,

She is doomed to go through fire.

Engulf them all, then, in your fiery pit,

And walk unhampered on your fiery way.

Carmencita, drink!

Carmencita, sing!

Of passion and death!

Whirl, Carmencita! Whirl in flames!

This fire is joy!

This fire is death!

Carmencita burns with fire!

Beware the flames!

[*Two gypsies come running out of the COLONEL's house; a third, her face bleeding, is led by a GUARD. They disappear under the arch to the left. Carmencita, accompanied by the GUARD, pursues the gypsy, her knife in her hand. The COLONEL and his ADJUTANT follow her. JOSÉ arrests her, takes away the knife, and ties her hands behind her back.*]



*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 15

DON JOSÉ.

Your tigress eyes do not affright me,

Will not abash me.

You can not get away.

You may as well be civil.

You nearly killed that girl!

COLONEL.

Hold her fast!

DON JOSÉ.

Right, sir.

COLONEL.

Shameless wretch, why do you stare at me?

Shall I order you whipped!

CARMENCITA.

La, la, la, la. . . .

COLONEL.

Silence! I'll give you a cell to repent in

For carrying knives hidden under your skirt.

CARMENCITA.

La, la, la, la. . . .

COLONEL.

We'd better call the guard at once.

This devil must be taken away.

CHORUS.

Beware! Beware!

## 16 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

COLONEL.

What a devil!

So much charm and so much gusto!

CARMENCITA.

Chan charan. . . .

COLONEL.

You can sing that song as you sit in your cell.

These gypsies should all be put out of the way.

They're kin of the devil!

Guard her well, now, remember!

*[He goes off to the right with the ADJUTANT.]*

CARMENCITA.

I don't like to go to jail.

DON JOSÉ.

Then why do you carry knives about you?

CARMENCITA.

What else will protect a poor orphan child?

DON JOSÉ.

What can I do? I can not help you.

CARMENCITA.

Tell me, did you like the song

In which I flung a taunt at you?

Did you know for whom I sang?

Sweetheart, it was meant for you.

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 17

DON JOSÉ.

Keep your distance!

CARMENCITA.

Pretty soldier, these ropes annoy me!  
I'd rather have my arms around you,  
Give you one long hearty kiss,  
And press you to my bosom!

DON JOSÉ.

You must be silent, do you hear!  
You are not allowed to speak.

CARMENCITA.

My dusky face is full of sweetness,  
My grace and charm distract them all.  
There came a baby to Navarra  
And grew to be a gypsy.  
I wish you were my dancing partner,  
For those who watch my nimble feet  
Are sure to lose their minds forever,  
And drown their restless blind desire  
In the sweet waters of my love.  
I lead them all  
Into my garden,  
They follow me like wandering sheep.  
But best of all  
I like Navarrans,—  
Handsome of face  
And brave of heart.  
Compared to them what are Sevillians,

## 18 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

The petty merchants of Cordova!  
Above them all are brave Navarrans,  
Handsomest, bravest of them all.  
There's one I love,  
Resembling them.  
He, too, will come  
Into my garden,  
And there I will  
Embrace my love,  
And whisper softly:  
"Lie down with me."  
My dusky face is full of sweetness,  
My grace and charm confound them all.  
There came a baby to Navarra  
And grew to be a gypsy.  
I wish you were my dancing partner.

DON JOSÉ.

Stop your chatter,  
You dare not speak!

CARMENCITA.

Oh, yes, I am a prisoner.  
But I am only humming  
A little song about Navarrans.  
Your face reminds me of their faces,  
Your figure, too, is much like theirs.  
Your very look is a Navarran's.  
I'm fond of you a bit already,  
I'd love you if you were Navarran.

*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 19

DON JOSÉ.

I am.

CARMENCITA.

No, no, you lie!

You are not Navarran!

A Navarran would have helped me.

But you, you lying, yellow slave,

Dare not even set me free.

A true Navarran risks his all.

DON JOSÉ.

His all? . . .

I can not do it.

Don't look at me! I know my duty.

Besides, I have no faith in you.

You lied before and you are lying now,

And all you tell me is a lie.

CARMENCITA.

Yes.

DON JOSÉ.

Where do you live?

CARMENCITA.

I was born . .

DON JOSÉ.

Where do you live?

CARMENCITA.

In free Navarra.

## 20 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

DON JOSÉ.

Answer me!

CARMENCITA.

In free and mountainous Navarra.

DON JOSÉ.

But answer me!

CARMENCITA.

My dusky face is full of sweetness,  
My grace and charm distract them all.  
There came a baby to Navarra  
And grew to be a gypsy.  
Tra-la-la-la. . . .

COLONEL.

Ho, guard! Look here!  
Escort that gipsy to the jail!

CARMENCITA.

If you are brave, I will reward you:  
Come at dusk to Dorotea's.  
I'll be waiting for you there,  
We will take a stroll together.  
I call in winter, I call in Spring,  
At my command you'll raise your knife,  
One look—and you will follow me,  
One nod—and you will die at my feet.  
Kiss me, my friend,  
Without kisses, life is empty.

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 21

I will come to you like the storm,  
And will leave you—with a threat.

[DON JOSÉ *unties* CARMENCITA's *hands* and *she runs*  
*off to the left.*]

CURTAIN

## ACT TWO

[*The ADJUTANT is seated at a table; CARMENCITA, on the arm of his chair, is urging him to drink. They are surrounded by two Gypsy women, DANCAÏRE, REMENDADO, an OLD SMUGGLER, a boy and a girl. Farther off, on a bench, sits an old woman. She drops a sleeping potion into her wineglass and hands it to CARMENCITA. CARMENCITA dexterously interchanges the glasses and hands to the ADJUTANT the one with the sleeping potion.*]

CARMENCITA.

### *Gypsy Song*

To and fro my fan is moving,  
Bringing ease to me alone,  
Against the foul vapors of the night  
It marks for me a magic circle.  
The wandering moon silvers  
My lovely bronze shoulders.  
I hear the strum of the guitar.  
Stronger than wine is jealousy,  
It burns and eats into the heart.  
Men men e chan charapachan,  
Cha ra pa chan bala charan,  
Cha ra pa chan ay buraran,  
Ay buraran ey churichian.



## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 23

GYPSY WOMEN.

Men men e chan charapachan,  
Men men e chan charapachan,  
Men men e chan charapachan,  
Men men e chan charapachan.

CARMENCITA.

Well, you loafer, why so sad?  
I'm game to pal with any thief.  
Light your cigar before you go  
At the sparks flying from my eyes.  
Oh, come, dragoon, why be a coward?  
I'd rather see you proud and brave.  
Don't you dare expose your throat  
To the dazzling whiteness of my teeth?  
To the dazzling whiteness of my teeth?  
Men men e chan charapachan,  
Cha ra pa chan bala charan,  
Cha ra pa chan ay buraran,  
Ay buraran ey churichian.

GYPSY WOMEN.

Men men e chan charapachan,  
Men men e chan charapachan,  
Men men e chan charapachan,  
Men men e chan charapachan.

CARMENCITA.

This stormy night we will forget  
Seville and God in lovers' kisses.  
I'll drop my mantle off my shoulders,

## 24 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

My combs I'll throw to the four winds,  
And my good fan wave to and fro,  
Bringing ease to me alone.

Against the foul vapors of the night  
It marks for me a magic circle.

Ay buraran, pour down a balm  
And baptize me in your strong fires.

Men men e chan charapachan,

Cha ra pa chan bala charan,

Cha ra pa chan ay buraran,

Ay buraran ey churichian.

### GYPSY WOMEN.

Men men e chan charapachan,

Men men e chan charapachan,

Men men e chan charapachan,

Men men e chan charapachan.

### FRASQUITA.

Why don't you drink this good sweet wine?

### ADJUTANT.

I can not see. Has it grown dark?

### FRASQUITA.

Your line of life is very long;

And I see a marriage not far off.

### ADJUTANT.

I care but little for a wife!

I wonder where is Carmencita?

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 25

FRASQUITA.

She's coming soon; and meanwhile, drink!

ADJUTANT.

But where are you?

My eyes are dim.

[DOROTEA *approaches him.*]

Who are you?

Tell me the fortunes of my love.

DOROTEA.

With pleasure. Let me look.

ADJUTANT.

Is this Carmencita, or not?

Tell me, you little devil.

DOROTEA.

This fellow is surely done for.

ADJUTANT.

Where am I? What the devil's this?

DOROTEA.

That sleeping powder does its work.

[*The ADJUTANT falls asleep.*]

CARMENCITA.

Good night, young man.

FRASQUITA and MERCEDES.

Good night, young man.

## 26 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

FRASQUITA.

The baby sleeps, and we go through his pockets.

DANCAÏRE.

Frasquita, stop your fooling, now.

[REMENDADO *and the OLD GYPSY lead the ADJUTANT to the left.*]

We'll get much more if Carmencita helps us.

We must consult her wishes first of all.

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, and DOROTEA.

Consult her wishes first of all.

DANCAÏRE.

She alone knows how to play them.

[REMENDADO *returns.*]

A shame to waste a night like this.

MERCEDES and FRASQUITA.

Have no fear, 'twill not be wasted.

DANCAÏRE.

He's walking straight into our trap.

He's absolutely at our mercy.

DOROTEA, DANCAÏRE, FRASQUITA, REMENDADO, and  
MERCEDES.

He sleeps, this was a lucky catch!

He's ours, this was a lucky catch!

DANCAÏRE and REMENDADO.

This lovely bird fell right into our net,

It isn't likely we'll soon set him free.

## *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 27*

We'll get a permit over the frontier.  
Now, Carmencita, play him well.  
Get at him, Carmencita—quick!  
Trick him and entangle him.  
Many a wiser head's been turned  
By your wily, honeyed speech.

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, DOROTEA, DANCAÏRE, and  
REMENDADO.

Many a sweet angelic heart  
Your devilish eyes have pierced,  
And your treacherous caresses  
Led them all into our trap.  
More than once on the frontier  
You have saved us from the guards.  
You fooled the watchmen in the towns,  
And the gatemen of Sevilla.  
Do your work on him at once.  
Trick him and entangle him.  
Many a wiser head's been turned  
By your wily, honeyed speech.  
Many a sweet angelic heart  
Your devilish eyes have pierced.  
Carmencita is too clever,  
Even the Pope can't frighten her.  
Soldier, sailor, monk and saint,  
All are prey for Carmencita.  
Carmencita is the strongest,  
Carmencita's cunning boldness  
Passes that of all of us.

## 28 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

DANCAÏRE.

You must help us once again.

FRASQUITA.

Once again.

MERCEDES.

You must help us.

DANCAÏRE.

Go stay with him.

CARMENCITA.

Just now my mind is not with you.

My soldier's somewhere under lock,

For days and days he lies in jail;

But he'll come back—my cards speak true.

REMENDADO and DANCAÏRE.

Be damned to cards, we've business here.

We can not let the fellow go.

CARMENCITA.

I can not do it, I can not do it.

FRASQUITA and MERCEDES.

We can not let that baby go.

CARMENCITA.

I can not do it, I can not do it.

DOROTEA.

I placed a sleeping powder in his cup.

## *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 29*

MERCEDES, DANCAÏRE, REMENDADO, and FRASQUITA.

A sleeping powder, safe and sure.

CARMENCITA.

I want the Navarran for myself.

DANCAÏRE, REMENDADO, FRASQUITA, and MERCEDES.

What's he to you?

CARMENCITA.

He pierced my heart with his stiletto.

REMENDADO, DANCAÏRE, FRASQUITA, and MERCEDES.

Is that so?

CARMENCITA.

It's easy enough to fall in love.

DANCAÏRE and REMENDADO.

The devil take him!

MERCEDES and FRASQUITA.

Are you crazy, Carmencita?

REMENDADO and DANCAÏRE.

She is in love! Ha, ha, ha!

CARMENCITA.

Yes, I am in love.

DANCAÏRE.

You know we can not do this job alone.

### 30 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

CARMENCITA.

I am in love, what do I care!

REMENDADO and DANCAÏRE.

When we were smuggling o'er the mountains,  
You were the one to guide us through.  
You lured the gateman from his post  
And fooled the guards along the frontier.  
You've brains for all of us together,  
You can not leave us in the lurch.

CARMENCITA.

My net was spread for every man,  
And all who entered were caught secure.  
But Carmencita now has yielded  
To the Devil's own seductions.  
One thought alone is in my mind—  
Of my brave soldier, dear José,  
Who'll come to kiss his Carmencita.

DANCAÏRE.

You're pledged to help us.

CARMENCITA.

I will not do it.

REMENDADO.

You can not, dare not, leave us now.

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, REMENDADO, and DANCAÏRE.

Beware! You may regret it soon.

We'll not forget it.



## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 31

CARMENCITA.

The devil I care, I'll leave you altogether.

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, DOROTEA, REMENDADO, and  
DANCAÏRE.

Carmencita outwits the wisest,  
She dances best, she is most cunning.  
None has ever withstood the snares,  
The lures and charms of Carmencita.  
Many a head has oft been turned  
By her wily honeyed tongue.  
And her devilish eye has pierced  
Many a brave and tender heart.  
Carmencita is too clever,  
Even the Pope can't frighten her.  
Soldier, sailor, monk and saint,  
All are prey for Carmencita.  
Carmencita is the strongest,  
Carmencita's cunning boldness  
Passes that of all of us.  
And at Carmencita's wish  
All the world becomes her slave.

DANCAÏRE.

Now she's pining for her soldier.

CARMENCITA.

And I'll have him, too.  
I went to the jail to see him,  
And his sentence ends today.  
He will soon be free.

## 32 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

REMENDADO.

Why couldn't you set your heart on me?

DANCAÏRE.

Even among ourselves you might have  
Found a better man than he is.

What good's that soldier dandy to you?

[*Exit* REMENDADO and DANCAÏRE. DON JOSÉ  
*enters.*]

CARMENCITA.

I knew you'd come.

Let us love and drink!

Even behind your prison bars

I know you loved your Carmencita.

He is here, my brave José.

My little soldier.

La-la-la-la. . . [*Sounds of the bugle.*]

DON JOSÉ.

Oh, wait, don't sing,

Stop dancing, Carmencita!

CARMENCITA.

Why mustn't I sing?

DON JOSÉ.

Don't you hear the call

Of the bugle for assembly?

Can't you hear it?

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 33

CARMENCITA.

Yes, I hear it, just in time, too.  
I can't dance without good music;  
Now the bugle will supply it.  
Tra, la, la, la, la. . . .

DON JOSÉ.

No, Carmencita, wait! Stop!  
The bugle is calling the soldiers,  
I must go to the barracks at once.

CARMENCITA.

You must! You must!  
Oh, what a fool I've been!  
Oh, what a fool I've been!  
I've done my best for you,  
I've danced and sung,  
I've danced and sung,  
For this coward and slave!  
It is good to dance  
When your friends are all gay,  
But not for base cowards.  
Tara-ta-ta—a bugle calls,  
Tara-ta-ta—away he runs!  
Well, take to your heels!  
Here is your sword!  
Run, chicken-hearted coward!  
Quick, hurry back! Run!  
I wouldn't cry if you break your neck!

### 34 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

DON JOSÉ.

Oh, Carmencita, stop, I beg you,

Your anger will kill me.

I dare not stay here,

And I can not leave you.

Your angry eyes

Will be my death.

Do you want me to lose forever

Life and your love together?

CARMENCITA.

Tara-ta-ta—the bugle is calling,

Tara-ta-ta, I may be late.

I'm afraid! I'm afraid! There goes the bugle.—

I must not be late! . . .

He's all of a flutter. Quitter!

This is the love of Navarrans!

DON JOSÉ.

Stop torturing me; you are driving me crazy!

CARMENCITA.

Crazy!

DON JOSÉ.

I want only to tell you!

CARMENCITA.

I've had enough of your telling!

DON JOSÉ.

I want only to tell you!

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 35

CARMENCITA.

They are waiting for you, there.

DON JOSÉ.

Oh!

CARMENCITA.

Go away, run off, begone!

[*Together.*]

DON JOSÉ.

I want only to say!

DON JOSÉ.

I beg you to hear what I have to say.

The honey of your lips, like flowers,

Has made me drunk with ecstasy!

For you I braved the prison walls,

Your dazzling eyes have followed me.

Your lips, the flower of your beauty,

Are no more yours, I have possessed them.

And when I render up my life,

Your name alone I will remember.

How can the very saints refrain

From sinning with such glorious beauty.

Trifle no more with my soul, I pray,

And let me taste the joy of heaven,

Dear sweet bird of paradise,

With morning-gold upon your wings.

The blinding splendor of your eyes

Is luring me to hell, to heaven,

For though I know your fire will burn,

### 36 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

Despite myself I must return.  
In all my dreams you've been with me,  
Your beauty filled my soul with joy.  
If I am lost—the sin is yours.  
I can not think.  
I look with fear into your eyes,  
I worship you.

CARMENCITA.

No, you do not love me!

DON JOSÉ.

How can you say so?

CARMENCITA.

No, this is not love.  
You would forget your regiment, your duty,  
If you loved, loved me alone.

DON JOSÉ.

No, no!

CARMENCITA.

You are foolish not to stay with me!

DON JOSÉ.

It can not be.

CARMENCITA.

A night of love we'll have together.  
And for the future—come what may!  
I'll give you freely of my love,

*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 37

And rest is sweet in these soft arms!  
You are a fool to go away!

DON JOSÉ.

It can not be.

CARMENCITA.

A night of love we'll have together.  
Just you and I,  
My lovely one.  
Let trumpets burst!  
And damned be bugles!  
We have no need of wine to warm us.  
Our lips will meet in one long kiss!  
Together we will laugh at duty!  
We gypsies recognize no law.  
The world is ours, as free as air.  
And we are free, to love and fight.  
We'll raze Granada to the ground,  
And then we'll sing a song together.

DON JOSÉ.

Be quiet!

CARMENCITA.

You are a fool to go away!

DON JOSÉ.

It can not be.

CARMENCITA.

A night of love we'll have together.

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DON JOSÉ.

Be quiet!

CARMENCITA.

A night of love we'll have together.

And for the future—come what may!

DON JOSÉ.

I must to barracks, and at once.

CARMENCITA.

And for the future—come what may.

Oh, come into my arms, my darling.

DON JOSÉ.

Listen!

CARMENCITA.

Oh, come into my arms, dear heart.

Stay here, stay here with me!

DON JOSÉ.

My soldier's oath forbids it.

CARMENCITA.

Sweetheart, spend this night with me!

DON JOSÉ.

It can not be.

CARMENCITA.

Oh, dear little soldier!



CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 39

DON JOSÉ.

It can not be.

CARMENCITA.

If you truly love me, stay,

Oh, stay with me, my dearest love!

Oh, stay with me, oh, stay with me!

DON JOSÉ.

What are you doing to me! [*He pushes her away.*]

No. In vain you waste your words!

What, shirk my duty? No, no, no!

Disgrace my uniform? Oh, no!

CARMENCITA.

Oh, well then, run!

DON JOSÉ.

Carmencita, I beg you . . .

CARMENCITA.

I can not love a coward!

DON JOSÉ.

Oh, Carmencita!

CARMENCITA.

I do not love you any more!

DON JOSÉ.

I beg you!

## 40 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

CARMENCITA.

Farewell! Farewell for ever!

DON JOSÉ.

Since you are pitiless,  
I have to go.

CARMENCITA.

Good-bye!

DON JOSÉ.

It's the end! Good-bye. I'll not return!

CARMENCITA.

Go! Go!

[*Enter the* ADJUTANT.]

ADJUTANT.

I have gone mad. These devils!

Oh, God! My brain is numb,

My heart is afire.

What poison did they give me?

What cursed potion was it

That wrecked me so?

Aha! There is that devil! . . .

[*He attacks* CARMENCITA; DON JOSÉ *interferes.*]

DON JOSÉ.

Hold!

ADJUTANT.

Let go, you dirty rascal!

CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 41

DON JOSÉ.

Not one step, officer!

ADJUTANT.

Look out! [*He hits DON JOSÉ on the head with his sword.*]

DON JOSÉ.

Poor beggar! [*He stabs the ADJUTANT to death.*] May  
God forgive me! . . .

DOROTEA.

He is clever with the dagger.

CARMENCITA.

You are too rash—oh, far too rash.  
You must be careful with that dagger.  
You must be off, you must be off!  
They're waiting over there for you,  
They're waiting over there for you—  
Two strong posts in the prison walls.

REMENDADO.

He's our general!

DANCAÏRE.

He's our general!

REMENDADO.

We're glad indeed you want to join us.  
We need brave men.

## 42 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

DANCAÏRE.

We need brave men!

CARMENCITA.

What will you do with him?

REMENDADO.

This, then, is settled!

DANCAÏRE.

This, then, is settled!

REMENDADO, DANCAÏRE, and MEN'S CHORUS.

But where will you hide!

DOROTEA.

Take your tunic off! Here put this on!

And hurry, do!

We'll have to find a safe retreat for you.

Come, hurry up, throw off that coat!

DANCAÏRE.

You can't do better than remain with us.

AN OLD SMUGGLER.

And now this carrion must be moved away.

I'll throw it later to the Guadalquivir.

[*He carries off the body of the* ADJUTANT.]

REMENDADO.

The blade was in his throat up to the hilt.

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 43

CARMENCITA.

Well, why not hurry to the barracks now?

DON JOSÉ.

To be shot?

CARMENCITA.

No, you will stay with us for good.

Here only can you know a gypsy's life!

Here only can you freely breathe in freedom,

Be free to sing when fancy takes you,

Free to love and free to kill.

We'll raze Granada to the ground,

And then we'll sing a song together!

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, CARMENCITA, WOMEN'S CHORUS,  
REMENDADO, DANCAÏRE, and MEN'S CHORUS.

Now you are doomed to be a gypsy,

Free as the winds, the sun's own brother.

Join the bands of carefree strollers,

And forget the past entire.

We gypsies recognize no law,

The world is ours, as free as air.

And we are free, to love and fight.

We'll raze Granada to the ground,

And then we'll sing a song together.

What care we for the sordid world?

The world is ours, we know no bounds.

And for the future—come what may!

CURTAIN

## ACT THREE

### SCENE ONE

[CARMENCITA, TWO GYPSY WOMEN, LUCAS, TWO FRIENDS OF LUCAS *and the CHORUS are disclosed.*]

LUCAS.

The blazing orb of the sun flames red,  
And red the sound of the bugle, the odor of cloves,  
And scarlet red the blood of Aragonians,  
And the red mantilla taunting the mad bull.  
It's great to finish the bull with the sword,  
It's great to grasp your fate by the horns.  
The surer and swifter your enemy's onslaught,  
The sweeter your joy with your parrying weapon.  
But not less sweet is the clinking of glasses.  
Fill up with wine, the golden blood.  
The gypsy's song brings us delight,  
There is challenge in the flutter of her brow.  
Love and blood, and love again!  
A stormy life is a glorious boon,  
Even the death-blow of love is sweet.  
There is no joy or passion that consumes  
Like the heat in the thick of the fight.  
Then let the death-knell ring,  
The knell of love,  
The boon of stormy life.

*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 45

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, CARMENCITA, LUCAS, and  
CHORUS.

A stormy life is a glorious boon,  
Even the death-blow of love is sweet.  
There is no joy or passion that consumes  
Like the heat in the thick of the fight.  
Then let the death-knell ring,  
The knell of love,  
The boon of stormy life.

LUCAS.

Let the roaming orb of the sun rise red,  
And Aragonian blood be redder than fire.  
And let our hearts be stout and brave,—  
Let the heat of your heart burn like a flame.  
Stake your life on a game of chance,  
When in the hand of destiny.  
Face your fate as in a duel,  
Aim straight—as when you kill your bull.  
If a woman's eyes have wrecked your life,  
Burn at the stake and seek the next.  
If your death knell rings on the guitar,  
It is death for love.  
Love and blood, and love again!  
A stormy life is a glorious boon,  
Even the death-blow of love is sweet.  
There is no joy or passion that consumes  
Like the heat in the thick of the fight.  
Then let the death-knell ring,  
The knell of love,  
The boon of stormy life.

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FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, CARMENCITA, LUCAS, and  
CHORUS.

A stormy life is a glorious boon,  
Even the death-blow of love is sweet.  
There is no joy or passion that consumes  
Like the heat in the thick of the fight.  
Then let the death-knell ring,  
The knell of love,  
The boon of stormy life.

CURTAIN



## ACT THREE

### SCENE TWO

*[As the curtain rises DON JOSÉ, TWO GYPSY WOMEN, REMENDADO, DANCAÏRE, an OLD WOMAN, an OLD SMUGGLER, a BOY and a GIRL are throwing dice at a long table. CARMENCITA stands apart. She goes to a small table at the right and begins to tell her fortune by melted wax. Some men and women of the Chorus watch her from above.]*

#### MEN'S CHORUS.

Play with your life's blood as the stake.  
No one knows what the morrow brings:  
A dagger, a rose; a wine-glass, a skull.  
Life itself is a game of chance,  
And death's a game of chance as well.  
End one game and start another,  
A game with fate is the greatest joy.

#### THE DICE PLAYERS.

The only game for you. José's unlucky,  
And yet he is fortunate in love,  
He is luckier than any of us.  
Take care you do not lose your soul!  
You are headed straight for hell, for hell,  
And there are no gypsies there.

## 48 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

How badly you play!  
You're bound to lose all.  
But why care for the future?  
Keep up the game.  
If you're lucky in love,  
Let love take all.  
It is wrong to be sad  
When in love with a gypsy.  
Throw your dice and never care,  
Play on, play on, and risk your blood.  
No one knows what the morrow brings:  
A dagger, a rose; a wine-glass, a skull.  
Life itself is a game of chance,  
And death's a game of chance as well.  
End one game and start another,  
A game with fate is the greatest joy.

DANCAÏRE [*to* DON JOSÉ].

Now look, you are as pale as death.  
There is no need for tears  
You will help us with our smuggling,—  
Gold will clink in your pockets.  
Get the stuff together,—  
We must remove the goods from here.

[*Exeunt all the players except the TWO GYPSY WOMEN. The CHORUS also disappears. DON JOSÉ approaches CARMENCITA.*]

CARMENCITA.

You are getting in my way.

*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 49

DON JOSÉ.

Tell me, dear, are you glad  
That I have turned thief,  
That I have turned bandit?  
I gave up everything for you.  
I was an honest soldier.

CARMENCITA.

How about Navarra?

DON JOSÉ.

Don't say that, Carmencita.  
I beg you not to say "Navarra."

CARMENCITA.

You either think of nothing but your country,—  
Or else forget it all, even your mother,—  
She must be waiting for her little general.

DON JOSÉ.

She is no longer waiting.

CARMENCITA.

It must be sad!

DON JOSÉ.

It is all because of you.  
And listen: when you forget me . . .

CARMENCITA.

Then you will kill me, eh?  
That you will not! I'll not give you time!

## 50 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

First, you know, the guards will get you.

[DON JOSÉ goes to the left and stretches out on the ground under the dark arch. CARMENCITA continues her fortune-telling. The TWO GYPSY WOMEN, MERCEDES and FRASQUITA, undo the packages of stolen goods.]

MERCEDES.

Velvet!

FRASQUITA.

Let me have it.

MERCEDES.

Shawls.

FRASQUITA.

I want that.

MERCEDES.

How pretty!

FRASQUITA.

Golden silk!

MERCEDES.

Beautiful pattern.

FRASQUITA.

French cloth.

*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 51

MERCEDES.

Give it to me.

FRASQUITA.

More silk.

MERCEDES and FRASQUITA.

We'll put on silks and our fine mantillas,

And go to daze the fools in Seville.

We'll tell their fortunes,

Take their coin.

We'll wink our eye, the fools will rush,

They will forget their kith and kin

And follow us to Dorotea's.

FRASQUITA.

Silks!

MERCEDES.

For me!

FRASQUITA.

Try it on!

MERCEDES.

I'll take it!

FRASQUITA.

There is a dear boy in Seville

Who can have my love for nothing.

## 52 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

MERCEDES.

There is a gay old foggy there  
Who pays a hundred reals for love.

FRASQUITA.

There is a little Frenchman  
Knows all the ways of love.

MERCEDES.

There is one fat Jew I know  
Who pays with diamonds for my love.

FRASQUITA.

It's easy there to steal a purse  
Or filch a fan from some rich woman.

MERCEDES.

I will help you all I can  
When we mingle with the crowds.

FRASQUITA.

Seville had better be on guard:  
We're too clever, far, for her.

MERCEDES.

Our game is stealing, cards and love.  
Come on!  
We two will squeeze them dry between us.

MERCEDES and FRASQUITA.

We'll put on silks and our fine mantillas,  
And go to daze the fools in Seville.

*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 53

We'll tell their fortunes,  
Take their coin.  
We'll wink our eye, the fools will rush,  
They will forget their kith and kin  
And follow us to Dorotea's.

MERCEDES.

Wealth!

FRASQUITA.

Love!

CARMENCITA.

What is this! A dark spot here!  
Can it be true? No, no!  
Death for me? Oh, no, no!  
It must not be! The wax is lying.  
I must use an incantation!  
Mold this wax  
Into some fair design,  
Oh, Queen of all the Gypsies,  
Thou who consumest those  
Who, clad in regal splendor,  
Have tasted of thy potion!  
Turn thy black amulet,  
Oh, merciful Kral-Isis,  
In my behalf, to save me.  
Suffer thy black goat,  
Oh, merciful Kral-Isis,  
To pierce the dense night fog.  
Change this weird design,

## 54 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

Oh, merciful Kral-Isis,  
Of gaping wounds of death.  
Melt, I pray, my wax,  
Oh, merciful Kral-Isis,  
Thou Queen of all the Gypsies.  
Avert the sentence of my death,  
Protect me.  
Thou ruler of the night,  
Oh, Queen of all the Gypsies,  
Come, come and melt my wax.

FRASQUITA and MERCEDES.

We'll put on silks and our fine mantillas,  
And go to daze the fools of Seville.  
We'll tell their fortunes,  
Take their coin.  
We'll wink our eye, the fools will rush,  
They will forget their kith and kin  
And follow us to Dorotea's.

CARMENCITA.

Death for me! Death for me!  
I'll die! I'll die!

FRASQUITA and MERCEDES.

The cry of love!

CARMENCITA.

José will plunge his dagger in my breast.  
I must run! I must run!  
[DON JOSÉ *approaches her.*]



## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 55

No, no! [*She goes off. Enter DANCAÏRE, REMENDADO, old DOROTEA, and the CHORUSES.*]

DANCAÏRE.

The devil himself would not understand her.  
First she awaits him,  
Then she runs from him.  
She must have a reason.

FRASQUITA.

She's weary of this Navarran.

DANCAÏRE.

What of it!  
Now Carmen is lost, she's off again.  
Did you expect it?  
And how much did you gain  
By having her with you?  
You've already done murder  
And will murder again.

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, DOROTEA, DANCAÏRE, REMENDADO, and the CHORUS.

You'll kill again. The dagger rusts  
When left at rest.  
We can die but once, dear friend,  
And dance in the shadow of the gallows.  
All your life you've been a night-bird,  
And your home you've long forgotten.  
To your native haunts, dear friend,  
You can never more return.

## 56 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

Your life shall pass in a den of thieves,  
Come, be merry!  
There is no end of merry sports!  
Here's the knife—  
You're free to choose your own revenge!  
You have your hands—  
And with them fame is yours!  
You'll kill again. The dagger rusts  
When left at rest.  
We can die but once, dear friend,  
And dance in the shadow of the gallows,  
Where the rope hangs, waiting.

[*Exeunt all except DON JOSÉ and the THREE WOMEN in the CHORUS, speaking for JOSÉ's MOTHER.*]

SECOND WOMAN in the CHORUS [*singing for JOSÉ's MOTHER*]:

Her wrinkled cheeks are wet with tears.  
Your mother waits for you, José!  
There must be cause for her misgivings,  
There must be cause for sleepless nights!

FIRST WOMAN in the CHORUS [*singing for JOSÉ's MOTHER*]:

Your mother's hours are spent in prayer  
To guard her son from evil fate.  
She'll weave a cloth for Virgin Mary  
And will embroider it in silver.  
Only hearken to the prayer

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 57

Offered by God's servant:

"I pray you, send me back my son,  
Mother of God, you know a mother's heart!"

You may be languishing in prison  
With rusty chains around your arms.  
What if her love, her son, has perished,—  
She could not live a day without you,  
She could but follow you to the grave.  
Oh, how her heart is torn!

She lives for you alone!

Oh, think of home, think of home!

José, you will come home again,

Your mother waits for you.

All her hours are spent in prayer  
To guard her son from evil fate.

She'll weave a cloth for Virgin Mary  
And will embroider it in silver.

Only hearken to the prayer  
Of this old servant of God:

"I pray you, send me back my son,  
Mother of God, you know a mother's heart!"

Save her, José,

You are all she has, José. Oh, save her!

You are all that's left to her.

[*Enter* LUCAS.]

LUCAS.

What a filthy pigsty.

Ho! Is no one here?

58 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

DON JOSÉ.

What are you looking for?

LUCAS.

Eh! I look for Carmencita.

This is where she ought to be—

She agreed to meet me here.

DON JOSÉ.

She is not here.

LUCAS.

She'll come.

DON JOSÉ.

Perhaps she will,

But better go,

Yes, better go:

This is no place for you.

LUCAS.

I think I'd rather wait.

I love the smoke of a cigar,

I love a glass of wine,

The chords of the guitar,

And stalwart, dusky men,

But the greatest joy of all—

Is the gypsy's blazing eyes.

DON JOSÉ.

I told you not to linger here.

*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 59

LUCAS.

You told me!

That does not impress me.

DON JOSÉ.

Wait outside!

LUCAS.

Oh, no!

DON JOSÉ.

Outside!

LUCAS.

Why? I like it better here.

Their cunning black eyes

Are an omen of evil,

Like a sparkling jewel,

They lure us from cover.

DON JOSÉ.

Still waiting?

LUCAS.

And we take our guitar

As twilight falls,

And with roystering song

Start a wildfire blazing

In that jewel's sparkle.

DON JOSÉ.

You intend to stay here?

## 60 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

LUCAS.

Perhaps.

DON JOSÉ.

You want to take her with you?

LUCAS.

Leave me alone, my friend,  
I've had enough of your questions.

DON JOSÉ.

It isn't quite so easy  
To run off with the gypsy.  
And take away the gypsy girl?  
You will have to pay me ransom.

LUCAS.

That's a bargain. What's your price?

DON JOSÉ.

Suppose we settle that with knives.

LUCAS.

Clever arrangement!

DON JOSÉ.

Get out your knife!

LUCAS.

You'll know it better soon.  
Lad, you'll look like a red tomato—  
Your color's red—it's life or death!

CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 61

DON JOSÉ.

I strike to kill!

LUCAS.

I've been hoping, friend,  
To come to grips with you.  
Strike hard! strike hard!

DON JOSÉ.

At you! And ready!

[*They fight with the long knives. Enter one by one the GIRL, the BOY, the OLD GYPSY, the OLD GYPSY WOMAN, REMENDADO, the GYPSY WOMEN and the CHORUS. Lastly, enter CARMENCITA, and DANCAÏRE, who stops the fight.*]

CARMENCITA.

Lucas! José! Lucas!

LUCAS.

At last I find you, Carmencita!  
I have need of you, my dear.  
I want to tell you something.  
[*To DON JOSÉ*] Well, my brave soldier,  
Is the fun all over?  
Let's cross knives again!  
Come, cross knives with me again,  
If you're bent on seeing your blood!

DANCAÏRE.

Down with your knives, down with your knives!  
You two fighting cocks!  
Enough! You can't fight here! Enough!

## 62 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

LUCAS.

I meant to leave his carcass for a present.

But my anger quickly passes,—

On the whole I have enjoyed it.

To you, my firebrand, I say, farewell.

We'll meet again.

Friends, I am going to leave you.

You, my firebrand, yes, for you

I'll be ready any time

To parry blade on blade. [*He goes.*]

DON JOSÉ.

You sneaked out to meet him.

You sneaked out—I know it.

DANCAÏRE.

Stop that! Stop! It's time to forget!

CHORUS.

Things have moved too fast for them!

[DON JOSÉ *goes over to CARMENCITA and slaps her face.*]

REMENDADO.

That is the man you chose for yourself!

CARMENCITA.

Oh, it hurts!

DANCAÏRE.

That's great! More fun than bullfights!



CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 63

DON JOSÉ.

Serves her right!

FIRST WOMAN in the CHORUS [*singing for José's*  
MOTHER.]

Oh, José!

DON JOSÉ.

It serves her right!

I'm prepared for anything!

FIRST WOMAN in the CHORUS.

Now, will you listen to us:

Return to the arms of your loving mother,

She will be sitting by your side,

And sing to you a lullaby,

She'll prepare your bed for you

And give you some of her best drinks,

The doors are open wide for you,—

Come! Your mother waits for you!

CARMENCITA.

Leave me! Go! Another man

Would treat my love more tenderly.

DON JOSÉ.

You want me to leave you?

CARMENCITA.

Yes. I love you no more!

## 64 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

DON JOSÉ.

You want me to leave you?

And how about you? Will you now

Give your body to another?

No, that shall not be!

We are united by ties of blood,

I can not, can not, can not leave you.

I will go down to hell with you,

With your name upon my lips.

The rags you wear are my delight!

I need you more than bread, more than my dagger!

FRASQUITA, MERCEDES, REMENDADO, DANCAÏRE and the  
CHORUS.

You stand at the edge of the abyss,

José, you are about to fall.

It is not given to fools to see

The crater into which they plunge.

DON JOSÉ.

Oh, forgive me!

SECOND WOMAN in the CHORUS [*singing for JOSÉ's*  
MOTHER].

José!

THIRD WOMAN in the CHORUS [*singing for JOSÉ's*  
MOTHER].

José!

*CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 65

DON JOSÉ.

Carmencita, forgive me!

CHORUS.

Away with you, you fool!

DON JOSÉ.

Oh, spare me, pray, my head is reeling,

Don't drive me away. I can not go!

Do with me what you please, do anything.

Oh, I am sure you love me, dear.

My jealousy is groundless.

Shall I plunge the dagger in my heart?

CHORUS.

Surely Don José is lost!

FIRST WOMAN in the CHORUS.

Your mother stands beside you now.

Dearest, can you hear her prayer?

"Oh, Virgin Mary, spare him,

Shield him from misfortune,

Save him from the abyss, oh, save José!"

DON JOSÉ.

Mother? Country? Nothing!

FIRST WOMAN in the CHORUS.

Oh, God, he is lost!

DON JOSÉ.

To hell! To hell with all!

## 66 CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER

Give me your lips, your lips!

Oh, give me your lips!

[CARMENCITA *tears herself away*. LUCAS *appears above*.]

LUCAS.

A stormy life is a glorious boon,  
Even the death-blow of love is sweet.  
There is no joy or passion that consumes  
Like the heat in the thick of the fight.  
Then let the death-knell ring,  
The knell of love,  
The boon of stormy life.

CURTAIN

## ACT FOUR

[*The CHORUSES of MEN and WOMEN are disclosed as the curtain rises. DON JOSÉ appears while they sing and watches CARMENCITA and LUCAS. The latter walk together; DON JOSÉ hides.*]

CHORUS.

The fans, the fans  
Move to and fro!  
Call heart to heart  
And deep to deep!  
Let youth glow bright.  
Throughout the land,  
Where treachery stalks,  
And revenge is swift,  
Where arenas roar  
From the Nevadas  
To the Morenas,—  
They live and call and sing!  
Yes, that is our land,  
Where treachery stalks,  
Revenge is swift,  
Arenas roar,  
Arenas storm and shout.  
And the knife is thrust in menace.

## 68 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

After knowing Carmencita  
Other passions you will spurn.  
Other eyes are lustreless,  
Other cheeks are pale and wan.  
Love, you fool!  
One end for all!  
One end for misguided hearts—  
To flame and burn to ashes!  
Women, like toreros,  
All sing songs of victory,  
They lure slyly, they strike deftly,  
Their eyes strike as sure as arrows.  
The torero watches the bull  
And waves the red mantilla at him,  
There is the bull! his horns in the sand—  
Castille is watching Aragon,  
The game goes on forever,  
The game goes on for life and death.  
A stormy life is a glorious boon,  
Even the death-blow of love is sweet.  
There is no joy or passion that consumes  
Like the heat in the thick of the fight.  
Then let the death-knell ring,  
The knell of love,  
The boon of stormy life.  
Throughout the land,  
Where treachery stalks,  
And revenge is swift,  
Where arenas roar  
From the Nevadas

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 69

To the Morenas,—  
They live and call and sing!  
Yes, that is our land,  
Where treachery stalks,  
Vengeance swift, arenas roar,  
Blood is flowing on the sand.  
Carmencita, come  
With a song of love  
And meet the dagger.  
Carmencita, die!

LUCAS.

Sweet Carmencita,  
Carmencita, farewell.  
Pray that tomorrow's bull fight  
Does not bring me death.  
For you I would gladly forget the world.

CARMENCITA.

If you protect me,  
I will not die.  
My song each night  
I'll sing to you.

CARMENCITA and LUCAS.

Till then your face  
Will follow me.

[LUCAS goes; DON JOSÉ comes forward.]

CARMENCITA.

So it's here?

## 70 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

DON JOSÉ.

What, here?

CARMENCITA.

That you laid your plan to kill me?

I knew it long ago.

It is my fate.

But out of fear alone

I will never love you.

Satan does not fear the devil!

DON JOSÉ.

For the last time I beg you,

Yes, the last time, the last.

I'll forget the past,

I'll forgive, I'll forget.

Let me save you, Carmencita,

Will you let me save you, dear,

Let us both be safe together.

CARMENCITA.

I do not love you any longer,

I will not live with you again.

You may kill me if you wish to,

If you fear not for your soul.

I will not lie to you,

In things of love I never lie.

DON JOSÉ.

Wait, there still is time!

Yes, there may yet be time!



## *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER* 71

Think! Remember how I love you,  
As I love heaven.  
You're mine, you're mine, you're all mine,  
I will not give you up.

CARMENCITA.

No, when my slippers wear out,  
I promptly cast them off.  
All your prayers will not avail.  
No! No!  
We gypsies are not won by prayers.

DON JOSÉ.

You say you are not won by prayers! . . .  
And yet you loved me once.

CARMENCITA.

Yes. But now, no more.

DON JOSÉ.

Oh, let me save you, Carmencita!  
Let us both be safe together!

CARMENCITA.

Go away, José!  
You know it is the end.

DON JOSÉ.

Let us both be safe together.  
See, I'll give you silks and jewels,  
I'll learn to steal for you and I can kill, you know.  
Yes, kill! And give you all my plunder.

## 72 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

Let me save you, Carmencita!  
Let us both be safe together!  
For love of you my soul is lost—  
You dare not leave me, Carmencita,  
You're life and death to me!

CARMENCITA.

You can not fetter me in chains.  
I'm free, and free I mean to die.

CHORUS.

The flames of passion have mounted high,  
Flaring, leaping in mad passion.  
Those who love kill what they love.  
Love. Flowers. Daggers.  
Now the battle is but begun,  
Like a thin column of smoke.  
But words will soon give place to daggers.  
Faster, faster, faster, faster!

DON JOSÉ.

Not gone?

CARMENCITA.

No, why should I?

DON JOSÉ.

You do not fear my raging madness?

CARMENCITA.

I go first; you—next.

## CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 73

DON JOSÉ.

I see you're not afraid?

You would rather face your death

Than be mine again.

CARMENCITA.

I go first; you—next.

Let fate take its course.

DON JOSÉ.

The torero is waiting.

Is it he whom you love?

CARMENCITA.

I am not sure.—

But for the love I gave you once

I now can only hate myself.

CHORUS.

The flames of passion have mounted high,

Flaring, leaping in mad passion.

Those who love kill what they love.

Love. Flowers. Daggers.

Now the battle is but begun,

Like a thin column of smoke.

DON JOSÉ.

So, for this wicked devil

I sent my soul to hell.

Tempted by this serpent's beauty,

## 74 *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER*

By the evil of her passion,  
By the fire of her caresses—  
Her very breath is flaming hell.

CARMENCITA.

It is fate!

DON JOSÉ.

See this!

CARMENCITA.

Your blade is keen, well, then,  
Why don't you kill me, coward!

CHORUS.

The end!

DON JOSÉ.

For the last time, tell me quickly:  
Will you go with me?

CARMENCITA.

Away! Away!

There is your ring—

You meant to marry me. There!

DON JOSÉ.

I'll marry you with my dagger!

[*He kills CARMENCITA.*]

CHORUS.

A stormy life is a glorious boon,  
Even the death-blow of love is sweet.

## *CARMENCITA AND THE SOLDIER 75*

There is no joy or passion that consumes  
Like the heat in the thick of the fight.  
Then let the death-knell ring,  
The knell of love,  
The knell of love.

DON JOSÉ.

"I go first; you—next,"  
This is what you told me. . . .  
Come here! Put a rope round my neck.

CURTAIN



*THE DAUGHTER OF  
MADAME ANGOT*

*In Three Acts*





## INTRODUCTION \*

As the foundation stone for the repertory of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio, the choice of Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko fell upon "The Daughter of Madame Angot," perhaps the best reason why the name of Charles Lecocq is a household word around the globe. . . . There must have been something, even before the innovations of the Russians, to endear it to thousands of audiences in France and England and all Europe as well as in America. That something consisted not only in Lecocq's ingenious and melodious score, but in a gallery of human and amusing character portraits etched by the original librettists, Clairville, Paul Siraudin and Victor Koning. Able hands, these, for Louis François Nicolaie, under the pseudonym Clairville, collaborated on "The Mysterious Stranger" and "The Chimes of Normandy," while Siraudin had a hand in "Le Courrier de Lyon," with which, as "The Lyons Mail," Sir Henry Irving curdled countless hearts. . . .

On the libretto as well as on the score the regisseur laid

\* From Chapter VI ("Revolutions, French and Russian") of "Inside the Moscow Art Theatre," by Oliver M. Sayler. Copyright, 1925, by Brentano's.

his reshaping hand. He summoned the poet, Mihail Galperin, to collaborate with him on the work of translation and revision. . . . The poet cites these two tasks he had to face: "to escape as far as possible, in the first place, from the traditional operetta genre and to shape the play as a lyrical musical-comedy, abounding in tenderly affecting as well as tragi-comic and simply comic situations; and in the second place to construct a scale of moods, building the whole libretto architecturally on the principles of harmonic progression and of effective and at the same time logical finale—the finale of each individual act as well as of the play as a whole. This latter general dénouement is a symbolical apologia for Poetry, free and unfettered by earthly laws. Ange Pitou's departure for new horizons and new conquests derives precisely and logically from the preceding clashes."

Surveying, then, the product of Galperin's remolding pen alongside the French original, we find dialog that is more natural and at the same time more rhythmic. In other words, the characters speak more plausibly in character without exchanging a certain necessary formality for a disillusioning realism. The sing-song formalism of light operatic routine has yielded to a light and vibrant artificiality.

In particular, the character of Ange Pitou, the ballad-monger and breaker of hearts, has been developed from a

rather common, pasteboard figure of theatrical intrigue into a fascinating and sympathetic playboy. . . . The same process is apparent, too, in the reworking of the other characters, notably those of the actress Lange, another figure borrowed directly from history, and the quaint, garrulous Mrs. Malaprop of the Markets, Amarante. . . . Here and there, too, expanded or even inserted incident helps the narrative to flow more plausibly. . . . But the one stroke which, more than any other, gives the breath of new life to this classic of the lighter lyric stage, is the finale of the last act. Of old, Pitou, spurned by the undeceived daughter of Madame Angot, consoles himself with Lange. In the Russian version, he who is spurned spurns. His deceptions unmasked, this playboy poet wastes no tears, seeks no surcease in false sentiment. . . .

Not only have Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's deft senses re-created the days of the Directory but they have brought trooping from the past the cherished memories of theatre-goers whose recollections date back to the first performance of *Lecocq's* masterpiece over a half century ago. If it were to be revived to-day just as it was produced in Brussels in 1872, or in Paris, London and New York the following year, those memories probably would be sadly violated. Keeping in mind the developments in stagecraft of the last half century, who can honestly say he would like to see again the storied Marie Aimée as she sang the rôle of

Clairette Angot at Daly's Broadway Theatre on August 25, 1872; Paola Marie or Mme. Théo in Maurice Grau's French company, Camille D'Arville at the Casino and Lillian Russell at the Garden, or even Mme. Alda at the New (now the Century) Theatre in December, 1909. All these and many others, however, will ride secure in the overtones of memory and tradition whenever the Russians, summoned to America by Morris Gest, act—and sing.

THE EDITOR.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CLAIRETTE ANGOT—*Flower Girl, Fiancée of Pomponnet*

ANGE PITOU—*An Actress*

ANGE PITOU—*A Ballad-Monger*

LARIVAUDIÈRE—*A Government Official*

POMPONNET—*A Hairdresser, Clairette's Fiancé*

LOUCHARD—*Police Commissioner*

AMARANTE

JAVOTTE

THÉRÈSE

} *Market Women*

BUTEUX

CADET

} *Market Men*

GUILLAUME

DELAUNAY

HERBELÈNE

CYDALISE

} *Friends of Lange*

TRENITZ—*A Huzzar*

HERSILIE—*Servant to Lange*

BABET—*Servant to Clairette*

*Officers, Marketmen and Women, Friends of Pomponnet,  
Guests and Servants of Lange, Conspirators, Soldiers, etc.*



Paris in the year 1797. The Republic is governed by a Directory. The scenes are laid in the Market-Place (les Halles) and in the house of the actress, Lange, favorite of Barras who is a member of the Directory.



# THE DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

## ACT ONE

[*A Market Place. BUTEUX, CADET, GUILLAUME, JAVOTTE, THÉRÈSE; market women and men in holiday dress. Later, POMPONNET and BABET.*]

CHORUS.

Where is he,  
The happy one,  
The favored one?  
Let him now  
Quickly come  
For his lovely bride. . .  
See the birds  
Hop about—  
Off the twig—  
On again.  
Here he waits eagerly .  
For his lovely bride.

[POMPONNET *appears at a window.*]

MEN.

There he is! Pomponnet, are you ready?

POMPONNET.

Yes. I am quite ready.

## 2 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

CHORUS.

Greetings to thee, bridegroom!  
Greetings to thee, bridegroom!

POMPONNET.

Many thanks to you all! [*He disappears.*]

THIRD BEST MAN.

He looks rushed!

SECOND BEST MAN.

Naturally. . .

WOMEN.

Clairette, Clairette, Clairette, Clairett-a!

BABET [*from the balcony*].

The bride is hardly ready yet.

CHORUS.

Not yet? How long it takes her!  
Not yet? How long it takes her.

BABET.

There was trouble with her dress.  
And now she's fixing her bouquet.

[*Disappears.*]

POMPONNET [*enters*].

Who was speaking of bouquets?  
That one belongs to me alone.  
You may catch a glimpse of it  
If you find it very pretty.  
But to touch it—no, you mustn't,  
Do not even think of it.  
This honored service to my bride  
None can take away from me.  
Later when we are alone  
I will take it from her corsage.



Oh, my heart is beating faster  
At the very thought of her,  
And my soul ascends to heights  
Of untold, mysterious joy. . .

CHORUS.

Oh, his heart is beating faster  
At the very thought of her,  
And his soul ascends to heights  
Of untold mysterious joy. . .

POMPONNET.

I heard my timid sweetheart sigh,  
To me it sounded like a prayer  
To spare this modest little flower  
On this madly happy day.  
But this modesty and shrinking  
Swiftly will be overcome,  
And my lovely dear Clairette  
Will become my wedded wife.  
Oh, my heart is beating faster  
At the very thought of her,  
And my soul ascends to heights  
Of untold, mysterious joy. . .

CHORUS.

Oh, his heart is beating faster  
At the very thought of her,  
And his soul ascends to heights  
Of untold mysterious joy.

[*Enter CLAIRETTE and BABET.*]

BABET.

Here comes the bride!

POMPONNET.

Make way for her!

## 4 *DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT*

CHORUS.

Quiet all!  
See her beauty and her grace,  
She is modest and sedate!  
She is tender and she's sweet!  
'Tis a pleasure to behold  
All her dazzling loveliness,  
As arrayed in bridal gown  
She allures and fascinates.

WOMEN.

Come and kiss your mothers all. . .

MEN.

Come and kiss your fathers all. . .

POMPONNET.

They'll crumple up your bridal dress.  
I will embrace you—for them all.

CLAIRETTE.

My dress will crumple all the same.

SECOND BEST MAN.

There's no hurry!

A WOMAN.

Tell us, Clairette dear,  
Does this wedding make you happy?

CLAIRETTE.

What can I say?

WOMEN.

Speak your mind; hide nothing.

CLAIRETTE.

I can not tell.  
I owe to you my very life.  
Now you're giving me in marriage,  
Can I possibly refuse,

You, my fathers, you, my mothers. . .  
Will it bring me joy or sorrow,  
Break my heart or give me joy?  
I have never known before  
The joy or pain of wedded life.

CHORUS.

How innocent the darling is!  
How modest and how pure her words!

CLAIRETTE.

I was an orphan of tenderest years,  
When you took me and taught me all that I  
    know.  
So humbly I bow to your will and my fate  
To be a submissive and tractable wife.  
They tell us so often that after we're wed  
Our life will be nothing but happy and gay—  
How can I tell of the sorrows or joys  
Since I know nothing of married life!

CHORUS.

How innocent the darling is!  
How modest and how pure her words!

FIRST BEST MAN.

Shall we leave it all, and go?

SECOND BEST MAN.

No; let us wait for Amarante.  
The City Hall may still be closed.

POMPONNET.

Every fleeting moment now  
Is like eternity to me.  
So if we have to wait at all,

## 6 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

Let us hurry  
To the temple  
And do our waiting at the door.

CHORUS.

Then let us hurry, hurry, hurry!  
To the Mayor's house at once!  
All around  
Joining hands  
Like a chain,  
We will go  
With the bride  
And the groom. . .  
In circles close  
We will press  
Hands together  
And the young  
Bride and groom  
We will hail. . .  
Cheer up now  
Hurry on  
With the happy bride and groom.

AMARANTE [*enters*]. Don't go! Wait a moment!

ALL. What is it? What's wrong?

AMARANTE. Where is Pomponnet? There is an obstacle  
in the way of your marriage.

ALL. An obstacle? . .

POMPONNET. I shiver with fear!

AMARANTE. Don't be frightened. . . It is only a brief  
delay. . . But I don't want to say anything in the pres-  
ence of Clairette. The trouble is this. . . Oh, how

pretty! . . Well, dear, you had better go to your room for a minute. . . We will call you back right away. . .

[CLAIRETTE goes.]

BUTEUX. What is this secret?

CADET. Speak! What is the trouble?

ALL. What is it? What is the trouble?

AMARANTE. You probably all know that Madame Angot, when she was dying, left us her three-year old child who was born to her in Constantinople in the harem of some sort of pasha or Sultan. . .

GUILLAUME. Yes, we know. Go on! . .

AMARANTE. You will certainly also recall that the Markets thereupon decided to adopt the poor orphan, you becoming her fathers and we her mothers.

JAVOTTE. There's nothing new in all that!

GUILLAUME. Everyone knows that story.

AMARANTE. Now comes the news! . . The trouble is that little Clairette had no documents, or as they call it, no birth certy-fickit. . .

BUTEUX. Birth certificate, my good woman. . .

AMARANTE. What's the difference? She had no papers, and we, the market people, had to go before the Mayor in a body and guarantee that baby Clairette was the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Angot.

CADET. Well, what's wrong?

AMARANTE. It's wrong that we deceived the Mayor.

ALL. Deceived the Mayor? That may be serious!

AMARANTE. And yesterday at the Mayor's office they received an actonomous letter. . .

8    *DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT*

BUTEUX. Anonymous, my good woman—an anonymous letter . . .

AMARANTE. Actonomous, anonymous, what's the difference? What are you bothering me for? There was no signature to this letter and it says that the whole Market lied. . . The Mayor, naturally, started a search for all birth certy-fickits and the result is that poor dear Clairette was born to Madame Angot two years after the death of Monsieur Angot, whom we guaranteed to be her legitimate father. . .

YOUNG PEOPLE. This is terrible!

GUILLAUME. Who could have written that letter?

BUTEUX. Citizens, this is perfectly true!

THÉRÈSE. Now I, too, remember the facts.

CADET. We are surely up a tree!

GUILLAUME. And we never thought of this before.

AMARANTE. So the Mayor, he says: "You will have to find her some father that will fit her better. By law," says he, "Monsieur Angot doesn't fit in." And I says to the Mayor: "Where shall we look for another father? We can not buy one in the Markets." And he says: "It is my duty to warn the bridegroom. If he is satisfied with the kind of a father that doesn't fit, no change need be made."

POMPONNET. I satisfied? . . Why shouldn't I be satisfied? . . I'm not marrying the father. . . What do I care about fathers when she is such a love?

CADET. You've good reason to be proud—she's first class goods!

DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT 9

JAVOTTE. We, her parents, have spared nothing to give her the finest education.

BUTEUX. Yes, we gave her a high-class education.

GUILLAUME. I should say, a high society education. She has been brought up like a duchess.

THÉRÈSE. She is obedient, simple, and modest.

POMPONNET. Too modest to suit me.

BUTUEX. Are you displeased with that?

POMPONNET. Of course I am.

CADET. Are you joking? How can her modesty displease you?

POMPONNET. Because she is so modest she won't even look at me.

THÉRÈSE. You should have married her mother . . . A woman like that would have pleased you better!

BUTEUX. She would have scorched you with her looks.

AMARANTE. Oh, well, the two can not be compared! We will not find another lady like her among us market-women if we live to be a hundred!

A WOMAN.

All her life she lived  
As Queen of the Fishwives  
Selling her fish  
And adored by us all.  
Sometimes of a Sunday  
She'd get in a rage  
And call us all down  
And scold every one of us.  
Careless, impudent, and clever,  
Managing her business well,

## 10 *DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT*

Always grasping and contriving—  
That was our Madame Angot!

CHORUS.

Careless, impudent, and clever  
Managing her business well,  
Always grasping and contriving,  
That was our Madame Angot.

BUTEUX.

In search of new adventures  
She mounts in a balloon,  
Takes a flight, all around,  
And lands in Malabar.  
The natives pass a sentence.  
To burn Madame alive,  
But our pretty widow  
Has already charmed them quite.  
Careless, impudent, and clever,  
Finding life all sweet and gay,  
Making others dance attendance  
Round our dear Madame Angot!

CHORUS.

Careless, impudent, and clever,  
Finding life all sweet and gay,  
Making others dance attendance  
Round our dear Madame Angot.

CADET.

Around the world she goes,  
Everything easy and gay,  
Makes a thousand conquests  
And proud of every one.  
In her peregrinations  
Meets a pasha once,



Lights a thousand fires  
In his Turkish breast.  
Always tempting, always luring,  
Careless, impudent, and gay,  
Life ran cheerfully and smoothly  
For our dear Madame Angot.

CHORUS.

Always tempting, always luring,  
Careless, impudent, and gay,  
Life ran cheerfully and smoothly  
For our dear Madame Angot.

POMPONNET. This Turkish Sultan must be leading a busy life! He has a hundred wives—and I have difficulties marrying only one. . . Well, we will not waste another minute. Let us go to the Mayor. [*A noise upstage.*]

BUTEUX. What is the trouble now?

AMARANTE. It must be that tramp, Ange Pitou.

ALL. What, Pitou out again?

GUILLAUME. Really? Have they let Pitou out of jail again?

THÉRÈSE. Did you ever catch him staying there long?

CADET. Honestly, you would think the Devil himself sets him free. . . Not a week goes by without his being arrested—and every three days he's out again, singing in the streets.

JAVOTTE. Pretty songs he sings!

AMARANTE. They're against the Directory, and even against Barras himself.

POMPONNET. Not only against Barras himself, but even against Citizeness Lange, who is almost a queen. I don't

## 12 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

care for that at all, because I am her hair-dresser and I'm making a neat sum of money in that quarter. But what hurts me worse is that that rascal is making love to my fiancée. . .

BUTEUX. Oh, you need not worry about that. We all have perfect confidence in Clairette.

AMARANTE. He stands no chance here!

CADET. I should say not. Are we not all here?

WOMEN. And what about us? . .

POMPONNET. I am not saying anything. . . Of course, a girl blessed with so many fathers and mothers taking care of her, her future husband has nothing to fear. All the same . . . [*A voice, back stage.*] Oh, the Devil!

VOICE OF PITOU. Well, that's settled. An hour from now at the same place I will sing my latest songs for you. [*PITOU enters.*] Good day, merchants of both sexes!

BUTEUX. Have they let you out again?

PITOU. Why are you all dressed in your best? What holiday's today?

CADET. It would be a holiday if you were being hung today. I wonder whether we'll live to see it!

PITOU. Never, uncle Cadet, never! See, I am at large now—but I can't say when they'll pinch me again. They may catch me this very evening—but tomorrow or next day they're sure to release me.

GUILLAUME. Pitou, tell us: Who are you?

PITOU. Some say I am of royal birth; others that I never had a father or mother. But, tell me, what is the meaning of all these flowers?

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AMARANTE. We are going to a wedding.

PITOU. Is that so?

CADET. Yes, indeed. And here's the groom.

PITOU. Who? This damn fool?

POMPONNET. Citizen! . .

PITOU. My heartiest congratulations.

POMPONNET. I accept the congratulations, but you must withdraw the fool.

PITOU. Oh, throw it away if you don't like it. Some one is sure to pick it up. . . And whom are you marrying?

BUTEUX. Our daughter. . .

AMARANTE. The daughter of the Markets! . .

ALL. Our Clairette! . .

PITOU. Oh, Clairette! . . Another dozen congratulations!

POMPONNET. What is this? . . Is he poking fun at me? I'll have to give him a drubbing. . .

BUTEUX. I'll have you know, my fine fellow, that this is an affair touching our community and that we are ready to defend the honor of our son-in-law as we would our own.

AMARANTE. And if any young pigeon starts cooing around the nest of Madame Clairette Pomponnet . . .

CADET. He will have to reckon with us. . .

MEN. With the whole Market!

PITOU. That is a fine sentimental song, but why address it to me?

BUTEUX. So that you'll learn it by heart. Well, my friends, let us go and satisfy the Mayor.

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ALL. Come away! Come away! [*All go except*  
PITOU.]

PITOU. So Mlle. Angot is going to get married in spite of her promises. Even in spite of my threatening to commit suicide, she jilts me in favor of this idiot. . . Clairette his wife! . . Well, I'll have to bear up! It must be managed! Here's a note an old woman handed to me as I left the prison gate. [*Reads.*] "Poet, come at ten this evening to our favorite trysting place at the gates of Saint-Germain. The woman who hands you this will approach you and say: 'I am sent by the one who has always watched over you.' Follow her." Always, watched over me! Sounds delightful, I am sure. . .

Clairette I love, and to distraction,  
But if she jilt me, I don't care.  
This little note I have received  
Promises love and joy for me.  
These pages delicately scented  
Breathe the sweetness of her lips,  
This promise of a lovers' meeting  
Stirs my soul to melody.  
I love Clairette, I don't deny,  
But why not welcome others, too?  
Poets, they say, are tender-hearted  
And love's predestined victims, they,  
But I will always love Clairette,  
To her I will be faithful ever.  
She is always in my thoughts,  
No other love can take her place,  
So here I am in a dilemma:  
My heart is full of my old love,  
But my poetic soul is drawn

To new untasted happiness.  
 This letter has enchanted me.  
 Oh, surely she is beautiful!  
 I think of nothing but her love,  
 My heart is full of my new love,  
 And yet, though full of this new love,  
 The old one I can not forget.  
 Clairette some day will yet be mine.  
 As some one's bride she may be cold,  
 As some one's wife she may be kinder.

[Enter CLAIRETTE and BABET.]

CLAIRETTE [*whispers*]. You understand, Babet? Stand watch there. If you see any one of our crowd, rush over to me. . .

BABET. And this on her wedding day! [*She runs away.*]

CLAIRETTE. How are you? [PITOU *does not answer.*]  
 I am glad you are free!

PITOU. Thank you.

CLAIRETTE. You know, the last time you were here you lost your new song. I found it and learned it by heart.

PITOU. Very thoughtful of you.

CLAIRETTE. Are you angry with me?

PITOU. That dress is quite becoming.

CLAIRETTE. What could I do? I refused nineteen offers. If I had refused the twentieth, my numerous fathers and mothers would have been desperate.

PITOU. At least, you might have told them that you were in love with some one else.

CLAIRETTE. But you used to object to my telling.

## 16 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

PITOU. Of course! I am a beggar. They will never give you to me. The truth is you don't love me. You have deceived me.

CLAIRETTE. I don't love you?

PITOU. If you did, you would have found a way to get rid of that monkey.

CLAIRETTE. Well, not exactly a monkey.

PITOU. Perhaps you're fond of him? Oh, you'll drive me mad!

CLAIRETTE. But what can I do? I thought I found a way to make Pomponnet refuse me: I wrote an anonymous letter to the Mayor. . . But that only gave me a brief delay.

PITOU. For Heaven's sake, invent some way to get rid of him.

CLAIRETTE. For the first time I realize what it means to be an orphan.

PITOU. What makes you think of that?

CLAIRETTE. I have scores of mothers, but not one real mother. If my mother had lived . . .

PITOU. Who? Madame Angot?

CLAIRETTE. She would have found a way to get me out of this marriage.

PITOU. You need not feel yourself an orphan. I am with you. Together we will find a way out. We must . . .

PITOU and CLAIRETTE.

Two united help each other,  
And the thing we both desire  
We will get in spite of all,  
When our lives are joined together.

DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT 17

CLAIRETTE.

Shall I pretend that I am ill?

PITOU.

With that peaches and cream complexion!

CLAIRETTE.

Yes, that would give me away!

PITOU.

Think of another loophole, now.

CLAIRETTE.

No, no! That will never do.

PITOU *and* CLAIRETTE.

Madame Angot, Madame Angot,  
She could help us in a jiffy.

PITOU.

One sure way occurs to me.  
Suppose I put him out of the way? . .

CLAIRETTE.

Don't talk like that! . .

PITOU.

But if I kill him, that would leave you free.

CLAIRETTE.

No, no! That will never do. . .

PITOU *and* CLAIRETTE.

Madame Angot, Madame Angot,  
She could help us in a jiffy.

PITOU.

Suppose you go and say to him:  
"I am in love with some one else.  
You would not want me to betray you,  
Lead me not into temptation."

CLAIRETTE.

Such things are done, but not discussed.

18 *DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT*

PITOU.

Alas! I think of nothing else.

CLAIRETTE.

Well, then, I have made up my mind  
What answer I will give the Mayor  
When he asks me: "Do you take  
Pomponnet to be your man?"  
I'll not answer yes, but no!

PITOU.

Really no?

CLAIRETTE.

I will say no.

PITOU.

Will you really answer no?

CLAIRETTE.

I swear to you I'll answer no.

PITOU.

Such a decision  
Deserves a kiss!

CLAIRETTE.

Oh, no kissing, no, no, no!  
You would crush my pretty flowers.

PITOU.

What do you care for the flowers!  
Let me kiss you once, Clairette.  
Just one single kiss, Clairette,  
Only one, my dearest love.

CLAIRETTE.

No, you must not kiss me now,  
'Tis too early for embraces.  
If you dare approach me now,  
You'll regret it ever after.

[*Together.*]



PITOU.

I am asking for a kiss.  
Surely you will not refuse.  
Just one tiny little kiss,  
That can never hurt you, dear.

[PITOU *kisses* CLAIRETTE. *Enter* LARIVAUDIÈRE *and*  
LOUCHARD. PITOU *and* CLAIRETTE *run off.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I think we frightened off the turtle-doves.

LOUCHARD. That was he!

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Who—he? What he?

LOUCHARD. Ange Pitou.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Is he at large again?

LOUCHARD. Not to speak of minor arrests, every time he's up before the Attorney General as an enemy of the Barras Government, he manages to wriggle out. They let him go. He's a devil!

LARIVAUDIÈRE. And, what is worse, every time he gets off, he grows more insolent. He not only lampoons the Directory, he actually pokes fun at me, Larivaudière,—faithful servant of the Barras Government. This street poet—who the devil knows who he may be! I've made up my mind to enter into a compact with him.

LOUCHARD. A compact?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I'd like to spill Ange Pitou's slops over the head of that scoundrel, Lavaujon.

LOUCHARD. I think he's coming back.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Then leave us alone, but don't go too far away. If he refuses my offer and wants to fight, I'll . . .

## 20 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

LOUCHARD. Then we will arrest him. . . For all the good that will do. [*He hides.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE [*to PITOU, who enters*]. Is this not the famous popular poet, Ange Pitou, whom I have the honor . . .

PITOU. Yes, citizen.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Glad to meet you. I am fascinated by your talent. Your songs are a delight.

PITOU. They please you?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. The main thing is their purpose, to deride the ridiculous, to expose Government grafters, to scourge the intrigues of those in power, to attack the self-seeking—Oh, that is a fine and noble undertaking. I could suggest to you the subject of a new song.

PITOU. Happy, I'm sure.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Undoubtedly you have heard of the new favorite who is trying to ingratiate himself with the Barras Government . . . the infamous scoundrel Lavaujon. . .

PITOU. Sorry, I'm afraid I have . . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. And you must have heard of the new intrigue between this dummy Lavaujon and Mlle. Lange, much to the chagrin of Barras. . .

PITOU. Oh, no; it isn't Lavaujon, it is . . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I know all the details of the intrigue, and if you should want to compose a song ridiculing them, I'd gladly help you.

PITOU. Thanks. I've already composed it.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. What do you say?

PITOU. I've already composed a song on that topic.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Is that so!

PITOU. Yes, except for a slight difference in our information.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Which is?

PITOU. Oh, only a trifle. You accuse the donkey Lavaujon; I am showing up the scoundrel Larivaudière!

LARIVAUDIÈRE. How dare you?

PITOU. Why not? I have it on good authority that the actress Lange of the Feydeau Theatre is at one and the same time the particular friend of both Barras and Larivaudière; and that the latter, while deceiving his own chief, is stealing from both, and most specially from the treasury. . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. But . . .

PITOU. As for Lavaujon, all he can do is shrug his shoulders and watch all the goods he meant to get away with himself pass over into the pockets of his rival, the scoundrel Larivaudière.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. This . . . This is . . . Do you know to whom you are speaking?

PITOU. Yes, I know.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. What do you mean? I am Larivaudière.

PITOU. I know that. I know you are Larivaudière.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Yes, I'm Larivaudière himself.

PITOU.

Now I've met Larivaudière,  
The storm is bound to break!

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

That is hardly decent manners  
To mock a man to his own face!

## 22 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

PITOU.

This meeting pleases me immensely.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

May I have a word with you:  
Can't you manage, in your song,  
Wherever you've Larivaudière  
To make it Lavaujon instead?

PITOU.

I'm afraid 'twill spoil the rhyme.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

I don't care about the style—  
I offer you a thousand écus.

PITOU.

No, you can not buy me, sir,  
Since I am not on the market.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

I'll give you five. Is that enough?

PITOU.

That will not do!

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Suppose I say ten?

PITOU.

What, ten?

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Ten thousand is a handsome sum.

PITOU [*aside*].

That would save my dear Clairette  
From that donkey Pomponnet.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

He is overcome.

How about ten thousand, then?

PITOU.

No.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Fifteen, then?

PITOU.

This is useless.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Well, then? Well, then?

Will you do it for twenty?

PITOU.

No, I will not do it.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

How will thirty do?

Thirty is a lot of money.

PITOU.

Thirty thousand?

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

How about it?

PITOU.

For thirty thousand, I agree.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

You do agree to sing that song?

PITOU.

I'll only interchange the names.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

And you will sing this song in public?

PITOU.

You need not ask me that again,

Only pay me in advance.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

I'll gladly pay you all in cash.

## 24 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

So this business is arranged;  
Now that I have bought the poet,  
My prestige is safe at last.  
Everything's for sale in Paris.  
He's only changed the song a bit,  
Yet 't will sound far more delightful,  
If we substitute the name  
Of Lavaujon for Larivaudière.

PITOU.

So this business is arranged;  
All for you, my sweet Clairette,  
For you, my love, for you alone.  
I've sold my muse for filthy gold—  
Such is the decree of fate,  
So I need not be ashamed  
Just to substitute the name  
Of Lavaujon for Larivaudière.

[To-  
gether]

[Exit LARIVAUDIÈRE.]

PITOU [*alone*]. Are you aware, my dear poet, of what you have done? You've plainly sold your pen; yes, sold it! . . . Well, what is my crime? Larivaudière is a rascal, but Lavaujon's no better, and one is as bad as the other.

BABET [*running in*]. Where is Clairette?

PITOU. She went home. Tell her I've found a way of which we never dreamed.

BABET. All right, I'll tell her. [*She runs off.*]

PITOU. Here comes the wedding procession. I must head straight for it. . . . [*Enter Fishdealers and Fishwives.*]

*DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT* 25

CADET. Don't hurry, don't hurry. There's plenty of time.

POMPONNET. Don't say that. At this very moment Clairette feels lost and can not imagine what the obstacle is in the way of our marriage.

PITOU. Is that all you're worried about?

BUTEUX. You still here?

PITOU. Yes, uncle Buteux, I was waiting for you.

JAVOTTE. What for?

CADET. What does he want?

AMARANTE. What do you want?

PITOU. Clairette can not bear the sight of Pomponnet and is marrying him only out of gratitude to you.

POMPONNET. What's he talking about? What does he . . .

CADET. You keep quiet. And you, you chatterbox, go on. . .

PITOU. And now that the crucial moment is at hand, she does not feel able to sacrifice herself. I must tell you that we are in love with each other. Until now my poverty kept me from declaring my love. But circumstances have changed. I am rich now and able to make her happy. Yes, I am rich. I have 30,000 écus.

THÉRÈSE and the OTHERS. Is that possible! Thirty thousand écus!

PITOU. Yes, dear friends. All you can do now is to send Pomponnet back to his wigs and give Clairette to me.

GUILLAUME. Well, citizens, what do you say to that?

## 26 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

AMARANTE. I don't know what you people think of it, but I can swear that in all my fifteen years at the fish-stand, I never heard of such a concurrence. . .

BUTEUX. Occurrence, my dear lady, occurrence.

AMARANTE. Occurrence, is it? Well, what's the difference?

BUTEUX. How did you earn this money?

PITOU. For a song.

AMARANTE. You earned 30,000 for a song?

CADET. It sounds plausible!

AMARANTE. Now tell us, is this a joke or can't you find any bigger fools to tell this story to?

PITOU. I am telling the truth.

BUTEUX. What do we care for your truth? Do you think we will sell our daughter the way you sell your songs?

PITOU. But if she doesn't love Pomponnet and will not marry him?

POMPONNET. Friends, what he says is an insult!

CADET. Keep quiet, old chap. We'll get the straight of this! . .

ALL. Right! . . Correct! . .

THÉRÈSE. Of course.

JAVOTTE. This very minute.

CADET. And if it turns out that she, unfortunately, does love you, we'll break every bone in your body. [*He goes.*]

BUTEUX. And if it turns out that she does not love you, we'll make a cripple of you for lying.



DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT 27

AMARANTE. Put that in your pipe, my lad.

BUTEUX. Let us go to Clairette.

CADET. We will ask the bride.

POMPONNET. Now remember, my fine fellow, if she loves you . . .

PITOU. Oh, the devil! . . . [*Attacks him.*]

POMPONNET [*fleeing*]. It's not my fault. You look out for your neck! . . .

[*All go out except PITOU.*]

PITOU. Serves me right for selling my songs and my conscience! . . . Now go on and suffer. Cover up the deeds of the rascal Larivaudière; cringe before him disgracefully. . . . Enough of that! I will stop singing altogether . . . I will not take his tainted money! . . .

[*Enter Fops, Actresses, and the Citizen MAMAI.*]

MAMAI. This way! This way! Here he is!

SECOND FOP. This way! He is here!

FIRST ACTRESS. Bivet, Bivet, he is here! Citizen Mamai discovered him.

OLD MARQUIS. Pitou keeps his appointment; he is waiting for us.

ALL. Bravo, bravo, Pitou!

FIRST ACTRESS [*introducing*]. Mlle. Bivet, Ange Pitou.

ALL. Bravo, bravo!

PITOU. My friends, I have no song for you.

REPORTER. What do you mean, no song?

SECOND ACTRESS. How is that?

SECOND FOP. That's one of his sarcasms.

## 28 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

ALL. Bravo, bravo, he is sarcastic!

MAMAI. And where is the new song you promised us?

PITOU. Not ready yet.

AN INSIGNIFICANT PERSON. Not ready, why?

FIRST ACTRESS. It's not true. He's lying.

FIRST FOP. Ange Pitou is going back on his word.

BIVET. He is acting coy.

SECOND ACTRESS. He is making fun of us!

ALL. Yes, he's making fun of us!

PITOU. Ange Pitou's no longer a poet!

SECOND FOP. Oh, that still remains to be seen!

ALL. Still to be seen!

FIRST ACTRESS. That will never happen.

CHORUS.

You gave us your word, you promised us,  
That you would sing.

If you don't we'll punish you right now.

You'll have to sing for us,

You'll have to sing for us.

You gave us your word,

You'll have to sing.

[*Enter hastily CLAIRETTE, POMPONNET, Fishdealers  
and Fishwives.*]

MARKET CHORUS.

Whom are you threatening to hurt?

What's all this noise, and all this fuss?

CHORUS OF THE CROWD.

Pitou, here, broke his word to us.

MARKET CHORUS.

Pitou is a famous liar,  
Shameless and impudent,  
And a rowdy besides.

CROWD CHORUS.

Oh, no, not at all,  
This poet's a coward,  
Refuses to sing,  
Afraid of the jail.

CLAIRETTE [*aside*].

A brilliant thought! I've found a way:  
I'll get myself locked up instead.

CROWD CHORUS.

We're asking for our rights,  
You promised us to sing.  
And sing you will,  
Or get a thrashing.

BOTH CHORUSES.

You said you'd sing for us,  
So you must do it now!  
You gave your word, you promised us,  
That you would sing,  
Or else you'll be thrashed.  
You'll have to sing for us,  
You gave us your word,  
You'll have to sing.

CLAIRETTE.

Oh, wait a moment, please!

POMPONNET.

What's there to wait for?

## 30 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

CLAIRETTE.

I found that song—he lost the pages.  
I do not know it quite by heart,  
But, citizens, I'll undertake  
To sing this song myself.

PITOU.

What's the meaning of this ?

POMPONNET.

You want to sing that song?  
Look out! The Mayor'll hear of it!

SOME OF THE CHORUS.

She wants to sing just to release him;  
Go on, and take the consequence.

BOTH CHORUSES.

We'd like to hear that song of hers.  
Come, sing it quick. Come, sing it quick.

PITOU.

There will be trouble!

CLAIRETTE.

Come over here!

It's time for us to speculate  
How things are going with the State.  
Finance, as usual, is rotten;  
Hunger stares us in the face.  
But Lange, Larivaudière, Barras  
Live on the fat of our dear land.  
Oh, who can reach the heights above  
To call the rascals to account?  
And so this thing goes on for ever,  
It always was, and always will be.

And Lange, Larivaudière, Barras,  
Will soon be crowned our kings and queens.

[*The CHORUS repeats the last four lines.*]

CLAIRETTE.

Forgotten are the people's woes  
And France reduced to low estate.  
The courtesans rule everywhere  
And bring misfortunes in their wake.  
Our boast of freedom is a sham,  
The money-changers hold the throne,  
The people are betrayed and fleeced,  
By these new-crownèd kings and queens.  
And so this thing goes on for ever,  
It always was, and always will be.  
And Lange, Larivaudière, Barras,  
Will soon be crowned our kings and queens.

[*The CHORUS repeats the last four lines.*]

CLAIRETTE.

We all were promised we'd be rich,  
But Lange alone receives her share.  
Graft is rampant as before  
Among the petty bureaucrats.  
We each may worry the other sick,  
But all the profiteers are happy. . .  
We have to live from hand to mouth  
To gorge our friend, Larivaudière.  
And so this thing goes on for ever,  
It always was, and always will be.  
And Lange, Larivaudière, Barras,  
Will soon be crowned our kings and queens.

[*The CHORUS repeats the last four lines. Enter  
LOUCHARD and Soldiers.*]

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LOUCHARD.

Arrest that singer!

ALL.

Oh! Ah!

PITOU.

Arrest her? Never!

I'll not stand for that,—

I composed that song.

POMPONNET.

It is a shame.

ALL.

What, arrest our dear Clairette?

LOUCHARD and the SOLDIERS.

Yes, you must arrest her now.

PITOU.

The crime is, after all, all mine,

I am the one who wrote that song.

LOUCHARD and the SOLDIERS.

No it was she who sang the song,

And she will bear the consequence.

POMPONNET.

You have frightened me to death.

See the tears run down my cheeks.

[*Quartette and Choruses.*]

POMPONNET.

On my knees I beg of you,

Do not take my love away.

See how deeply I am moved.

Spare me, I beseech you, friends!

PITOU.

Understand, I am the author,

I am guilty, she is not.

I wrote it all—accuse me of it—  
It is all the same to you.

CLAIRETTE.

No, arrest me, only me.  
I find it suits my present plans.  
Do you want to know my aim?  
I want to disappear from sight.

LOUCHARD and the SOLDIERS.

Stand aside! Out of my way,  
If you don't, no one can say—  
You may find yourselves in jail  
In the next cell to this girl.

MARKET CHORUS.

Will you stand for this? Look here  
They will lead her off to jail.  
Brothers, sisters, find a way  
To get away with our Clairette.

CROWD CHORUS.

They will lead her off to jail  
We are many—let us save her.  
We are not afraid of soldiers,  
We can put them all to flight.

[*Great confusion.*]

CURTAIN.

## ACT TWO

[*The home of Mlle. Lange, the Actress. On the Stage—  
Mlle. Lange, Larivaudière, Delaunay, Herbellène, Cydalise and other Guests; and Hersilie,  
servant to Mlle. Lange.*]

CHORUS OF LADIES.

This is too much!  
We can hardly believe it!  
The way things go on  
Under the Directory  
Is almost a crime.  
We're very annoyed,  
We don't care if we show it.  
There must be an end.  
How can they permit  
Those open revilers?  
We really can't bear it,  
It's really too much,  
We can hardly believe it!  
The way things go on  
Under the Directory  
Is almost a crime,  
And we're very annoyed,  
We're very annoyed,  
We've all been insulted  
And then—all your friends—  
This can not go on.



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LARIVAUDIÈRE. Yes, dear ladies, facts are facts. . . And mark you! all this in broad daylight, in the market place, and she in her wedding dress and orange blossoms. . .

THE LADIES. This is terrible! Unbelievable! What a shame!

LANGE. Citizens, please let us change the subject. I have asked Barras to send the girl to me.

THE LADIES. Here? To you?

LANGE. Yes. I wanted to see her. I wished to learn from her the reasons for her attacks upon me and all of us. Delaunay, didn't you say there was a riot at the opera last night?

DELAUNAY. Yes. It was terrible.

HERBELÈNE. What about?

DELAUNAY. The price of seats. They've been tripled.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Why?

DELAUNAY. Because a candle costs 45 livres.

LANGE. Quite right. In republican times the only cheap light is sunlight. You must pay for the other—and high, too. And you, Cydalise, where were you last night?

CYDALISE. I went to see the new star!

HERBELÈNE. The new star? Do you mean the Marquise Fontaineux?

CYDALISE. Yes. I wanted to see this wonderful Madame Tallien.

LANGE. Well, what did you think of her?

CYDALISE. Oh, my dear, she's simply marvelous, inimitable! Imagine Calypso promenading on her island in a Greek tunic—or rather in décolleté and bare feet. . .

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And this nymph sings and dances in a costume literally covered with jewels. [*Everyone is shocked.*]

LANGE. Hersilie!

HERSILIE. Yes, citizeness!

LANGE. Find out whether Citizen Pomponnet has come yet, and please don't come back until he does come.

HERSILIE. Very well, citizeness. [*She goes.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I suppose you sent her out on purpose?

FANCHETTE. What a question! Of course!

LANGE. We must discuss our plans. When do we meet?

DELAUNAY. Tonight.

HERBELÈNE. The meeting is set for 12 midnight, sharp.

LANGE. Where?

DELAUNAY. Why, at your house.

LANGE. At my house? . . And I am not even informed? . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Forgive me. I was told to notify you, but this morning's scandal upset me so . . .

LANGE. But why here, and not elsewhere?

CYDALISE. Just in order to avoid suspicion. Every one credits you with loyalty to Barras, and besides your place on the rue Clichy is so . . .

LANGE. But when they notice the conspirators stealing into the house, it will arouse suspicions. . . Oh, I have an idea! I'll order the house lit up as if for a ball. [*She goes off.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE. We must be very careful. I must warn you that Augereau's soldiers have discovered that our

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identification is a black collar and a blonde wig, and they are hunting us down.

DELAUNAY. And I was told that at the rue Lamarche and the Boulevard des Italiens, the soldiers were stopping anybody in a black collar and blonde wig.

HERBELÈNE. They say there've been any number of arrests!

CYDALISE. Those hired Egyptian soldiers are doing it!

LANGE [*reënters*]. Patience, my friends, patience!

Oh, Augereau's men are heroes  
Or such they are famed to be.  
But we are as brave as they are,  
We women, or braver still.  
But we are as brave as they are,  
And we'll be victorious  
Over Augereau's men.  
They have the longer sabres;  
We women are the braver.  
Be Augereau ever so famous,  
He can not match our courage.  
We are as brave as they are,  
And fight as hard as they.  
We'll capture all our foemen,  
For men will melt like wax  
Before our flaming rage.

CHORUS OF LADIES.

Oh, Augereau's men are heroes,  
They leave us without fear.  
We are as brave as they are,  
We women, or braver still.

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We women are superior,  
We'll put them all to rout,  
We women are superior,  
We'll triumph over them.

LANGE.

We gain our glorious victories  
Sans bayonet or bomb.  
One glance we throw and instantly  
Our enemy is down.  
We do not bear a dazzling sword,  
But one light flutter of a dress  
Confounds their sight and sense,—  
The noblest ammunition  
Is Love's crowning thought. . .  
Such victories are for ourselves alone.

[HERBELÈNE *departs and returns with* TRENITZ.]

HERBELÈNE. Here is our Trenitz!

TRENITZ. Good evening, my dear charmers. Greetings!  
And greeting to the goddess of this earthly paradise.  
How are you, Larivaudière? [*Bows and treads on* LARIVAUDIÈRE's *foot.*]

HERBELÈNE. He even stumbles gracefully!

LANGE. What's this, Trenitz, a black collar?

HERBELÈNE. Don't you know that Augereau's soldiers  
are filling the streets?

TRENITZ. What do I care for his soldiers? . . I saw  
these soldiers just now. . . I even whistled when I passed  
them—with this black collar and all.

DELARUE. And you dared?

TRENITZ. And I even looked at them, like this! . .

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LARIVAUDIÈRE. And you were alone?

TRENTITZ. No. I was with—this cane!

HERBELÈNE. He is as brave as he is handsome!

CYDALISE. And as lithe as a zephyr!

TRENTITZ. As a zephyr. And by the way, speaking of litheness, the Katrufa waltz was at last danced at Mme. Recamier's . . . with operatic chorus under the direction of Gosse himself. An unparalleled success! I'll show you. . .

LANGE. Oh, we all know the Katrufa waltz. It's become quite common.

[*Enter HERSILIE, followed by POMPONNET.*]

HERSILIE. Citizeness, here is citizen Pomponnet.

LANGE. Ah, Pomponnet!

POMPONNET. Oh, madame—citizeness, pardon me for being late. . . A great misfortune has fallen upon me. I did hurry . . .

LANGE. What is the matter?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. It's true. His looks are wandering . . .

CYDALISE. His hair is disheveled . . .

POMPONNET. Yes, madame, my look is disheveled and my hair is wandering. . . I mean, the other way round. . . And all this because a great, a terrible misfortune has fallen upon me. . .

LANGE. What is it?

POMPONNET. The angel I was about to marry . . .

LANGE. Turned out to be a devil?

POMPONNET. No, not yet. But on the way to the Mayor's, my girl . . . I mean, my wife . . . no, my

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bride . . . I tell you she is a real angel. . . I don't know how it happened . . . but on the way to the Mayor's . . . oh, I believe she must have gone crazy. . .

LANGE. But tell us what happened?

POMPONNET. On the street—suddenly—she began to sing a song . . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I see now! Must be the same one who . . .

LANGE. Wait a minute? Whose story is this, yours or Pomponnet's?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. If you wish . . . I can . . .

LANGE. I wish for nothing. Go on, Pomponnet.

POMPONNET. No, no. I have only just realized that I must not—I dare not speak . . . especially in front of you. . .

LANGE. Then I will guess: A girl in her wedding dress arrested at the market place . . .

POMPONNET. Oh, you know all about it?

LANGE. Yes, I know everything, Pomponnet. So this girl is your betrothed?

ALL. His fiancée!

POMPONNET [*kneeling*]. Oh, my dear sir, I . . . I mean, citizeness, pardon me. . . Forgive her, forgive her! She didn't know what she was singing.

LANGE. Get up, Pomponnet. It is more comfortable to talk standing. So it was your fiancée who slandered all the Directory and insulted me? . .

POMPONNET. I tell you she is a pure angel. . . You can believe me. . . Only she imagined that under a Republic, she could tell the truth.

Trust me she's so innocent,  
She can be accused of naught.  
This, I beg you, understand,  
She is wholly without guilt.  
There was not a trace of malice  
In her when she sang that song.  
She is really but a victim  
Of the free speech regulations.

LANGE. I would like to hear that song.

POMPONNET. It's just trash. . . The one who ought to  
be punished is not my bride, but the man who composed  
that rot!

LANGE. And you know who it is?

POMPONNET. Do I know that tramp? Why, who in  
Paris doesn't know the street-singer Ange Pitou?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. What the devil! . . We had it all  
arranged. . . I gave him cash. . . And he goes and  
hires brides to sing for him! . . But how did she come  
to learn it by heart?

POMPONNET. Entirely by accident, citizen. . . She found  
it in the street, citizen. . .

LANGE. Where is that song? Did you see it?

POMPONNET. See it? Why, I have the pages. . . As  
soon as they arrested my fiancée, I went to her room and  
I found the song on her table. . .

LANGE. Have you got it with you?

POMPONNET. I hid it away.

LANGE. Go right back home and fetch me that song.  
Go this minute!

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POMPONNET. But tell me, citizeness, will you forgive my poor dear?

LANGE. We shall see, we shall see!- First the song.

POMPONNET. I fly. . . I run. . . But for Heaven's sake . . .

LANGE. You still here, Pomponnet?

POMPONNET. I'm gone . . . I'm off . . . [*Steps on LARIVAUDIÈRE's foot.*] Oh, a thousand pardons! . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Always my foot! [*Throws him at TRE-*  
*NITZ.*]

TRENITZ. . . Oh, the devil! [*Pushes POMPONNET.*]

POMPONNET. Oh, a thousand pardons. . . [*He escapes.*]

LANGE. Poor Pomponnet!

LARIVAUDIÈRE. All the same, I hope you're not going to be too lenient . . .

LANGE. Since it concerns myself alone, I know what to do. Don't forget the meeting is at midnight!

TRENITZ. I'll escort your friends through the park gate.

LANGE. It's nearly ten o'clock. . . Time to start preparations.

TRENITZ. I will fly like a zephyr and return in a jiffy.  
[*He goes.*]

LANGE. And you, my dear friends, must make a thorough inspection of the park and garden. Look into all the verandas and buildings. . . When we are all gathered, I will give the signal.

HERBELÈNE. Please do. We may be of some use, advising.

CYDALISE. Yes, by all means, give us a signal.



DELARUE. Of course. And don't forget. [*The Ladies go*]

LANGE. And what do you propose to do?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I shall not budge an inch. I'm quite comfortable as I am.

LANGE. You ought to help inspect the park and garden grounds. You know the meeting is at midnight.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. There's plenty of time.

LANGE. But suppose I prefer to remain alone . . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. But suppose I'm suspicious . . . jealous . . .

LANGE. Keep your suspicions and jealousies,—but leave me alone. . . Now.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I obey. But I will keep an eye open. [*He goes.*]

LANGE. Larivaudière has too many spies and it will not do for me to quarrel with him just now when Barras has become so infatuated with Madame Tallien. But there are other matters. . . Just at present there's Ange Pitou. The meeting is at midnight and he is due at eleven!

HERSILIE. Citizeness, the police commissioner has brought a young girl and asks permission to enter.

LANGE. Oh, that is Barras' permit. . . Let the girl come in alone.

[*HERSILIE goes and returns with CLAIRETTE.*]

HERSILIE. Go in, citizeness, go in. [*Exit.*]

CLAIRETTE. What a beautiful lady!

LANGE. Come closer!

CLAIRETTE. If you please, citizeness.

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LANGE. So it was you. . . Oh, Lord!

CLAIRETTE. Can I believe my eyes?

LANGE. Clairette!

CLAIRETTE. Henriette!

LANGE. So you—you sing about me in the market-place?

CLAIRETTE. I? About you?

LANGE. Weren't you arrested for singing?

CLAIRETTE. But there was nothing in the song about you.

LANGE. Was there nothing about Mlle. Lange?

CLAIRETTE. Are you Lange? At boarding school you used to be Henriette Jolivar.

LANGE. That's been changed. Lange is my stage name.

CLAIRETTE. But tell me, how did it all happen?

LANGE. No. First you explain how you ever happened to be singing in the streets in your wedding dress.

CLAIRETTE. Dearest, that's a long story! They wanted to force me into a marriage.

LANGE. With Pomponnet.

CLAIRETTE. How do you know him?

LANGE. He's my hair-dresser.

CLAIRETTE. Strange coincidence!

LANGE. Well, continue.

CLAIRETTE. I could not make up my mind to refuse him. And yet there is another man I like much better. He is younger, prettier and smarter. . . And, besides, he told me that he will put an end to his life if I marry Pomponnet.

LANGE. And you believed him? You little goose!

CLAIRETTE. If you knew him! He is so full of charm, and so brave! . . . But I am not my own mistress. The whole Market is set on Pomponnet. And they have adopted and raised me. . . . You remember?

LANGE. Do I? Your fathers and mothers, as you used to call them. How are they?

CLAIRETTE. Very well, thanks. . . . And that's how it came to pass. To get out of this complicated business, I decided to get myself arrested.

LANGE. Quite an original idea!

CLAIRETTE. Yes—like some of the tricks we thought of at boarding school—do you remember? Do you remember how carefree and jolly we were?

LANGE. It seems so far, far away—that dear, dear boarding school! . . .

CLAIRETTE and LANGE.

Oh, the happy days of childhood  
With our fathers and our mothers,  
How swiftly have you sped away,  
How distant now you seem from us! . . .  
We recall our childish fancies,  
Early storms, belated springs.

LANGE.

You remember when you told me  
Your adoption by the Market;  
Eagerly I learned their slang  
And the Market catechism. . . .

CLAIRETTE.

You were quick to get their slang,  
All the common lexicon,  
Often we would sit and cram,

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And, when evening came, together  
We would find a quiet spot  
To practise all the slang we learned.

CLAIRETTE and LANGE.

Oh, the happy days of childhood,  
With our fathers and our mothers,  
How swiftly you have sped away,  
How distant now you seem from us! . .  
We recall our childish fancies,  
Early storms, belated springs.

LANGE.

Now that I am famous, they  
Sing insulting songs about me.

CLAIRETTE.

All unwitting, all unwilling,  
I maligned you in a song.

LANGE.

To you, my dear, all is forgiven;  
For someone else, I'd raise a row.  
I'd use up all the choicest slang  
Of the market place I know.  
"Oh, go to hell, you filthy devil,  
You shut your face, I tell you straight  
I will not stand your nasty gab,  
I'll muss your wool, I'll tear it out!"

CLAIRETTE.

And I would use another style:  
"Say, are you crazy? Use your noodle,  
You're no Venus by a long shot—  
Think the whole world's at your feet,  
Looking so proud and so defiant,  
In your brazen nakedness."

LANGE [*laughs*].

Ah, ah, how nice to be with you!

CLAIRETTE.

And you, my angel, are delightful!

BOTH.

Ah, ah, my dear, you're very sweet!

LANGE.

I must confess, this is by far  
Much pleasanter than social talk.  
Believe me, it is quite a change  
For me to talk this way again.

BOTH.

No one ever will find out  
What we learned at boarding school;  
Little children somehow learn  
What their elders learned before them.  
Oh, our happy boarding school,  
You have vanished, like a dream.

LANGE.

You recall our calculations  
Of a curious episode:  
How your Papa Angot died  
Just a year before your birth? . .

CLAIRETTE.

And your father, too, my dear,  
Something of a puzzle, he;  
We could never learn his name,  
Who he was or what he was,  
Though we tried and tried and tried.

BOTH.

No one ever will find out  
What we learned at boarding school.

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Little children somehow learn  
What their elders learned before them.  
Oh, our happy boarding school,  
You have vanished, like a dream.

HERSILIE [*enters*]. Citizeness, may I interrupt you a minute?

LANGE. What is it?

HERSILIE. An elderly woman is here with a young man.

LANGE. Oh, I completely forgot. . .

CLAIRETTE. Am I in your way?

LANGE. Oh, no, not in the least. . . But . . .

LOUCHARD [*enters*]. Pardon my intrusion, Mme. Citizeness. . . I came for my prisoner.

LANGE. This girl remains here.

LOUCHARD. Here, with you?

LANGE. Yes. I hope my word is sufficient bail?

LOUCHARD. Oh, yes, citizeness. . . I beg to take my departure. [*Aside.*] And back there is Ange Pitou. . . I'd better look into it. . .

LANGE. Hersilie! Take our guest into my boudoir. Call my maid. Don't worry, you will not have to marry Pomponnet.

CLAIRETTE. Thank you. [*She goes.*]

LANGE. Hersilie, let the young man come in. The old woman will wait. [*HERSILIE departs and returns with PITOU.*]

PITOU. The main thing is to get Clairette free! . . Oh, how beautiful!

LANGE. Come closer. Don't be afraid!

PITOU. I am not afraid.

ANGE. Do you know me?

PITOU. It was only on my way here that I heard I was to have the honor of being in the house of Citizeness Lange.

ANGE. You compose pretty songs.

PITOU. You think so? You?

ANGE. They are popular. You know how to appeal.

PITOU. What wouldn't I say, if I dared!

ANGE. Speak freely.

PITOU. It's only now I understand the noisy gossip of your conquests which fills Paris. I never thought that our popular actress of the Feydeau Theatre was in reality so charming . . . so . . .

ANGE. You are clever.

PITOU. Am I? . .

ANGE. By the way, our names are similar: You are Ange, I am L-Ange. Ange means angel. So why do you treat me like the devil?

PITOU. Oh, Lord, probably because in spite of your good opinion of my cleverness, I am really a stupid fellow, and because poets often write about things they don't understand.

ANGE. It's always wrong to speak ill of people you don't know. . . The reason I undertook to be your protector is that I know you. . .

PITOU. You know me?

ANGE. I saw you and heard your songs in the Place Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

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PITOU. Yes. It's the only place I can use without permission from the Directory.

ANGE. Oh, the Directory often assigns places to you—or rather, assigns you to places you never ask them for.

PITOU. Quite true. Since liberty reigns supreme in our country, I travel freely from prison to prison. . . I know their names by heart: Petit Châtelet, Château d'Eau . . .

ANGE. You never stay long in them?

PITOU. Thanks to you?

ANGE. But even my influence has its limits. Sit down near me, and let us see if we can agree about political things.

PITOU. Oh, my poor Clairette! . .

ANGE. Let us have a little chat.

PITOU. I'm afraid I'm much too dull? . .

ANGE. Why are you opposed to me?

PITOU. Let's declare a truce together.

ANGE.

Tell me what you think of Power,  
Speak your mind out, do not fear.  
You're so full of inspiration,  
Why are you our enemy?  
We must build the future—we  
—You and I—are proper mates.

PITOU.

For Heaven's sake, this is enough!  
I will adopt the new régime.  
Whatever woes it brings in train,  
The flare of these alluring eyes,



All the joys and pangs of love,  
All your loveliness and grace,  
Already fill my heart and soul—  
I *must* accept the new régime.

LANGE.

You revive hopes long forlorn,  
Banish rancor from my heart.  
Again, my bard of yore, we soar  
On wings of harmony and love!  
I give you now the love of France.

PITOU.

But this new France, will it accord  
The love old France once gave to me?

LANGE.

Oh, yes! For this I pledge my word,  
Her love and mine go hand in hand,  
We love with all our heart and soul.

PITOU.

If I accept this offered love,  
I am a traitor to my past.

LANGE.

Who cares?

PITOU.

I can't resist. Love knows no rein.  
A new-born force possesses me.  
I am your lover and your slave.  
The gates of Heaven open wide  
And I am kneeling at your feet,  
And ready for the new régime.

[*A knock on the door.*]

LANGE. Who's there?

HERSILIE [*back stage*]. Citizeness, Citizeness!

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LANGE. What's the matter? Come in! What's happened?

HERSILIE [*entering*]. For Heaven's sake—just two words. . . The police agent who brought the young miss has been examining the old woman that brought the young gentleman. Then he ran off into the park to Citizen Larivaudière. . . I saw them whispering to each other and they are coming here and Citizen Larivaudière looks very angry. . .

LANGE. What am I to do? My God! Clairette! Clairette . . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE [*off stage*]. Louchard! On your guard! This is very serious!

HERSILIE. Citizeness! Citizeness! [*Enter CLAIRETTE.*]

PITOU. Clairette! . .

CLAIRETTE. Pitou! . .

LANGE. You know each other? You must have met in the Markets.

LARIVAUDIÈRE [*off stage*]. No one is to be allowed to enter or to depart!

LANGE. Come here. Sit down. Say "Yes" to everything I say, or I am lost.

HERSILIE. Citizeness, they are here! . .

LANGE. Sh-h! Not a word! [*Enter LARIVAUDIÈRE, LOUCHARD and Servants.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Guard every door! Let no one in or out without my orders! . .

LANGE. What is the meaning of all this?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Some fine doings here! . .

LANGE. What is wrong?

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LARIVAUDIÈRE. Are *you* asking me? . . It's for *you* to explain.

LANGE. Oh, no. First *you* will please explain by what right you break into my house and cause a disturbance here.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I know everything.

LANGE. Do you? . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. And I know you've written to this young man.

LANGE. That only shows your spies are earning their pay. Well? . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. And that you love him!

LANGE. Well, go on! . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. What do you mean?

LANGE. What else do you know?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. You think that's not enough? . . Well, I know . . .

LANGE. Larivaudière, I am sorry to tell you that you're out of your mind.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I? . . You hear that, Louchard? I am out of my mind!

LOUCHARD. Yes . . . yes, yes.

LANGE. Now, listen to me. I wrote an invitation to this man for a rendezvous with this girl who is my dearest friend. Of course, this is their private affair, but I must tell you. Ange Pitou and Clairette are in love with each other. . . Now you see why they are here?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. What?

LOUCHARD. Eh?

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LARIVAUDIÈRE. How?

LOUCHARD. What?

LANGE.

It was for her he came to me,  
I swear it on my solemn oath.  
I fear you must have lost your wits,  
To throw suspicion on myself.

CLAIRETTE.

I know he came for me alone,  
Of that I have no doubt at all.  
But something odd has happened here,  
Which puzzles me and worries me.

PITOU.

This is an unexpected turn,  
She's found a way to save herself.  
And now I have to figure out  
Am I in love with one or both?

[To-  
gether]

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Unwillingly I have been placed  
In a position I abhor.  
I acted far too hastily,  
And she will not forgive me now!

LOUCHARD.

The facts have made a fool of me,  
And I have made a pretty mess.  
So now I am in mortal fear  
They'll have the tables turned on me.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

It is a lie, I don't believe  
That you're his fiancée at all.  
I think you're lying!

CLAIRETTE.

Oh no, it is the truth.

LANGE.

I have remanded her from prison  
That they might be together here.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

And will you state it on your oath  
That you are truly his beloved?

CLAIRETTE.

An easy thing to ask a bride—  
I love Pitou above all men.

LANGE.

How bravely the poor thing is lying,  
And lying for my sake alone!

LOUCHARD.

I can almost see my finish.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

And will you say, you poet hero,  
She was the sole attraction here?

PITOU.

Yes, I swear to you right now  
To keep my faith with her for ever.

LANGE.

He lies, he lies,  
But he lies like a poet! . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

You swear?

PITOU.

I swear!

LANGE.

God, how he lies!  
Poets never lie! . .

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LOUCHARD.

The devil himself couldn't figure this out!

LANGE, CLAIRETTE and PITOU.

Now you really must believe us.

It was a pretty piece of work.

Such lies and such hypocrisy,—

And all arranged in harmony.

LARIVAUDIÈRE and LOUCHARD.

Their talk is smooth

And all agree

But is it true?

Who can decide?

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

How did you make such a ghastly mess,

You blockhead, simpleton, you dolt,

You great big donkey?

LOUCHARD.

I beg you . . . pardon . . . my great zeal . . .

I meant . . . I thought . . .

And after all these miracles

I really think . . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

What? What do you really think?

LOUCHARD.

I think that Citizeness Lange

Is a model of integrity.

LANGE.

Now that the mighty have born witness,

I surely must be innocent!

And now 't is time for all suspicion

To be thrown to the winds.

TOGETHER.

Now you really must believe us!  
'Twas a pretty piece of work.  
Such hypocrisy, such lies,  
And all arranged in harmony.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. But supposing, barely supposing, all this to be true, can you explain why you bestow your attentions on this rebel, and why you are so attached to that wench who brazenly sings on the streets! . .

LANGE. Is that very strange? I'm afraid you're not very clairvoyant.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. You think so?

LANGE. Send your Louchard away. Clairette, go have a little talk with your sweetheart.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Louchard, go away! But not too far.  
[LOUCHARD *departs.*] I am ready to listen.

LANGE. Ange Pitou does quite as well ridiculing the Republic as he does lampooning the Directory.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. What is he? An Anarchist?

LANGE. A poet.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. A poet?

LANGE. He may turn out quite useful to us and I mean to win him over to our side.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. By what means?

LANGE. By playing on his sense of gratitude.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Oh-h-h. . .

LANGE. It is beginning to dawn on you?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Excellent! . .

LANGE. You think so?

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LARIVAUDIÈRE. Really, I must be very dense.

ANGE. I didn't like to tell you so.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. But why does Louchard . . . [*Noise off stage.*]

ANGE. Do you hear a noise?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Perhaps our friends have come. . .

POMPONNET [*off stage*]. You must not keep me out. . . I tell you they are expecting me *very much* . . .

ANGE. Pomponnet! . .

CLAIRETTE. The voice of my intended!

ANGE. Clairette, you two hide and don't show yourselves. He must not find you here. [*CLAIRETTE and PITOU hide.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE. If there's anyone deceived here, it's not I —it's that dolt of a hair-dresser.

ANGE. Pomponnet can do us a lot of harm. He ought to be put out of the way at once.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Who? Pomponnet?

ANGE. Let him come in with all the servants. Let there be as many witnesses as possible.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. What is all that noise? What's going on? Admit him and let everybody come in!

[*Enter POMPONNET, LOUCHARD, Male and Female Servants.*]

POMPONNET. Now you see for yourself, but you're so stubborn. . . You see how I am received. . . Citizeness, I brought that . . .

ANGE. One minute, please. You told me that you are the intended of Clairette Angot?

POMPONNET. Yes, we love each other dearly.



LANGE. By the way, I think you are a pupil of the famous hair-dresser Leonard?

POMPONNET. Yes. I can boast of that. And you ought to know by my work whether I am worthy of my master or not.

LANGE. I think you said that you worked for the best, the most aristocratic families in Paris—the de Breteuils and the de Condés.

POMPONNET. Of course. . . But that was before the revolution, when they wore ships on their heads. . .

LANGE. Search that man!

POMPONNET. What?

LANGE. He ought to have on his person the song written against the Directory.

POMPONNET [*while being searched*]. Pardon me, I myself . . . Stop tickling me. . . What are you pushing me for? . . . Here's the song! . . . I'm not hiding it.

LANGE. Here is the song. Arrest him!

POMPONNET. What's that? You must be joking. . . Didn't you . . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Louchard! Arrest that man! And I'll hold you responsible for him!

POMPONNET [*as he is carried off*]. Oh, leave me alone. What do you want of me? . . . I am not a conspirator. Let me go. . . [*He is carried off.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Now, will you please explain why you had him arrested?

LANGE. You can come in now, Clairette.  
[*Enter CLAIRETTE and PITOU.*]

CLAIRETTE. We heard and saw everything from in there.

60 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

LANGE. To the author. [*She hands the song to PITOU.*]

PITOU. Why was he arrested?

LANGE. You have taken his place—why shouldn't he take yours?

CLAIRETTE. And this is called justice!

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Do explain, why was he arrested?

LANGE. First, I must tell you that it is now midnight.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Midnight? Oh, I forgot.

LANGE. But I didn't. Hersilie! [*She enters.*] Take our guest to my dressing room. She will sleep there. Go to bed, dear, and have a good sleep. We'll talk to-morrow.

CLAIRETTE. In such a prison, dreams will come easily!  
[*She goes.*]

LANGE. At last, we are alone. Are you an enemy of the Government?

PITOU. Yes.

LANGE. So am I! All of us!

LARIVAUDIÈRE. We, too!

PITOU. You, too? Why, you are a friend of Barras!

LANGE. Barras himself is one of us. [*A long whistle.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE. The signal!

LANGE. You will see for yourself. But whatever you hear or see must remain a secret.

[*LARIVAUDIÈRE, PITOU and LANGE go out. Enter Ladies and Conspirators.*]

CHORUS OF CONSPIRATORS.

To battles' glory  
We call you forth.

And ready are we  
To meet the foe.  
One more assault—  
The day is ours.  
Away with the tyrants!  
Down with brute force!  
We will avenge  
The people's wrongs,  
We will unite  
Against the foe.

[*Reënter* LANGE, LARIVAUDIÈRE and PITOU.]

LANGE.

By this token we know our friends.

TRENITZ.

Loyal till death  
To our noble goal,  
Alone I'm ready  
To capture a regiment.

PITOU.

Bravo!

CHORUS.

Who is this?

LANGE.

Have no fear, this is a friend—  
Ange Pitou—known to several of us.  
Now he is ready to join our ranks,  
A brave, a death-defying hero,  
Who hates our common enemy.

TRENITZ.

I see no sign of a black collar,  
Where is the token of the collar?

62 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

CHORUS.

There is no sign of a black collar.  
Where is the token of the collar?  
To battles' glory  
We call you forth.  
And ready are we  
To meet the foe.  
One more assault—  
The day is ours.  
Away with tyrants!  
Down with brute force!  
We will avenge  
The people's wrongs.  
We will unite  
Against the foe. . .  
And we wish all men to know—  
We are known by our wigs and collars.

[CLAIRETTE *runs in.*]

CLAIRETTE.

Oh, I am so glad I found you.

CHORUS.

And who is this?

LANGE.

It was hardly right for you to come.

CLAIRETTE.

I came to tell you—  
I just discovered—  
The house surrounded—  
Augereau's soldiers!

CHORUS.

A regiment of Augereau's?  
What are we to do?

LADIES.

Oh, this is terrible!  
We are surrounded by soldiers,  
There is no means of escape,  
Every exit is watched.  
We shall all die of fear!

CHORUS.

We must have been betrayed,  
Someone must have told. . .  
We are lost, we are lost!

TRENITZ.

Terrible! terrible!  
Now I am lost forever!

LANGE.

No, no, no, no!  
You need not be afraid.

CHORUS.

Why?

LANGE.

We are saved,  
I tell you, we are saved.  
We'll celebrate a wedding.  
We'll give the pair a ball.

CHORUS.

We'll give the pair a ball.

LANGE.

Here they are—well-mated, too.  
But what of our costume,—that will betray us.

TRENITZ [*tearing off his collar and wig*].

Off with the collar!  
Down with the wig!

64 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

CHORUS [*doing the same*].

Off with the collar!  
Down with the wig!

HUSSARS [*off stage*].

We are the soldiers of the State,  
And we guard her honor well.  
Her enemies we'll take  
And shoot them down at sight.  
All those who dare conspire  
We will presently subdue,  
And we will give no quarter  
To the Republic's foes!

LANGE. Light every lamp and candle in the house! . .  
Open the doors wide! . . The gentlemen will invite  
their ladies to a waltz! . .

TRENITZ. Wonderful! . . Charming! . . The waltz,  
my favorite dance! . . How exciting! . .

LANGE.

Turning, turning,  
Whirling, dancing,  
Hold fast, my heart,  
Or I'll die of joy. . .

[*Everyone joins in the waltz.*]

HUSSARS [*entering with Officers.*]

We are the soldiers of the State,  
And we guard her honor well.  
Her enemies we'll take  
And shoot them down at sight.

LANGE.

What brings you here at this late hour?

OFFICER.

We've come to arrest the lot of you.

LANGE.

I'm a particular friend of Barras  
And I order you to stop.  
Someone must have made a blunder,  
There are none but patriots here.  
'T is a wedding, here's the bride,  
You may be guests, though unexpected,  
And we invite you, rank and file,  
To join in the festivities.  
All these ladies will be pleased  
To save a dance for each of you.  
So start inviting them at once,  
And make your conquests in the dance.  
Yes. . .  
Turning, turning,  
Whirling, dancing,  
Hold fast, my heart,  
Or I'll die of joy.

CHORUS.

Turning, turning,  
Whirling, dancing,  
Hold fast, my heart,  
Or I'll die of joy.

CLAIRETTE.

This is the moment of my deepest joy!

PITOU.

And it will pass and leave no trace!

CLAIRETTE.

But we will drink this moment's bliss,  
And pledge our everlasting love!

66 *DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT*

LANGE.

Love? . . Clairette!

OFFICER.

Are you ill?

LANGE.

No, no.

OFFICER.

Are you tired? Shall we sit?

LANGE.

No, no. Again

I'm ready to waltz.

I am betrayed, but my revenge will come,

Yes, I'll revenge myself! . .

Turning, turning,

Whirling, dancing,

Hold fast, my heart,

Or I'll die of bliss.

CHORUS.

Turning, turning,

Whirling, dancing,

Hold fast, my heart,

Or I'll die of bliss.

CURTAIN



## ACT THREE

[*Same as Act One. Evening in the deserted Market-place, lit by large lanterns, and guarded by Night-watchmen. Streaks of light are seen and sounds of dance music (the Fricassée dance) and voices of dancers are heard in the distance. CLAIRETTE, dressed as a Market-woman, enters, surrounded by a gradually increasing crowd, in which are JAVOTTE, THÉRÈSE, BUTEUX, CADET, GUILLAUME, etc. CLAIRETTE is kissed and hugged and greeted with cries of pleasure.*]

VOICES. Heavens, but we were worried about you! . . .  
Are you all right? Where are you coming from? Did they bother you much?

JAVOTTE. You must be very hungry?

BABET. We must get her something to eat. . . Where did you find the new dress?

CLAIRETTE. Where I got that dress and how I passed my time, I'll tell you later. There are more important things to do now. It is no longer Clairette you see before you.

All of you have toiled and struggled  
To give me the best of life.  
And I'm ready to inform you  
That your efforts were not wasted.  
I've been Innocence itself,

68 *DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT*

Never knew what Love could be.  
But suddenly my blood took fire  
And now I know what's troubling me.  
Madame Angot's daughter,  
As I used to be,  
You hardly knew at all.  
Madame Angot herself,  
As you knew her well,  
Is now before your eyes.

CHORUS.

Madame Angot's daughter,  
As she used to be,  
We hardly knew at all.  
Madame Angot herself,  
As we knew her well,  
Is now before our eyes.  
'Tis her fate to be  
Madame Angot herself.

CLAIRETTE.

You loved Clairette, you wished her well,  
A good sweet husband found for her.  
I tried, I did my very best,  
But could not fall in love with him.  
I did not ask for your consent;  
Without consulting any one,  
I sang a song and went to jail  
To escape my wedding day.  
Madame Angot's daughter,  
As I used to be,  
You hardly knew at all.  
Madame Angot herself,  
Whom you knew so well,

DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT 69

Is before your eyes.  
'Tis my fate to be  
Madame Angot herself.

CHORUS.

Madame Angot's daughter,  
As she used to be,  
We hardly knew at all.  
Madame Angot herself,  
As we knew her well,  
Is now before our eyes.  
'Tis her fate to be  
Madame Angot herself.

AMARANTE. So you went to prison only to get rid of your fiancé? Do you hear that, citizens?

CADET and the OTHERS. Ai! Ai! Ai! Oh, Clairette!

BUTEUX. Oh, you foolish child! . . Aren't we all your parents? . . Have we ever refused you anything? If you had said right out: "I don't want such and such a one, but I do want such and such a one," you could have had such and such a one and not such and such a one.

CLAIRETTE. Still, I think I did right by not saying anything. . . But this is neither the time nor the place to talk about it. . . What I want to tell you now is that I have been deceived. They have played me false.

BABET. Who dared?

CLAIRETTE. Who? . . The one I love, of course. . .

AMARANTE. But aren't you in love with Ange Pitou? . .

CLAIRETTE. Why, of course. . . But I think he does not love me—he even deceives me. . .

AMARANTE. Who is the other?

## 70 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

CLAIRETTE. Lange. . . If I find that I am right in my suspicions . . .

CADET. We will break his neck for him. . .

CLAIRETTE. No. . . Because then I couldn't marry him.

JAVOTTE. And no more than right.

CLAIRETTE. And I will never marry. . .

THÉRÈSE. And that would be wrong.

AMARANTE. But you still have Pomponnet in reservoir.

CADET. In reserve, my good woman, in reserve.

AMARANTE. That's too much trouble! What's the difference to you, anyhow? . .

THÉRÈSE. By the way, what has become of him?

CLAIRETTE. You need not worry about him. . . He is safe in prison.

ALL. Oh, in prison? Then—we need not worry!

CLAIRETTE. You will find out everything later. Just now, let us leave this place. I am going to surprise them. . . I will show them that it's not for nothing I am the daughter of Madame Angot! . .

ALL. Bravo! Bravo!

THÉRÈSE. Where did she get all that chic! . . She is a different girl now! . .

CLAIRETTE. You will see how clever I am. Listen. I wrote two letters: one to Lange in the name of Pitou, and the other to Pitou in the name of Lange, making an appointment here for nine o'clock. And then in front of everybody, and in front of Larivaudière, whom I invited, too, I'll show up that hussy, Lange, and that traitor, Pitou!

DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT 71

ALL. Bravo!

CADET. No more than he deserves.

CLAIRETTE. They will discover that they are dealing with the daughter of Madame Angot, take my word for it! Now you get out and wait for my signal with the lantern.

[*All go, singing "Madame Angot's Daughter." Enter LARIVAUDIÈRE dressed as a Market-man.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE. This is the Market-place. . . "Come at nine o'clock to the Market-place near Calypso's. Clairette." That's the girl who . . . She may be hiding here herself. . . [*He walks inside.*]

POMPONNET [*runs in, dressed as a porter*]. Ugh! At last I have got free. Shall I go in, or not? And suppose it's a trap for me? I step in and they grab me! Hist! Isn't that a light in the window? . . . It is a trap! I knew it was a trap! . . . [*Stumbles into LARIVAUDIÈRE.*]

BOTH. Hey, you donkey, look where you're going!

POMPONNET. Big fool!

BOTH.

Oh, Lord.

He's a giant! I am lost!

I know these porters always are

Ready with their tongues and fists,

And one good blow will knock you out.

I wonder what I ought to do.

I hope he thinks I am a porter;

My get-up surely is convincing.

I hardly think he'll pick a quarrel

With such a brutal looking porter.

## 72 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Are you crazy? Keep out of my way!

POMPONNET.

Something must be done to stop him.  
Excuse me, sir, I am nearsighted.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

I see the fellow's backing out.  
I hate a chicken-hearted coward.

POMPONNET.

I'll have to put on a bold front.  
Now, look here, I am not afraid.  
If you want to get out alive  
Or keep your eyes from getting blacked,  
You'd better skip right out of here.  
If you do not, I'll cripple you,  
I'll leave you not a single bone  
If ever I lay hands on you.  
And there's my hand to prove it, see?

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

No, this scamp is not a coward,  
I'd better keep out of his way.  
I say! Why should we pick a quarrel?

POMPONNET.

Now he shows his yellow blood!  
Get out, or I will break your neck!

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Why? What's the thrashing for?  
[*Runs off, losing his wig.*]

POMPONNET.

A likely place to lose your head, here!

DAUGHTER OF MADAME 'ANGOT 73

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

I beg your pardon—It's not my fault!

POMPONNET.

Oho! This is Larivaudière.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

He knows my name! Then I am lost!

POMPONNET.

And don't you know old Pomponnet?

BOTH.

Larivaudière and Pomponnet!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Let us have another look,

Larivaudière and Pomponnet!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Only just a change of clothes!

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

But why are you here and not in jail?

POMPONNET.

Do you want to send me back there?

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

No, I'm rather glad you're free.

I am beginning to think that they

Are making fools of both of us.

POMPONNET.

They are? Who are *they*?

[*Bell tolls 9. Enter CLAIRETTE.*]

CLAIRETTE. Just nine o'clock.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I suppose, my friend, you're wondering about my costume?

POMPONNET. It is rather funny, I must admit.

74 DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT

LARIVAUDIÈRE. And do you know who's the cause of this outfit: your fiancée.

POMPONNET. Clairette?

CLAIRETTE. It is Pomponnet!

LARIVAUDIÈRE. You'd hardly believe it, but it's true. She wrote me promising to prove that Lange is unfaithful to me.

CLAIRETTE. This is Larivaudière!

POMPONNET. She wrote to you from prison?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. No, stupid. She is not in prison. She managed so that you took her place.

POMPONNET. I? Her place? What nonsense!

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Yes, dear friend! I am thinking your fiancée is a hussy.

POMPONNET. How dare you! She is goodness and innocence itself.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. You think so—because you are a fool.

POMPONNET. You may say what you like about me, but I will defend Clairette against the whole world. She is so sweet and good and pure—I love her dearly.

CLAIRETTE. My poor Pomponnet!

LARIVAUDIÈRE. I can prove that she is fooling you. When she arrives, let us manage not to be recognized by her, and then watch her. [*Discovers CLAIRETTE.*] Sh-sh! . .

CLAIRETTE [*approaching*]. Oh, how foolish! You frightened me!

POMPONNET. What? How? . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Sh-sh! . .



DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT 75

CLAIRETTE. I thought you were Papa Guillaume, but I see my mistake. I don't know you. Who are you? Where are you from?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. We come—from over there. . .

CLAIRETTE. From over there! . . Then you are here on important business?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Of course. . . On the same business which . . . and so on. . .

CLAIRETTE. You do not finish? Shall I? It concerns me.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. You?

POMPONNET. The idea?

CLAIRETTE. Yes, me. I am Clairette.

LARIVAUDIÈRE. So you are Clairette!

CLAIRETTE. Yes. You've come here about my arrest. The trouble is this: they wanted me to marry a fine dear fellow, the hair-dresser Pomponnet . . .

POMPONNET. That's I!

CLAIRETTE. For sheer goodness of heart there's no equal to that man . . . and I was very much in love with him.

POMPONNET. How nice to hear all this! Did you hear it?

LARIVAUDIÈRE. Yes, I did.

CLAIRETTE.

Pomponnet I dearly love,  
As a friend and as a brother,  
One thing only, I must own,—  
I do not love him as a lover.

76 *DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT*

POMPONNET.

Heaven! This is very hard!

CLAIRETTE.

Another man I much preferred  
And he was in love with me!

POMPONNET.

Much preferred?

CLAIRETTE.

He was gay and very lively.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

That's sound reason, that's good sense.

POMPONNET.

I feel my heart within me sinking!  
I am dying of despair.

CLAIRETTE.

But my suspicions are aroused,  
My love, I fear, has jilted me.  
And being in a furious rage  
I have resolved that, once for all,  
I will clear up this mystery,—  
And that is why I have come here. . .

ALL THREE.

But my suspicions are aroused,  
My love, I fear, has jilted me.  
And being in a furious rage,  
I have resolved that, once for all,  
I will clear up this mystery,—  
And that is why I have come here.

CLAIRETTE.

Are you acquainted with Lange?  
She is an actress at the Feydeau.

DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT 77

POMPONNET and LARIVAUDIÈRE.

What about her?

CLAIRETTE.

There is a lot of filthy gossip,  
True or not, I can not tell,—  
That she is being false to Barras,  
Has taken up Larivaudière,  
That silly monkey-faced old fogey. . .

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Monkey-faced? What nonsense!

POMPONNET.

Monkey-faced—that's right. . .

CLAIRETTE.

But this is not the worst, by far,  
Her treachery exceeds belief.  
She has a lover in reserve,  
And makes Larivaudière a fool.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Heaven help me, I am undone!

POMPONNET.

I would not be a bit surprised!

CLAIRETTE.

That lover visits at her house,  
Larivaudière's so very smart  
He doesn't know what's going on.

POMPONNET.

I'm not a little bit surprised.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Oh, what a cruel revelation!  
Oh, can she be untrue to me?

78 *DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT*

CLAIRETTE.

But my suspicions are aroused,  
My love, I fear, has jilted me.  
And being in a furious rage,  
I have resolved that, once for all,  
I will clear up this mystery,—  
And that it why I have come here.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Know then that I'm Larivaudière!

CLAIRETTE.

Well, what of it?

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

So you knew it all the time?

CLAIRETTE.

Of course I knew it.

POMPONNET.

And I am . . .

CLAIRETTE.

You are Pomponnet.

POMPONNET.

You knew that, too?

CLAIRETTE.

Indeed, I did.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

I will revenge myself.

CLAIRETTE.

Patience, patience, do have patience,  
To avoid publicity,  
Now I beg you . . . Help me . . . he is  
coming.

DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT 79

POMPONNET and LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Who?

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Pitou?

CLAIRETTE.

Now's the time for vengeance! . .

No pity shall he have.

I can not help but love you,

And if it can be managed

I'll marry you at once,

And all the world will know

The daughter of Madame Angot.

Nothing in creation,

No one in the world,

Shall stand between me

And my perfect revenge

On my faithless friend.

ALL THREE.

Nothing in creation,

No one in the world,

Shall stand between me

And my perfect revenge

On my faithless friend.

[*They depart. Enter PITOU.*]

PITOU. "Near Calypso's dance hall and at our favorite spot." Must be near here, of course. [*Enter LANGE.*]

LANGE. Pitou?

PITOU. I'm so happy, I don't know how to thank you.

LANGE. What did you want me for? I came,—but why? What have you to tell me? What can you tell me? What a desolate place!

80 *DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT*

PITOU. Only to say that since yesterday I have gone mad  
—to pour out an ocean of words in song and romance. . .

LANGE. Why is it so uncomfortable here?

PITOU. But mainly to tell you that I am ashamed of every  
song I have written until now. And if you can not  
forgive me, give me a present—a necktie—made of stout  
rope.

LANGE. And you deserve it, too. You love Clairette.

PITOU. Before Heaven, I love only you.

LANGE. You love Clairette. Tell me the truth. This is  
what I came here for. Otherwise I would never have  
come. Why did you ask me?

PITOU.

I am terribly ashamed  
And I know that you'll despise me,  
That I, a worthless ruffian,  
Have besmirched your noble name.  
But somewhere in my heart I feel  
That my love is all returned.  
I, the champion of freedom,  
Hater of tyrants and of slaves,  
From the depths of my soul,  
Can bless my own slavery.

LANGE.

You are lying to me!

PITOU.

I swear, I am not.

LANGE.

It is a lie, it is a lie!

PITOU.

Oh, dearest, why should both of us  
Be tortured now by jealousy?

LANGE.

I would fain confess to you,  
Freely say I am afraid,  
Ever to feel love again.  
I was not happy when I was young,  
Always desolate and hopeless,  
In crowds of friends I felt alone,  
And impotently raged at foes.  
Now I have learned to smile at both,  
Concealing love and hatred, too,  
Curbing sentiments and passions.  
Now I see a ray of hope,  
And my heart is throbbing faster,  
Till I fear 't will bleed to death. . .

PITOU.

I love you, dearest, how I love you.  
Trust me not to break my faith.  
I have gone through love's reverses,  
My heart pierced with faithlessness.  
Let our former pains be purged  
In the flames of our new love.  
And this sacred love of ours,  
We will keep profoundly secret.

[CLAIRETTE, POMPONNET, LARIVAUDIÈRE, *Men and Women of the Market*, enter from many sides.]

CHORUS.

Ha! Ha! Ha! "Profoundly secret."  
A secret published to the world.

82 *DAUGHTER OF MADAME 'ANGOT*

PITOU.

If you lay a hand on us  
I will kill you!

CLAIRETTE.

Then kill me!

CHORUS.

Clairette! . .

CLAIRETTE.

For once the truth must be revealed,  
The time is ripe, Mme. Barras,  
You have a glutton's appetite,  
And must have both the old and young.  
And two of them are not enough,  
So you must spread your net for him  
And hope to land another fish.  
You set your cap for this Pitou—  
Take him, I have no use for him.  
I am better rid of him,  
And give him to you willingly.  
In giving him, I give you naught.  
If you think that he loves you,  
You can have him as a gift.  
You may be worth a small thin dime,  
He's a bargain at a nickel.

CHORUS.

Bravo! That's clever.  
She hasn't spared them,—  
A worthy daughter  
Of Madame Angot.

LANGE.

Enough of all this noisy racket.  
You'd better shut your mouth at once,



Or right before this crowd of people  
 You'll get a drubbing good and hard.  
 Because you boil with jealousy,  
 You run amuck, attacking people;  
 Because your fellow jilted you,  
 You run a-yowling over Paris.  
 I met him only once or twice—  
 And what are you? An also ran!  
 You've no one but yourself to blame.  
 Now figure it out:  
 If my price is  
 A small thin dime,  
 You're two for a penny.

[*Disturbance. LANGE and CLAIRETTE fight and are separated.*]

LARIVAUDIÈRE [*drawing near to LANGE*].

Aren't you ashamed?  
 How are you, lady?

LANGE.

What sort of a clown is this?

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

Clown? Oh, no,—I am Larivaudière.

LANGE.

Larivaudière? Ha, ha, ha!

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

I am dumbfounded.  
 Now I know all,  
 I should have before.  
 And a solution  
 To this tangle,  
 Barras himself must now provide.

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PITOU.

One more word—  
To get the theme  
Of a song I mean to write  
About the things  
I witnessed here  
And carefully observed tonight.

CHORUS.

Shame and anger, tears and laughter  
Penetrate my suffering heart,  
Threats and animosity  
Rankle in my aching breast.  
If my love shall be denied me,  
I shall fly into a rage;  
Blood will flow abundantly  
Out of my old gaping wounds.

CLAIRETTE.

Silence all! You've turned to beasts!  
Listen to me!

[*Turning to* LANGE.]

I beg forgiveness  
For the sake of our dear past.  
Give your hand; see, here is mine.

LANGE.

Willingly.

LARIVAUDIÈRE.

What the devil!

CLAIRETTE.

Silence! Silence!  
Or I reveal  
All details  
Of last night's meeting.

LANGE [*to* LARIVAUDIÈRE.]

There is only one escape:  
They must have their own sweet way,  
And we agree to everything.

[*To Chorus.*]

Now friends, let's all shake hands.

CHORUS.

We do agree to everything.

POMPONNET.

Oh, Clairette, are you crying?

CLAIRETTE.

I? No.

POMPONNET.

You say no, but you are crying.

CHORUS.

Clairette is crying,  
What's the matter?

CLAIRETTE.

Nothing.

PITOU.

With life itself, before the world,  
I would redeem these bitter tears.

CLAIRETTE.

No, no, you will not understand,  
Your empty words will not avail.  
One moment I was angry, sore,  
It cut me bitter to the heart  
Only that on your account  
I was mean to Pomponnet.  
Now I'm concerned  
About my own fate.

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He'll despise me, I know,  
For all I have done.

POMPONNET.

No, Clairette,  
Trust me always.  
Just consent to marry me,  
I am certain you will be  
A good and model wife to me.

CHORUS.

Congratulations and best wishes!  
May life henceforth smile ever on you.  
May luck and happiness for ever,  
Accompany Mam'selle Angot.

PITOU.

All of history records  
Lovers' quarrels end in peace,  
But it never works for me!  
A plague on this perfidious world,  
Farewell to all my enemies!

ALL.

Farewell, farewell, Pitou!

AMARANTE.

What are you going to do now?

PITOU

I've a poet's restless spirit,  
Roaming round for love and beauty.  
If these fail me, never mind,  
I'm content with mirth and laughter.

[*He departs.*]

LANGE [*to LARIVAUDIÈRE*]. Take all precautions that  
the story does not leak out. [*To CLAIRETTE.*] You

DAUGHTER OF MADAME ANGOT 87

have treated me shamefully, but I must forgive you. You are a worthy daughter of Madame Angot.

CLAIRETTE.

Madame Angot's daughter,  
As I used to be,  
You hardly knew at all.  
Madame Angot herself,  
Whom you knew so well,  
Is before your eyes.  
'Tis my fate to be,  
Madame Angot herself.

CHORUS.

Madame Angot's daughter,  
As she used to be,  
We hardly knew at all.  
Madame Angot herself,  
Whom we knew so well,  
Is before our eyes.  
'Tis her fate to be,  
Madame Angot herself.

VOICE OF PITOU [*receding in the distance*].

I've a poet's restless spirit,  
Roaming round for love and beauty.  
If these fail me, never mind,  
I'm content with mirth and laughter.

CURTAIN



*LA PÉRICHOLE*

*In Three Acts and Four Scenes*





## INTRODUCTION \*

Offenbach's "La Périhole" was the second production by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko in the repertory of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio. Here, as in many of the other productions which America will see during the season of the Company under the sponsorship of Morris Gest, the regisseur has freely adapted the original text.

The history of "La Périhole" affords ample warrant for applying the hand of the reinterpreter. Performed for the first time in Paris on the stage of the Théâtre des Variétés, October 6, 1868, at the height of Offenbach's romantic career as composer, with the famous Hortense Schneider in the title rôle, "La Périhole" consisted of two acts—the first in the Plaza of Lima and the second at the court of the Viceroy. France and Russia were closely linked in spirit in those days, and this first version of the piece was soon translated by Victor Krailoff for production at the Small State Theatre in Moscow and at the Alexandrinsky Theatre in Petersburg under the title of "Singing Birds." For its revival in Paris, six years after the premiere, Offen-

\* From Chapter VII ("Offenbach's Gay Melodrama-Bouffe") of "Inside the Moscow Art Theatre," by Oliver M. Saylor. Copyright 1925 by Brentano's.

bach arranged with his librettists, Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, for a third act in two scenes—one in prison and the other in the Plaza. For continuing presentation in Russia, Kruiloff adopted the same and a few additional changes. . . .

Almost everywhere "*La Périhole*" was sung, it had the record of being done in both the original and revised version. The former was used, of course, at its American premiere, January 4, 1869, at Pike's Opera House, later the Grand Opera House, where it had the honor of falling just within the first year of the checkered career of that would-be rival of the Academy of Music. The short version, too, was the one which Briot gave at the Fourteenth Street Theatre soon after. Probably both versions appeared during the decade of Maurice Grau's French company, while Paola Marié in the early '80's and Lillian Russell at the Knickerbocker in April, 1895, undoubtedly used the extended form. There is no record of any third version or of drastic revisions for American production and, of course, no meddling of a censor. Three decades, therefore, have elapsed without an opportunity to hear this gay masterpiece, until the enterprise of Morris Gest brought us the Russians and their doubly exciting version of it. . . .

Taking his cue from the dual spirit that is obvious in the score and latent in the libretto, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko stressed and heightened the exuberant moments,

emphasized and deepened the pathetic episodes, achieving unsuspected effects by the sharp alternation of these intensified moods. Simultaneously, in similar manner and with like effect, he brought to focus and played off against one another the intimately lyrical scenes and those of grotesque humor. In brief, what was once an *opéra-comique* has become in Russian hands a *melodrama-bouffe*.

The most radical alteration and the one which, at a stroke, accomplished most of his desired ends is the metamorphosis of *Périchole* and *Piquillo* from Spaniards into native Peruvians and, what is more to the point, from a pair of rather sophisticated street singers, whose relationship may be taken for granted, into two naïve youths, almost children. By this change, *Nemirovitch-Dantchenko* has not only made the story more plausible but far more poignant. . . . Furthermore, the character of *Périchole* herself becomes far more significant, more rewarding to the interpreting singer-actress and to the listening spectator. As the action unfolds in the Russian version, this half-child, half-untamed-animal of the first act grows into a mature woman, compelled to use all her suddenly awakened instincts, intuitions, and intelligence to maintain her independence. Probably the French audiences of the mid-nineteenth century didn't give a fig for psychological truth in *opéra-comique*, but *Nemirovitch-Dantchenko* has shrewdly anticipated the demands of his public today by

stressing the rapidity with which a young girl comes into her own and by showing how it is Périchole's awakened faculties that come to the rescue of the dull-witted Piquillo. . . .

Once more, in the scenes where the Spanish forces of occupation confront the native Peruvians, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko has deepened his appeal to contemporary thought and feelings by filling in with illuminating detail the fear, suspicion, pride and overbearing of the conquerors on the one hand and the inner hatred, the outward submission, the alertness, the shrewdness and the resourcefulness of the conquered on the other hand. Armies of occupation meant little to the world of 1868. But to the world of 1925, still smarting from the arbitrary sanctions of the Ruhr and still remembering how the World War was urged on if not directly caused by the abuse of the conquered by the conqueror, a simple, artificial formula is insufficient. Choruses calling each other naughty names satisfied Offenbach, his librettists and his audiences. For us today, Nemirovitch-Dantchenko has had the wisdom to provide genuine illusion by means of subtle shading and innuendo and by the creation of an atmosphere of ominous suspense.

THE EDITOR.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

LA PÉRICHOLE—*A Peruvian Street-Singer, later Marchioness of Mansanares, Baroness Tabago.*

PIQUILLO—*A Peruvian Street-Singer, later Marquis of Mansanares, Baron Tabago.*

DON ANDREAS, COUNT OF RIBIERA—*Viceroy of Peru.*

DON PEDRO OF HINOJOSA—*Governor of Lima.*

DON MIGUEL, COUNT PANATELLAS—*First Lord-in-Waiting to the Viceroy.*

TERRAPOT—*Master of Ceremonies at the Court.*

KUZYA	}	<i>Native Peruvians, Proprietors of the Three Sisters' Tavern.</i>
OTTALA		
SUMA		

THE DUKE OF ACAPULCO—*An old prisoner.*

PABLO	}	<i>Notaries.</i>
CARLOS		

*Grandeess and Ladies of the Court, Peruvians, Indians, Soldiers, Guards, Street-Comedians, etc.*

The action takes place in Lima, Capital of Peru, under the Spanish Occupation.



# LA PÉRICHOLE

## ACT ONE

[*A Square in Lima. OTTALA, KUZYA, SUMA; Peruvian Men and Women; a few Peruvian Indians. As the curtain rises, a Crowd is discovered, roistering and drinking. THE THREE SISTERS, proprietors of the tavern, have been bribed by the Government to make the populace merry. During the singing, the Waiters fill the glasses*]

CHORUS.

Today the Viceroy celebrates  
His natal day; our orders are  
To cheer up everyone with song,  
Illuminate the great occasion.  
Hail the Viceroy! Hail the Viceroy!  
And three times Hail for wine and song!  
Hail the Viceroy! Hail the Viceroy!  
And three times Hail for wine and song!  
Everything is ready here,  
Good refreshments and red wine.  
If we follow out his orders,  
He will pay for all we drink!  
We can have a jolly time,

Full of gaiety and mirth.  
We can eat and drink our fill!  
We can drink,  
Eat and drink,  
He will pay for food and drink.  
Hail! Hail! Hail!

OTTALA.

We cast our troubles overboard.  
Wine and laughter flow in rivers.  
All Peruvians love to dance;  
We'll be genial with each other.

THE THREE SISTERS.

We'll be genial with each other.

OTTALA.

Who wants wine? Just order it!  
Who wants wine? Just order it!

CHORUS.

Right here, please; and fill it quick!  
Right here, please; and fill it quick!

OTTALA.

This is wine-day, we are drunk,  
We must not show a heavy heart. . .  
Quickly, fill the glasses, sisters—  
Peruvian wine is mirth-provoking,  
Peruvian wine is best of all.

THE THREE SISTERS.

Peruvian wine is best of all.

KUZYA.

Let us then go to our dancing,  
Drinking, laughing, at our ease;



Drink and play, forget all care,  
Let us make a day of it. . .

THE THREE SISTERS.

Let us make a day of it.

KUZYA.

Who wants wine? Just order it!

Who wants wine? Just order it!

CHORUS.

Right here, please; and fill it quick!

Right here, please; and fill it quick!

SUMA.

Drink again; the bill is paid!

Empty this—I'll fill again.

The drink will put you in good humor,

There's nothing like Peruvian wine.

THE THREE SISTERS.

There's nothing like Peruvian wine.

SUMA.

Who wants wine? Just order it.

CHORUS.

Right here, please; and fill it quick!

Hail the Viceroy! Hail the Viceroy!

Our blood is red, our passions hot.

The people drink and dance and sing.

Hail to song and wine and love!

[DON PEDRO of Hinojosa enters followed by two  
Servants dressed as Peruvians. They remain a short  
distance behind.]

DON PEDRO. Kuzya! the Viceroy is coming!

KUZYA. Hail to the Governor of Lima!

SUMA and OTTALA. Hail to the Governor of Lima!

DON PEDRO. How goes the celebration here?

OTTALA. Our people? Why, they celebrate!

SUMA. What do they care?

KUZYA. Give them wine and they are happy.

DON PEDRO. Is that really so?

KUZYA. Yes, it is!

SUMA. They drink. . .

OTTALA. They sing. . .

KUZYA. They laugh. . . Laugh, confound you! Laugh!  
[*General laughter.*]

DON PEDRO. Very good. I ordered all the minstrels, acrobats, jesters, and magicians to amuse the people and keep up the festive spirit. Keep on in the same manner and do not permit the holiday spirit to die down. Let us start a song. Perhaps that will rouse them.

CHORUS.

Hail the Viceroy! Hail, all hail!  
Our blood is red, our passions hot,  
The people drink and dance and sing,  
Hail to song and wine and love.

DON PEDRO. To the health of the Viceroy!

[*Everyone smiles.*]

DON PEDRO. Three cheers!

[*All are silent. Enter COUNT PANATELLAS.*]

COUNT PANATELLAS. Don Pedro!

DON PEDRO. Your Excellency!

COUNT PANATELLAS. You here!

DON PEDRO. I would not be a good governor if I were not here on such a day as this.

COUNT PANATELLAS. Why?

DON PEDRO. Half an hour ago a certain person left the royal palace by the rear entrance. . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. Well?

DON PEDRO. And that certain person is no other than Don Andreas, Count of Ribiera, Viceroy of Peru, and our chief!

COUNT PANATELLAS. And what do you imagine may be the object of His Highness in parading the streets of Lima?

DON PEDRO. The Viceroy, imagining himself not recognized, will use the occasion to put a few questions to some of the people, to sound them out as to the existence of any opposition to the Government.

COUNT PANATELLAS. And aren't you worried about the result? You know, these Peruvians may be idle and drunkards, but they are cunning and don't trust us Spaniards, their conquerors.

DON PEDRO. I have taken all necessary precautions.

COUNT PANATELLAS. What precautions?

DON PEDRO. This celebration is well-organized. They are all my own people—my stable-boy, my cook—  
[*From a distance, the sound of castanets.*]

COUNT PANATELLAS. What is that?

DON PEDRO. Castanets. A signal agreed on to indicate that the Viceroy will be here directly.

[*In the background DON ANDREAS, Count of Ribiera, passes a group. Everybody laughs quietly, pretending not to have noticed him.*]

CHORUS [*with low music.*]

Our Viceroy passes through our midst,  
And dreams he is not recognized.  
Well, let him cherish this belief,  
He is not recognized at all,  
Not at all, not at all!  
That *we* know *him*, *he* does not know,  
That we know him, he'll never know.  
Never, never in the world,  
Will he know the truth.  
This we must conceal from him.

THE VICEROY.

My plan I kept a secret, dark,  
I left my sceptre and my crown,  
And sneaking round by dingy alleys,  
I left behind the royal palace.  
To find the spirit of my people,  
Hiding my face beneath my cloak,  
Here I wander gay and free,  
Gay and free,  
As free as any one can be, one can be,  
Incognito, incognito, incognito.

THE VICEROY and CHORUS.

To let your monarch find the truth  
He's been compelled to go about  
Incognito!

CHORUS.

You must respect Incognito.

THE VICEROY.

This I may admit to you:  
When I'm in a love affair,  
I often yearn for great success.  
The Lord won't hold it as a sin  
If I should kiss a pretty girl  
When no one is around to spy.  
A King may be a little devil,  
A devil a king, a devil,  
A King will be a devil,  
Incognito, incognito, incognito.

THE VICEROY and CHORUS.

When the King is on a spree,  
He may frolic all he will,  
Incognito.

CHORUS.

Glory to Incognito.

THE VICEROY.

When the King is on a spree  
He may frolic all he will,  
Incognito!

CHORUS.

Glory to Incognito.

THE COOK and THE STABLEBOY. Long live the Viceroy!

THE VICEROY. What? Long live the Viceroy? . .  
Maybe! But there is nothing perfect in this world.

There may be some one . . . Is there no one here with a complaint to make?

THE COOK and THE STABLEBOY. Long live the Viceroy!

THE STABLEBOY. That's all I know—that and my horses.

THE COOK [*attacking* THE VICEROY]. Don't you agree with us?

THE VICEROY. Oh, yes. . . I do.

THE COOK. Lucky for you. . . If you did not . . .

THE VICEROY. Oh! . .

THE COOK. Then say with us, Long live the Viceroy!

THE VICEROY. Long live the Viceroy!

THE COOK and THE STABLEBOY. That's good.

THE VICEROY. That's good. I see that everything is in good shape in this district.

THE COOK. It's even better in the others.

THE VICEROY. You think so?

THE COOK. Why not see for yourself?

THE VICEROY. Thank you. With pleasure.

THE COOK. Then let us all shout: Long live the Viceroy!

THE VICEROY. Long live the Viceroy!

[*All three go out to the left, shouting, "Long live the Viceroy!" DON PEDRO and COUNT PANATELLAS follow. Enter from the right, PÉRICHOLE and PIQUILLO.*]

THE CROWD. Comedians, comedians! Singers, singers! . .

PIQUILLO. You will give us your permission, won't you?

OTTALA. Willingly, willingly, friend. Why, of course!

PIQUILLO. Thanks, dear lady. . . Young ladies, I thank you. I trust the collection will be satisfactory.

PÉRICHOLE. Tell me, Piquo . . .

PIQUILLO. What is it?

PÉRICHOLE. Do you really insist upon making the rounds for the collection?

PIQUILLO. Yes, I insist.

PÉRICHOLE. All right. Very well.

PIQUILLO. Since I insist, I must have a good reason.

I've noticed that when you pass the tables . . .

PÉRICHOLE. All right, all right. . . But I know what we're in for.

PIQUILLO. Yes, yes. I've noticed everything. . . And I'm far from pleased.

PÉRICHOLE. Very well.

PIQUILLO [*to the crowd*].

"The Spaniard and the Indian Girl."

The Conqueror said to the Indian maid:

"Fathma, see, I am your Lord.

But I will shield your innocence,

I will curb my great desire.

You may tell your clansmen all,

I will hold your honor sacred.

We are Spaniards, we are Spaniards,

We honor love and innocence."

BOTH.

“A Spaniard, I; a Spaniard, I; and love in  
courtly fashion,  
A Spaniard, I; a Spaniard, I; and love in courtly  
fashion.”

PÉRICHOLE.

In answer to this declaration,  
The beauty turns her loving eyes  
On the fair knight, and, filled with love,  
She gives her boundless love to him.  
Another year and a sweet child,  
Lies sleeping 'neath a parasol,  
And both the parents sing together:  
“A child of love, a child of love, a child of love,  
Because I am a Spaniard.  
A child of love, a child of love, a child of love,  
Because I am a Spaniard.”

PIQUILLO. Gentlemen, please give something to the  
singers. [*No one gives and some cry, “Go to your  
Spaniards!”* PIQUILLO *returns to PÉRICHOLE.*] You  
try.

PÉRICHOLE. I told you you'd better let me do it.

PIQUILLO. All right, go. But remember if any one dare  
—I'll watch you.

PÉRICHOLE [*quietly*]. All right. But be reasonable even  
if you do notice some foolishness. [PIQUILLO *nervously  
pulls at the strings.* PÉRICHOLE *goes to the right, col-  
lecting.*] Gentlemen, be generous. Open your purse-  
strings.



A PERUVIAN. Tell me, pretty one . . .

PIQUILLO. Ho, Señor, what is that? . . . [THE PERUVIANS *laugh.*]

PÉRICHOLE. Come, gentlemen, be generous. Open your purses. You must support artists.

ANOTHER PERUVIAN. I wouldn't mind supporting you, my beauty. [*He embraces PÉRICHOLE, who tries to escape.*]

PIQUILLO. How dare you? [*To PÉRICHOLE.*] You see!

PÉRICHOLE. Please let us try to sing something cheerful and then I'll go round myself and collect. But let me do it in my own way.

PIQUILLO. All right. But look out. . . "The Muleteer and the Young Girl."

*Seguidilla*

How often do they tell you  
That you are very charming?  
Have you heard them say  
They love you to distraction?

PÉRICHOLE.

Yes, they often say:  
"How sweet you are, my dear!"  
They say this very often,  
And often they repeat it.

PIQUILLO.

Did they ever try  
To tempt you with a jewel?  
What had you to say  
To such enticing offers?

PÉRICHOLE.

I managed every time  
To keep my wits about me,  
To extricate myself  
I used a little finesse.

PIQUILLO.

A little finesse.

PÉRICHOLE.

A little finesse.

PIQUILLO.

A little finesse.

PÉRICHOLE.

A little finesse.

BOTH.

Always use finesse and wit,  
Easy-going, free and careless.  
Always use finesse and wit,  
Easy-going, free and careless.  
Fearlessly march on, my shrewd one,  
Bravely, merrily, march on.  
Oi-la, oi-la, oi-la, oi-la, oi-la, oi-la.

PIQUILLO.

Should one of them decide,  
In his infatuation,  
To tie his lady-love  
In Hymen's holy bonds?

PÉRICHOLE.

To marry? Well, why not?  
I can not tramp for ever.

If your love is true,  
We'll tie the knot at once.

PIQUILLO.

Then seal it with a kiss,  
We have no time to lose.  
I dream of your sweet love,  
I want you in my arms.

PÉRICHOLE.

What's the hurry for?  
Bid your love to tarry.  
I'm ready to be yours,  
But only when we marry.

PIQUILLO.

When we marry?

PÉRICHOLE.

When we marry.

PIQUILLO.

When we marry?

PÉRICHOLE.

When we marry.

BOTH.

Bravely, fearlessly, and shrewdly,  
Gaily, carelessly, march on.  
Bravely, fearlessly, and shrewdly,  
Gaily, carelessly, march on.  
Fearlessly go on, my shrewd one,  
Bravely, merrily, march on.  
Fearlessly go on, my shrewd one,  
Bravely, merrily, march on.

Oi-la, oi-la, oi-la, oi-la, oi-la, oi-la.

Oi-la-la.

[PÉRICHOLE *starts to take up the collections. Enter at the left STREET COMEDIANS with trained dogs on a cart.*]

THE COMEDIANS.

We now invite you to a show  
Of very skilfully trained dogs.  
A marvel of our modern age:  
The very dogs are civilized.

[*All follow the COMEDIANS. PÉRICHOLE and PIQUILLO are left alone.*]

PIQUILLO. This is a nice how d'ye do!

PÉRICHOLE. To leave us here and run after those clowns  
with their music and their trained animals!

PIQUILLO. When we represent Art . . .

PÉRICHOLE. True Art. . .

PIQUILLO. To leave the three of us!

PÉRICHOLE. How three?

PIQUILLO. Of course, three, You, me, and true Art.

PÉRICHOLE. Ah, yes!

PIQUILLO. Poor Art! Of the three of us, however, she  
is the least to be pitied, as she is immortal and needs  
neither dinner nor supper. Whereas we—here we are  
without dinner today.

PÉRICHOLE. And as for supper, it is likely we'll do  
without.

PIQUILLO. Quite likely.

PÉRICHOLE. Have you anything?

PIQUILLO. I? Nothing!

PÉRICHOLE. And I have—a feeling of terrible hunger!

PIQUILLO. Then you have something which is too much!

PÉRICHOLE. Oh, I know it is too much. . . But it is not my fault.

PIQUILLO. Oh, my dear!

PÉRICHOLE. Oh, my beloved!

PIQUILLO. My adorable Périchole!

PÉRICHOLE. My good Piquillo!

PIQUILLO. But you love me, dear?

PÉRICHOLE. Yes, I love you.

PIQUILLO. Tell me once more that you love me.

PÉRICHOLE. Yes, I love you.

PIQUILLO. I wouldn't mind all this if it weren't for one thing that worries me.

PÉRICHOLE. What is it?

PIQUILLO. I'm afraid that you will soon get tired of starving with me.

PÉRICHOLE. I?

PIQUILLO. Yes, if this keeps on. . .

PÉRICHOLE. Do not be afraid.

PIQUILLO. Really? You mean you won't get tired? No?

PÉRICHOLE. No.

PIQUILLO. Truly?

PÉRICHOLE. Truly.

PIQUILLO. Then, let us go, Périchole.

PÉRICHOLE. Where?

PIQUILLO. Since they gave us nothing here, we must go and sing elsewhere.

PÉRICHOLE. You may go if you can. I can't move.

PIQUILLO. What will you do then?

PÉRICHOLE. I'll try to fall asleep. "He who sleeps, feasts," at least so they say.

PIQUILLO. And will that bill of fare satisfy you?

PÉRICHOLE. I could wish for a better, but it can't be helped. [*She lies down on a rug.*]

PIQUILLO. Oh, my beloved!

PÉRICHOLE. Oh, my dear!

PIQUILLO. My adorable Périchole!

PÉRICHOLE. My good Piquillo!

PIQUILLO. If only we were married.

PÉRICHOLE. What would happen then?

PIQUILLO. Then I would have the right to kiss you.

PÉRICHOLE. Yes, that would help us to be patient.

PIQUILLO. But the devil a bit we're married.

PÉRICHOLE. That's true. Not the least bit!

PIQUILLO. Because it costs four piastres. To marry, you must have four piastres. The Government has the crust to ask all of four piastres for an ordinary marriage. It's a dog's life.

PÉRICHOLE. What a rotten day!

PIQUILLO. But you love me, anyhow, don't you?

PÉRICHOLE. I told you that a moment ago.

PIQUILLO. Tell me again that you love me.

PÉRICHOLE. I adore you.

PIQUILLO. Now I'll go sing and collect a few maravedis, at least.

PÉRICHOLE. Yes, yes. Go and sing; I'll try to sleep.

[PÉRICHOLE *sleeps*. PIQUILLO *departs, singing*.]

PIQUILLO.

Twenty lovers has my lady.

I am the tamest of them all,

Yes, the tamest of them all.

They know well, and so do I,

You are but a heartless flirt,

You are but a heartless flirt.

[*He goes out to the left. Enter from the right DON ANDREAS, THE COOK and THE STABLEBOY.*]

THE VICEROY. Look here! What do you want of me?

THE COOK and THE STABLEBOY. Long live the Viceroy!

THE VICEROY. Oh, get out of here! (They leave.)

How hard it is to find the simple truth! I, the Viceroy, desire to know how my people live. I want to hear the truth from the lips of my people, and I have fallen in with a court chef and a stableboy who keep insisting that everything is all right. Oh, blessed truth, who will unfold you to me!

PÉRICHOLE. A rotten day!

THE VICEROY. What? A rotten day!

PÉRICHOLE. A dog's life!

THE VICEROY. A dog's life? This is it—the truth! A woman . . . and by her dress a beggar!

PÉRICHOLE. Yes, they can say: "He who sleeps, feasts." But they must have had their dinner first. I wish I could!

THE VICEROY. And what a truth! Lord, what a truth that is!

PÉRICHOLE. What is the matter with you?

THE VICEROY. Nothing. . . Nothing. . . I am what the poets call, overwhelmed. I fell in love.

PÉRICHOLE. Aren't you feeling well?

THE VICEROY. No, thanks. I just heard your words. In all this city, full of gaiety, you alone are sad.

PÉRICHOLE. I feel very bitter.

THE VICEROY. About what? Confess. . .

PÉRICHOLE. What?

THE VICEROY. Your troubles.

PÉRICHOLE. What for?

THE VICEROY. Who can tell? . .

PÉRICHOLE. Oh, Piquo! . . Piquo! . . He hasn't returned. I am afraid his business has gone as . . .

THE VICEROY. What's that? I didn't catch. Another something that troubles you? Why are you so cross?

PÉRICHOLE. I—cross?

THE VICEROY. Yes. Our poor Government is getting the devil from you: "Rotten day" and "a dog's life."



PÉRICHOLE. Do you want to know? . . I am very hungry, so everything looks bad to me. . . Otherwise, everything would look beautiful.

THE VICEROY. And that is your only reason?

PÉRICHOLE. No. . . Yes. . .

THE VICEROY. Well, then . . .

PÉRICHOLE. Well, then, what?

THE VICEROY. Well, no. . . Nothing. Go ahead. Tell me all about yourself. What is your name?

PÉRICHOLE. Camilla Périchole!

THE VICEROY. Périchole? A pretty name. Of what origin?

PÉRICHOLE. Unknown.

THE VICEROY. Oh, well, I thought so. Occupation?

PÉRICHOLE. A singer.

THE VICEROY. Married?

PÉRICHOLE. No.

THE VICEROY. H'm, h'm! Have you a lover?

PÉRICHOLE. Why must you know?

THE VICEROY. That you'll find out later.

PÉRICHOLE. No lover.

THE VICEROY. None? Then I'll kidnap you.

PÉRICHOLE. And take me where?

THE VICEROY. To the palace—the Viceroy's palace.

PÉRICHOLE. And what will I be there?

THE VICEROY. You will be . . . at court. . .

PÉRICHOLE. A lady's servant?

THE VICEROY. A lady-in-waiting—to the Vice-reine.

PÉRICHOLE. To the Vice-reine!

THE VICEROY. I understand your astonishment. . . I did have the misfortune of losing . . . But in honor of her, I created a similar position . . . that is . . . the Viceroy . . . he left . . . he created . . . the post of Maid of Honor. . .

PÉRICHOLE. You said: "I created" . . . so you must be . . .

THE VICEROY. The Viceroy.

PÉRICHOLE. The Viceroy?

THE VICEROY. So now you will agree.

PÉRICHOLE. Not so fast, not so fast. . . Anybody in the streets of Lima can play a practical joke on a poor girl and say he is the Viceroy and have his laugh afterwards! . .

THE VICEROY. Do you doubt me? Do you want proofs?

PÉRICHOLE. Yes.

THE VICEROY. Well, look at this.

PÉRICHOLE. What is it?

THE VICEROY. It is a piastre.

PÉRICHOLE. Piastre! . . Piastre! . . Piastre! . .

THE VICEROY. Look at the reverse and then look at me.  
Do you see?

PÉRICHOLE. Well, what of it?

THE VICEROY. What of it? Don't you recognize me?

PÉRICHOLE. That's right; a bit overdone, but it *is* you!

THE VICEROY. Overdone?

PÉRICHOLE. Oh, very much overdone.

THE VICEROY. Here is the truth! Now you have no more doubts?

PÉRICHOLE. Yes. . . No. . . And why shouldn't I have my doubts? . . Anybody can have a piastre in his pocket and somebody may only resemble the Viceroy, even if he is only an ordinary man.

THE VICEROY. So you ask for more proof?

PÉRICHOLE. Yes.

THE VICEROY. Well, shout: "Down with the Viceroy!"

PÉRICHOLE. I—shout that?

THE VICEROY. Well, let us shout together.

PÉRICHOLE. That's better. Let us shout together: "Down with the Viceroy! Down with the Viceroy! Down with the Viceroy!"

[COUNT PANATELLAS, DON PEDRO *and a Constable enter and seize* PÉRICHOLE. THE SISTERS *come from the tavern.*]

DON PEDRO and COUNT PANATELLAS. Silence! Silence!

PÉRICHOLE. Forgive me! It was he—he!

DON PEDRO. Who?

COUNT PANATELLAS. Oh, it is Your Excellency!

THE VICEROY. Yes, it is I.

DON PEDRO. Only Your Majesty could conceive such a clever joke. Ha, ha, ha!

PÉRICHOLE. Your Majesty!

THE VICEROY. Now, dear child, are you convinced?

PÉRICHOLE. Indeed, I am.

THE VICEROY. And you will go with me?

PÉRICHOLE. Well, I can hardly refuse, . . . But first  
I must write a letter.

THE VICEROY. A letter? To whom?

PÉRICHOLE. To whom? To a poor relation.

THE VICEROY. How you frightened me.

COUNT PANATELLAS. Your Excellency . . . h'm . . .  
Tell me . . .

THE VICEROY. What is it, gentlemen?

DON PEDRO. Your Majesty . . . this woman . . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. Do you intend to settle her in this  
little house? . .

THE VICEROY. Here? Oh, no. I am taking her to the  
palace.

DON PEDRO. To the palace? . . Does that mean in a  
position of . . .

THE VICEROY. In a position . . . Does that make you  
feel uncomfortable, my lord chamberlain?

COUNT PANATELLAS. Well, somewhat. . . The im-  
portant thing is—the Regulations, Your Majesty!

THE VICEROY. The Regulations? Do they forbid  
me . . . ?

COUNT PANATELLAS. Of course not. Not forbid, but  
limit.

DON PEDRO. Your Excellency being a widower . . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. Is of an age when affairs of State must be considered. . . And our laws, having with usual foresight set down in a footnote all the details of admitting into the apartments of the palace only such females as are married . . .

DON PEDRO. Is she married?

THE VICEROY. No, she is not.

DON PEDRO. How will you manage, then?

PÉRICHOLE. Hey, look here! . . Hey, Viceroy! . .

DON PEDRO. That is a call for you, Your Majesty.

THE VICEROY. Well, have you finished writing?

PÉRICHOLE. I am still writing. . . Say, haven't you got a little bag?

THE VICEROY. What kind of little bag?

PÉRICHOLE. A little bag . . . filled with those nice portraits of yourself you showed me.

THE VICEROY. Oh, yes, of course. I'll bring it to you presently. . . And I want to ask you if you will dine with me?

PÉRICHOLE. Dine? With pleasure! To dine! To dine!

THE VICEROY. Just a minute. [*To DON PEDRO and COUNT PANATELLAS.*] No, she is not married. And according to the Regulations it is required that she be married?

DON PEDRO. Absolutely, Your Majesty.

THE VICEROY. Well, then, listen. I commission you, my lord chamberlain, to find some poor fellow who will consent to marry her at once. And you, Governor of Lima, I command to find a notary who will at once issue a marriage license. If within two hours . . . understand me distinctly . . . if within two hours you fail to accomplish all this, I will deprive you of your ranks, titles, orders, and positions, as well as the emoluments thereto belonging. Instantly, do you hear? (Exit.)

DON PEDRO. Miguel, what can we do?

COUNT PANATELLAS. Pedro, we can obey! . .

DON PEDRO. Obey? All right. I am going this way—there is an old friend of mine, a notary, whom I hope to persuade.

COUNT PANATELLAS. And I will go in search of a husband.

[DON PEDRO goes off, right, into the house of the NOTARY; COUNT PANATELLAS and the CONSTABLE go to the right, behind the house.]

PÉRICHOLE. Piquo, my poor Piquo! What will you say when you read this letter!

I swear, belov'd, by all that's sacred,  
My love for you shall never die.  
Though poverty, the grim and cruel,  
Compels us two to separate.  
Think of how my heart must break,  
Since I love you with all my heart,

I must endure the pain of leaving,  
 Rather than endless misery. . .  
 How can we taste the cup of bliss,  
 When poverty embitters us  
 With ceaseless pain and penury,  
 And withers love's most blooming hopes.  
 Forgive me, dear, this base desertion.  
 I would devote my life to you,  
 But I have drained the cup of woe,  
 My spirit falters, I am weak.  
 Forgive me, love, these anguished words.  
 My soul is filled with bitterness.  
 But this I can assure you, dear,  
 I will be faithful to the end.  
 I swear to you that, leaving you,  
 I still love only you, alone.  
 Grim Fate alone has parted us,  
 Forever yours, La Périchole. . .

[THE VICEROY *enters with a bag of money in his hand.*]

THE VICEROY. Here I am. Are you ready?

PÉRICHOLE. Yes. Now call in somebody.

THE VICEROY. Ho, there! Girls!

OTTALA and KUZYA. We are here, Señor. We are here.

THE VICEROY. Attend to this lady. . .

PÉRICHOLE. Listen! And you [*to the VICEROY*] please don't listen.—Take this letter to the young man who sang with me here a little while ago. And this, too.

THE VICEROY. Now, are you ready to go? What do you need this for?

PÉRICHOLE. Oh! [*She throws away the rug and leaves with THE VICEROY.*]

OTTALA. We were asked to deliver this letter and then we were given this purse. What do you think of it, sisters?

KUZYA. To me it looks quite simple.

SUMA. Very simple. There can be no two opinions about it.

KUZYA. We must deliver . . .

OTTALA. The letter. . .

KUZYA. And as to the purse full of money . . .

SUMA. That is our commission.

OTTALA. Anyhow the Government wouldn't pay for the wine. [*She departs. Enter PIQUILLO.*]

PIQUILLO. Two maravedis . . . Altogether two maravedis. . . And one of them has a funny ring. Poor Périchole! Is it worth while waking her for this? Where is she? [*Enter THE THREE SISTERS.*]

KUZYA. Our dear singer!

SUMA. We have a letter for you, sweet singer.

PIQUILLO. A letter? . . For me? . .

OTTALA. Yes, a letter from a person who sang here with you a while ago. She asked us to deliver it to you.

PIQUILLO. God! This is the last straw. . . Well? . .



SUMA. My dear young man, wouldn't you like to have something to eat?

KUZYA. Don't be shy.

OTTALA. We'd never dream of asking to be paid for it.

PIQUILLO. Thanks for your generosity, dear ladies. But I can't think of food just now. Some other time, if you permit. . . [THE SISTERS go into the tavern.] Oh, no! . . . Not this! . . . [*Reads the letter.*]

“But this I can assure you, dear,  
I will be faithful to the end. . .”

Oh, yes, quite assured. . . You will see how assured I am. . .

“I swear to you that, leaving you,  
I still love only you, alone.  
Grim Fate alone has parted us,  
For ever yours, La Périchole.”

That's all very well, but I think this is Piquillo's swan-song. [*He unties the ribbon of the guitar.*] It will do for a rope. . . Now for a ladder. . . [*He leans a stool against a tree.*] So. . . That's all I need. . . Just step off the stool. . . One. . . Two. . . This comes hardest. Like the last carom in billiards. One. . . Two. . . [COUNT PANATELLAS comes out of the house and accidentally upsets the chair. The elastic ribbon stretches and PIQUILLO falls over PANATELLAS' back. THE THREE SISTERS and a Servant enter.]

PIQUILLO. Oh, my God!

COUNT PANATELLAS. Help! . . Help, somebody! . .

OTTALA. Oh, what is the trouble? .

KUZYA. Señor Panatellas!

SUMA. Señor Singer!

KUZYA. Quick, give me a knife!

OTTALA. Rubber!

ALL. Rubber.

COUNT PANATELLAS. This man here . . . He wanted to hang himself.

OTTALA. Oh, Señor, it's not our fault. We offered him . . .

KUZYA. Food and drink!

COUNT PANATELLAS. Just one word: Are you married?  
[PIQUILLO *mutters.*]

COUNT PANATELLAS. Are you married?

OTTALA. Have you a wife?

PIQUILLO. No.

COUNT PANATELLAS. No. Then why did you want to hang yourself? Feed him up! Sure you're not married?

PIQUILLO. No.

COUNT PANATELLAS. Give him plenty of wine. I'll talk to him afterwards. Smarten him up a bit. [THE SISTERS *lead* PIQUILLO *into the tavern. Enter the VICE-ROY.*]

THE VICEROY. Ho, girl, bring me a bottle of Malaga!

SUMA. Yes, sir. [*She goes.*]

THE VICEROY. Well, did you find him?

COUNT PANATELLAS. I hope so, Your Majesty.

THE VICEROY. Hurry, then, my friend. You know this woman is the very devil. And what an appetite! When I offered to marry her, however, she refused point-blank. I hope to prevail upon her with the aid of a few glasses of Malaga.

COUNT PANATELLAS. I, too, hope to persuade a certain fellow.

SUMA [*entering*]. Here's the Malaga, sir.

THE VICEROY. By the way, girl, bring another bottle—of sherry.

SUMA. Yes, sir.

COUNT PANATELLAS. And for me, too, both Malaga and sherry!

SUMA. Yes, sir. [*She starts to go.*]

THE VICEROY [*overtaking her*]. And some liqueur for me.

DON PEDRO [*running out of the home of the NOTARY*]. Port! Port!

THE VICEROY. And how about the notary?

DON PEDRO. I was very fortunate, Your Majesty. I found him at home, playing checkers with a friend. I laid the whole affair before him, and at first they found many objections. They said that this is a holiday, the birthday of Your Majesty. But a little port, I hope, will surmount these obstacles.

SUMA [*returning*]. Sherry and liqueur for the Señor.

DON PEDRO. Two bottles of port for me!

COUNT PANATELLAS. Port for me, too!

DON PEDRO. No, eight bottles!

THE VICEROY. My girl, where are the biscuits for the sherry?

DON PEDRO. Biscuits for me, too! And some Alicante!

THE VICEROY. Biscuits in a basket and some berries!

COUNT PANATELLAS. Berries for me, too!

SUMA. Yes, sir.

DON PEDRO. For me, too—everything!

THE VICEROY. By the way, if it would help you any in persuading your individual, you can tell him that on marrying he will receive the title of Marquis.

COUNT PANATELLAS. Marquis?

DON PEDRO. Marquis of what?

THE VICEROY. Of anything! They are usually named after some mountain, river, or province.

DON PEDRO. I have it: Mansanares.

THE VICEROY. That will be right! Marquis of Mansanares, Baron Tabago. . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. But there is no Tabago.

THE VICEROY. We'll create it, then. Let our other Marchioness go raving.

COUNT PANATELLAS. Your Highness, your orders will be obeyed.

OTTALA. Here is Malaga, sherry, port, and  
Madeira for the Count.

KUZYA. Alicante, sherry.

DON PEDRO. Sherry, Alicante. Where is the  
port?

KUZYA. One minute; we'll draw it from the  
keg. } *Together.*

DON PEDRO. Yes, we'll draw it. Give us the  
keg.

SUMA. Here are the biscuits and berries for  
the Señor.

THE VICEROY. You know, the wedding will take place  
here.

COUNT PANATELLAS, DON PEDRO, and THE SISTERS.  
Here?

THE VICEROY. Yes, yes. Right here in the square.  
Notify all your friends and customers.

DON PEDRO. But . . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. But the customs of the country,  
Your Majesty? . .

THE VICEROY. There are no customs! The wedding  
will be here! [THE VICEROY, DON PEDRO and COUNT  
PANATELLAS *go out*. THE THREE SISTERS *dance and  
sing*.]

KUZYA.

We'll do our best to cheat the Spaniards!

OTTALA.

And lay our hands on all their wealth.

SUMA.

Then we Peruvians will be  
A free and happy people, all.

KUZYA.

We must contrive to cheat the Spaniards,

OTTALA.

And all that govern in our land.

SUMA.

Then we Peruvians will be  
A free and happy people, all.

KUZYA.

It feels so good to cheat the Spaniards,

OTTALA.

And dupe the Viceroy himself.

SUMA.

Then we Peruvians will be  
A free and happy people, all.

KUZYA.

We will cheat these cunning Spaniards,

OTTALA.

And all who threaten us with war.

SUMA.

Then we Peruvians will be  
A free and happy people, all.

THE THREE SISTERS.

La, la, la, la. . . .

[*Enter the CROWD, DON PEDRO, TWO NOTARIES,  
and CLERKS.*]

SUMA.

Here they bring the Notaries.  
Look out for the wedding, now!

KUZYA.

They seem to be badly tangled!

OTTALA.

Like a monogram!

THE TWO NOTARIES.

Now we beg you, dearest friends,

Take us under your protection.

Yes, yes, under your protection.

FIRST NOTARY.

The sherry was of ancient vintage.

SECOND NOTARY.

The Malaga gave me a headache.

FIRST NOTARY.

And how was the Madeira, friend?

SECOND NOTARY.

That was like nectar, not like wine.

FIRST NOTARY.

The Alicante, rough and dry.

SECOND NOTARY.

I had to take it, with some biscuits.

FIRST NOTARY.

But what a wine was that old port!

SECOND NOTARY.

It made my head a little dizzy.

CHORUS.

They seem to be a good bit tangled.

THE TWO NOTARIES.

Now we beg you, dearest friends.

Take us under your protection.

[*Enter* COUNT PANATELLAS, *followed by* THE VICEROY.]

DON PEDRO.

Let your clerks take care of you;  
I will now take care of him.

THE VICEROY.

How are your affairs progressing?

DON PEDRO.

Sire, your orders are obeyed. [*Enter* PÉRICHOLE.]

THE VICEROY.

Here comes the bride!

CHORUS.

Here comes the bride!

THE VICEROY.

She's ready for the wedding,  
She's ready for it now.

CHORUS.

She's ready for the wedding,  
She's ready for it now.

PÉRICHOLE.

I never ate a better dinner.  
I never drank a richer wine. . .  
I drank so much of that rich wine,  
That I am fairly drunk by now.  
My brain is in a muddle . . . muddle . . .  
Silence, not a word . . . Hush . . . sh! . .  
Sh! . . Keep quiet. . . Keep quiet. . .



Suppose I stammer when I talk,  
Suppose I wobble in my walk,  
Suppose my eyes are dim and misty,  
There's nothing wonderful in that.  
My brain is in a muddle . . . muddle . . .  
Silence, not a word . . . Hush . . . sh! . .  
Hush . . . Keep quiet . . . quiet . . . quiet. . .

THE VICEROY.

Friends, this woman is an angel.

PÉRICHOLE.

And now will you tell me, please,  
What I am to do.

THE VICEROY.

Marry me, dear child.

PÉRICHOLE.

Oh, no. I will not.

THE VICEROY.

But you have consented.

COUNT PANATELLAS.

But you have consented.

PÉRICHOLE.

I did consent, when I was hungry.  
It stands to reason, having dined,  
I have changed my mind again.

THE VICEROY.

That is impertinent,  
I am not used to this.

PÉRICHOLE.

I don't care. I don't care. [*She spits at THE VICEROY.*]

COUNT PANATELLAS.

Spit at the Viceroy! [*Everybody is frightened.*]

THE VICEROY.

At the bridegroom. At the bridegroom. [*Enter PIQUILLO.*]

CHORUS.

Poor fellow, he is not to blame,  
For having soaked himself with wine,  
He's lost his spirit and his mind,  
He's had more than all of us.

PÉRICHOLE.

This is my Piquillo.

THE VICEROY.

What? What is that?

PÉRICHOLE.

Oh, I beg your pardon.  
I am ready for the wedding.

PIQUILLO.

I greet you all. . . I must confess  
I am dead drunk.  
I don't know why  
I swig all day.  
I can hardly stand on my legs.  
And as if that weren't enough,  
I must marry.

Whom or why I do not know,  
I can hardly reason well.  
Where is she? Where is the bride?

THE THREE SISTERS.

Right here! Right here! Look.

COUNT PANATELLAS.

Ye Gods, where are your eyes?

PIQUILLO.

I can't see anything!  
Are you here, wife?

PÉRICHOLE.

I am here, right here.

PIQUILLO.

Be patient please, and listen  
To what I have to say.  
I will not keep you long,  
I only must disclose  
What she is bound to know,  
If she's to marry me.  
You'll have to know me better,  
If we're to live together,  
I feel in duty bound  
To give you timely warning.  
Señora, please take note,  
That I am not a hero.  
What's worse, my love is plighted  
To some one else, some one else.  
So candidly and freely  
I openly confess, confess,

That you'll be jilted in the end,—  
I vouch for that, I vouch for that, I vouch for  
that.

PÉRICHOLE.

That is a game at which  
The two of us can play.  
If you break your faith  
I can do the same.

PIQUILLO.

You—deceive me?

PÉRICHOLE.

I surely will. Why not?

BOTH.

We may manage, if we try.

THE VICEROY.

You waste your time on mere details.  
Bestir yourself; I can not wait.

CHORUS.

Let us marry them at once;  
They must marry, and at once.

PÉRICHOLE.

Now, let me have your arm, please.

PIQUILLO.

Quite ready to oblige my wife.

PÉRICHOLE.

I do believe you still are drunk!

PIQUILLO.

My angel, you have guessed it right.

BOTH.

Truly they can say of us  
That we make a lovely pair.

THE VICEROY.

The banns, the banns. . .

COUNT PANATELLAS.

The banns, the banns. . .

DON PEDRO.

The banns, the banns. . .

THE NOTARIES.

The banns, the banns. . .

CHORUS.

We will solemnize at once  
This wedding.  
We will tie the nuptial knot  
With blessings.  
We will make them man and wife,  
And begin  
Banquetting and drinking,  
Revelling and singing.

FIRST NOTARY.

May I ask you if you wish  
To take this woman as your wife?

PIQUILLO.

Yes, yes, yes.

CHORUS OF MEN.

Yes, yes, yes.

SECOND NOTARY.

Tell me candidly, my friend,  
Will you have him as your husband?

PÉRICHOLE.

Yes, yes, yes.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Yes, yes, yes.

BOTH NOTARIES.

Now the nuptial knot is tied,  
You are one in soul and body.

CHORUS.

We will solemnize at once  
This wedding.  
We will tie the nuptial knot  
With blessings.  
We will make them man and wife,  
And begin  
Banqueting and drinking,  
Reveling and singing.

PÉRICHOLE.

Give me your arm, dearest.

PIQUILLO.

Quite ready to oblige my wife.

PÉRICHOLE.

I do believe you still are drunk!

PIQUILLO.

My angel, you have guessed it right.

ALL.

The hour of bliss has come.  
Fate united them.

THE VICEROY.

Now you separate the pair,  
See that she's conveyed to me.

COUNT PANATELLAS.

To your palace?

THE VICEROY.

Yes, to my palace.

CHORUS.

The night descends and all is dark,  
The lovers must be left alone.

PIQUILLO.

Another year, and a sweet child  
Lies sleeping 'neath a parasol.  
And both the parents . . .

PIQUILLO *and* PÉRICHOLE [*together*].

He's sure to win, he's sure to win, he's sure to win,  
He's a Peruvian.

CHORUS.

Oh, he's sure to win, he's sure to win, he's sure  
to win,  
He's a Peruvian,  
He's a Peruvian.

CURTAIN

## ACT TWO

[*A Salon in THE VICEROY'S Palace. On the stage are Spanish Court Ladies and among them a Lady of the French Court.*]

A FRENCH COURT-LADY.

I sing the praises of woman.  
Her conquests eternal I sing.  
She is Paradise itself,—  
She charms and captivates all hearts.  
And while the universe  
For us endures,  
All hearts will long and yearn for her,  
For her alone.

CHORUS.

And while the universe  
For us endures,  
All hearts will long and yearn for her,  
For her alone.  
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la. . .

A FRENCH COURT-LADY.

If men would only own the truth,  
There is no doubt they would confess,  
Their minds are always set on us,



Much as they try to feign dislike.  
But while the universe  
For us endures,  
All hearts will long and yearn for us,  
For us alone.

CHORUS.

But while the universe  
For us endures,  
All hearts will long and yearn for us,  
For us alone.  
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la. . .

A FRENCH COURT-LADY.

He has been used to lead and conquer,  
And boasts himself our lord and master. . .  
Yet one of our divine caresses  
Will land our master at our feet. . .  
But while the universe  
For us endures,  
All hearts will long and yearn for us,  
For us alone.

CHORUS.

But while the universe  
For us endures,  
All hearts will long and yearn for us,  
For us alone.

[*Enter TERRAPOT.*]

LADIES. Ah, Señor Terrapot!

TERRAPOT. My greetings to the Ladies! Singing an ode  
to women? Bravo, bravo! And will you tell me,

please, whether you were not disturbed during the night by some outlandish carousing? . .

LADIES. Yes, yes. There was singing.

TERRAPOT. And you did not think it strange?

A LADY. I imagined . . . I imagined it was a dream.

ANOTHER LADY. And I thought it was something else.

A THIRD LADY. And as for me, I thought it was some servant of the court coming back from town a little tipsy.

TERRAPOT. Then I must tell you: It was the wedding of a street-singer—a clown—the new favorite of the Viceroy.

LADIES. How's that?

What is it?

A favorite?

Oh!

The Viceroy's new favorite?

Street-singer?

A clown?

Tell us about it, Terrapot!

Tell us! Where does she come from?

Yes, tell us, tell us!

TERRAPOT. Sh! . . Quietly! . . Yes, the Baroness Tabago, Marchioness of Mansanares.

LADIES. Such a name doesn't exist.

TERRAPOT. She has just established herself here in the company of her husband, Baron Tabago, Marquis of

Mansanares. He is there, probably still asleep, as he was quite topheavy when he came.

A LADY. So he is there . . . And the Marchioness?

TERRAPOT. Certainly not there. She is over there—down below—in the small apartment. . .

LADIES. Already.

A street singer in the palace?

Oh, Santa Brambilla!

What a shame!

TERRAPOT. I understand that you are outraged. And that I am even more outraged than any of you. But patience! This joke will not last long. The marchioness will disappear as suddenly as she appeared.

[*Enter PIQUILLO, dressed as a Grandee.*]

A LADY. Who is this?

TERRAPOT. The husband.

LADIES. The husband. . . The husband. . . Ah!

PIQUILLO. Ladies . . . In all courtesy . . . I greet you, young ladies.

ANOTHER LADY. Let us make him feel our scorn!

FIRST LADY. Surely we will. [*To PIQUILLO.*] Is your spouse well?

PIQUILLO. My spouse?

SECOND LADY. Why, yes. The Baroness Tabago, Marchioness of Mansanares.

TERRAPOT. Well, your wife, then!

PIQUILLO. I didn't pay any attention. How are you, Señor?

TERRAPOT. Well, your wife . . .

LADIES. Your spouse . . .

The Baroness Tabago . . .

The Marchioness of Mansanares . . .

PIQUILLO. Oh, yes, indeed. Why, of course, I am married. That is what I was trying to remember.

FIRST LADY.

Her extraordinary charms

Fill the court with wonder.

But I can understand,—

You know naught of her.

SECOND LADY.

They speak of coy and bashful beauty—

Of her feminine allure.

The husband must be quite demure

To know of her by hearsay only.

PIQUILLO.

What spiteful gossips these are, here,—

All of them, both young and old!

CHORUS.

Good luck! You are a model husband,

If you keep on you will go far.

We send the model wife regards,

Our high regard and our esteem,

Regards from us, regards from us,

Regards from us, regards from us,

Our high respects and admiration,

And friendly all-around regards.

[*All go except PIQUILLO.*]

PIQUILLO. "Regards to the wife." H'm . . . That is a sneer. I may not be highly educated, but I know they are poking fun at me. [*Enter Spaniards.*] Here are the men. . . What will they say? . .

CHORUS OF SPANIARDS.

'Tis a shame for the men.  
All the court is agog,  
With such impudence .  
To brazen his shame.

PIQUILLO. Now I understand. It means that I am married to the favorite of the Viceroy. I must explain to them. Señors . . .

CHORUS OF SPANIARDS.

It is commonly known  
That never before  
Has decency failed  
To cover its shame.

PIQUILLO. Señors, I beg of you, listen to me first. . .

CHORUS OF SPANIARDS.

Such unblushing affront,  
To publish your shame,  
And profit thereby,  
Is a blot on mankind. . .

[*Enter COUNT PANATELLAS and DON PEDRO.*]

COUNT PANATELLAS. Listen, gentlemen, what is all this about?

DON PEDRO. Will you please leave this young man alone!

COUNT PANATELLAS. Always the same trouble. Just as soon as a new face arrives . . .

FIRST COURTIER. But, Your Excellency . . .

SECOND COURTIER. Señor Panatellas . . .

THIRD COURTIER. The whole Court feels insulted. . .

FOURTH COURTIER. We are taking the part of the men. . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. No more of that. . . And besides what are you doing here?

COURTIERS. What are we doing here? Why, we came for the presentation.

FIRST GRANDEE. For this amazing presentation.

SECOND GRANDEE. Today the Marquis of Mansanares, Baron Tabago, is presenting his wife to Court. . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. Well, you're ahead of time, Señors. Take a walk, gentlemen, take a walk.

FIRST GRANDEE. Señor Panatellas, you are forgetting that my grandfather was one of the conquerors of Peru! . .

SECOND GRANDEE. And my father was . . .

THIRD GRANDEE. And my aunt . . .

FOURTH GRANDEE. And my grandmother . . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. Gentlemen, we revere your forefathers, but this is hardly the time to talk about them. I beg you to take a walk.

A GRANDEE. Shocking!

ANOTHER GRANDEE. Take a walk yourself. . .

DON PEDRO. I, too, had a grandmother. . . [*Exeunt GRANDEES.*]

PIQUILLO. Señor, I recognize you. . . And the other gentleman . . . Probably your friend?

COUNT PANATELLAS. Don Pedro of Hinojosa, Governor of this city.

PIQUILLO. Don Pedro of Hinojosa, I am greatly honored.

COUNT PANATELLAS. As you see, we came here to defend you.

PIQUILLO. But that is a trifle compared with the way you treated me yesterday when you took advantage of my irresponsible condition and compelled . . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. Reproaches? . .

DON PEDRO. He dare not.

PIQUILLO. I dare not? . .

DON PEDRO. Yes, you dare not!

PIQUILLO. I dare not? . .

DON PEDRO. Young man, we will show you how to talk to us.

PIQUILLO. Stop! Stop! Why are you pulling at me? Let's have an explanation.

DON PEDRO. An explanation? That's different. Let's have it. Sit down here.

PIQUILLO. I was about to hang myself when you offered me this marriage. You assured me that after the wedding you would give me plenty of money and that I would be free to go where I pleased. This tempted me because I thought the money would enable me to find my sweetheart. . . I love her more than ever . . . a hundred times more . . . just since she left me. . .

DON PEDRO. I feel for you, young man!

PIQUILLO. Do you really?

COUNT PANATELLAS. If I were in your place, I'd feel the same way. Now it is just as I told you, Don Pedro of Hinojosa is the Governor of Lima, I am the first minister to the Viceroy, and you are the husband of the Viceroy's favorite. We three, as you see, occupy the highest positions in Peru.

PIQUILLO. What are you driving at?

DON PEDRO. We three are the most indispensable personages in the kingdom.

COUNT PANATELLAS. And all we have to do is to distribute the wealth and honors which belong to us. . .

DON PEDRO. We could, of course, dispense with you, but we're incapable of meanness.

COUNT PANATELLAS. Because we are honest men.

PIQUILLO. What sort of talk is this?

DON PEDRO. You may be sure of that. And before we started to divide, we said to each other, "Let us invite the Baron Tabago . . ."

PIQUILLO. Baron Tabago? . .

DON PEDRO. That means you! The Marquis of Mansanares. . .

PIQUILLO. And who may that be?

COUNT PANATELLAS. That, too, means you.

PIQUILLO. That, too?

DON PEDRO. And we will have a talk with him . . . and find out what he expects to get. . .



COUNT PANATELLAS. So now, Marquis, ask what you want.

PIQUILLO. Shall I tell you what I want?

DON PEDRO and COUNT PANATELLAS. Yes, yes.

PIQUILLO. Here it is: I acceded to your wishes and married the Viceroy's favorite. Now these gentlemen whom you have sent away have reminded me of it three times. I don't want to hear it a fourth time, so I want to leave.

DON PEDRO. To leave? . . . Nothing more except to leave? . . .

PIQUILLO. Yes.

DON PEDRO and COUNT PANATELLAS. Anywhere you please! . . . But not just yet.

PIQUILLO. Why not?

COUNT PANATELLAS. Just a little formality. You will have personally to present the woman you married.

PIQUILLO. To whom?

DON PEDRO. To whom? . . . Why, to the court of the Viceroy.

COUNT PANATELLAS. When your wife enters here, you take her left arm on your right and present her to His Excellency in the following words: "Your Majesty, it gives me great pleasure humbly to present to you my wife, the Marchioness. . . ." [*He sits on the throne.*]

DON PEDRO. Sit down, Miguel, there is no one here. Now repeat after me. "Your Majesty . . ."

PIQUILLO. "Your Majesty . . ."

DON PEDRO. "It gives me great pleasure . . ."

PIQUILLO. "It gives me great pleasure . . ."

DON PEDRO. That is not right: "Pleasure."

PIQUILLO. "That is not right pleasure."

DON PEDRO. No, no. I mean you did not say it right.

You must say "pleasure" like this, you see!

PIQUILLO. "Pleasure like this you see!"

COUNT PANATELLAS. And then his Excellency will probably say something like this. "Ha, ha!"

DON PEDRO. Or something to that effect.

PIQUILLO. And that will be all?

COUNT PANATELLAS. That will be all.

PIQUILLO. And after that I can go?

DON PEDRO. Absolutely.

PIQUILLO. Then let us have it over. Can't you hurry the Viceroy a bit?

COUNT PANATELLAS. In one minute.

TERRAPOT [*enters*]. His Majesty has left his apartments.  
[*Exit.*]

COUNT PANATELLAS. Aha! . . Now your wife is going to appear.

[*Enter LADIES, GENTLEMEN, then TERRAPOT.*]

TERRAPOT. His Excellency, His Majesty the Viceroy!  
[*Exit DON PEDRO.*]

CHORUS.

Now we'll witness how the husband  
To the court presents his wife.

'Tis the custom of the country,  
Since many ages long gone by.

[*Enter THE VICEROY and DON PEDRO.*]

THE VICEROY.

Greetings to the Marquis.

PIQUILLO.

My greetings to you.

THE VICEROY.

Now you'll present the Marchioness to me.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha! the Marchioness! . .

THE VICEROY.

Yes, yes, the Marchioness.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

A very pretty Marchioness. . .

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

A very pretty Marchioness.

THE VICEROY.

Friends, be mindful of her station. . .

DON PEDRO *and* COUNT PANATELLAS. What can you  
do?—Such is the mob. . .

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

A very pretty Marchioness. . .

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

A very pretty Marchioness.

Now we'll witness how the husband

To the court presents his wife.

'Tis the custom of the country  
Since many ages long gone by.

TERRAPOT.

The Baroness Tabago, Marchioness of Man-  
sanares.

ALL.

Aha! . . There! . . At last! . .

COUNT PANATELLAS.

Do you remember what I told you?

PIQUILLO.

I remember every word.

COUNT PANATELLAS.

Don't forget anything.

PIQUILLO.

I remember everything. I am quite ready.

[*Enter PÉRICHOLE.*] Heavens! . . It is Périchole! . .

PÉRICHOLE.

Yes. It is I.

PIQUILLO.

You—my wife!

PÉRICHOLE.

Yes, I.

PIQUILLO.

How can that be?

PÉRICHOLE.

Just keep quiet, you'll find out. . .

PIQUILLO.

Enough. . . I understand,

You have betrayed me shamefully. . .

And I—I must—I do despise you!  
Why, you have . . .

PÉRICHOLE.

Don't speak! Don't speak! Wait!

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
Our Marchioness is not an angel. . .

THE VICEROY.

The sign's been given to begin.

DON PEDRO *and* COUNT PANATELLAS.

So sorry, we're a bit delayed. . .

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
Our Marchioness is not an angel. . .

PÉRICHOLE.

There is a blunder somewhere. But I will not  
permit  
A scandal. My husband I'll force to my will. . .  
Listen! You must curb your temper,  
In heaven's name stop all that noise. . .  
You just betray your ignorance  
And make a silly of yourself.  
You must put by your brutish manners,  
Since we are now received at Court,  
Now we are received at Court . . .  
Nor mar without a shred of reason  
The high festivities of Court.  
You stupid! stupid! Understand?  
No! no! . . .

Heavens, how all men are awkward,  
 How boorish men are,  
 How stupid men are,  
 Lord! how stupid, wild, and horrid  
 All men are! . . .  
 You find me in the midst of triumph—  
 Why do you poison my success? . . .  
 Have you lost your faith in me?  
 You haven't any sense at all,  
 You haven't any sense at all. . . .  
 When all our miseries are ended  
 And fortune smiles upon us both,  
 You block the path, you block the path, alas!  
 Oh, yes! . . .  
 Heavens how all men are awkward  
 How boorish men are,  
 How stupid men are,  
 Lord! how stupid, wild, and horrid,  
 All men are! . . .

PIQUILLO.

So then I must beg your pardon  
 And present you to the King. . . .  
 Now listen, King! In front of you,  
 In front of all this great assembly,  
 There stands the woman whom I call  
 My wife. My life is bound in hers. . . .  
 Be wary of those trusting looks,  
 Those honeyed words, I know so well. . . .  
 Ere long you'll find their treachery,  
 I did not find it till too late. . . .

Behold me, King, with breaking heart,  
 I cry before this great assembly,  
 This lovely mask conceals a lie,  
 Like mine she'll sear and break your heart.  
 To words of love and amorous sighs  
 You will become a victim, soon. . .  
 Who can resist these outward charms,  
 These pure and true and saintly eyes! . .  
 And when you wish to make of her  
 A favorite of yours—beware. . .  
 You'll find oblivion in her arms,  
 You'll mount to realms of bliss with her. . .  
     Realms of bliss. . .  
 Yes. . . But soon you will discover  
 It's all a lie. . .  
 Take her. . . She is yours. . . Good-bye! [*He*  
     *runs away.*]

THE VICEROY.

Guards, attention!  
 Guards, attention!  
 Quick, arrest and chain that scoundrel! . .

CHORUS.

Guards, attention!  
 Guards, attention!  
 Quick, arrest and chain that scoundrel! . .

[COUNT PANATELLAS *and* DON PEDRO *depart.*]

THE VICEROY.

I'm merciless,  
 I'll punish him.  
 He's a mischievous insurgent! . .

CHORUS.

Guards, attention!

Guards, attention!

Quick, arrest and chain that scoundrel! . .

PÉRICHOLE.

For this I will have revenge,

I'll not have him for a husband. . .

You may take him if you wish,

I don't care for him at all!

CHORUS.

Guards, attention!

Guards, attention!

Quick, arrest and chain that scoundrel! . .

DON PEDRO *and* COUNT PANATELLAS *return, followed by Constables with* PIQUILLO.]

DON PEDRO *and* COUNT PANATELLAS.

He will not get away from us.

PIQUILLO. Butchers! . .

DON PEDRO *and* COUNT PANATELLAS.

He will not get away from us!

PIQUILLO. Hangmen! . .

DON PEDRO *and* COUNT PANATELLAS.

We are waiting for instructions,

How to punish this insurgent!

CHORUS.

What kind of punishment

Will he devise for him?



THE VICEROY.

I shall refuse to show him mercy;  
Into jail, he shall be clapped,  
In the dungeon,  
Made for husbands.  
Into a dungeon,  
A dungeon for in—  
A dungeon for sur—  
A dungeon for gents—  
Into a dungeon,  
Into a dungeon for insurgents,  
A dungeon for insurgent husbands. . .

CHORUS.

A dungeon for in—  
A dungeon for sur—  
A dungeon for gents—  
Into a dungeon,  
A dungeon for insurgents,  
A dungeon for insurgent husbands. . .

PIQUILLO.

The King may shower on your head  
His bounties for your shameful love. . .  
Your life may pass in fairyland,  
But shame will always dwell with you. . .  
Yes, shame will always dwell with you,  
Yes, for ever! Oh! . .

PÉRICHOLE.

You dare not say that. . .

CHORUS.

The King refused to show him mercy,  
He shall be clapped into a dungeon.

THE VICEROY.

Into a dungeon  
Prepared for husbands. . .

PÉRICHOLE.

Into a dungeon . . .  
A dungeon for in—  
A dungeon for sur—  
A dungeon for gents—  
Into a dungeon,  
A dungeon for insurgents,  
A dungeon for insurgent husbands. . .

[*The CHORUS repeats the refrain. The GUARDS lead  
PIQUILLO away.*]

CURTAIN

## ACT THREE

### SCENE ONE

[*The Dungeon for Insurgent Husbands. PIQUILLO discovered. Enter the JAILER, DON PEDRO, and COUNT PANATELLAS.*]

DON PEDRO. Come in, Your Excellency, come in.

COUNT PANATELLAS. So this is it!

DON PEDRO. This way. [*As if to enter the gate. The deaf and dumb JAILOR makes signs of protest.*] Oh, forbidden? Very well. Sorry, Marquis, to have to speak to you across social barriers. But it does not prevent me from greeting you.

Lima always was renowned  
For its humble-minded husbands.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la!

DON PEDRO.

You alone had grit enough  
To tell the tyrant: "Don't you dare!"

DON PEDRO and COUNT PANATELLAS.

This gallant, daring deed of yours  
Has raised the status of the men.  
Henceforth you are our noble hero,

Dashing, chivalrous, and bold.  
Noble, free, courageous,  
Braver than all heroes past.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la!

COUNT PANATELLAS.

I set your worth too low before,  
I see the error of my ways.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la!

COUNT PANATELLAS.

You simply are a thoughtless fool,  
And I congratulate you for it.

THE THREE TOGETHER.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la!

DON PEDRO and COUNT PANATELLAS.

This gallant, daring deed of yours  
Has raised the status of the men.  
Henceforth you are our noble hero,  
Dashing, chivalrous, and bold.

COUNT PANATELLAS. Marquis, we came to cheer you up.  
Above, a ball is going on. Your wife is very charming,  
but she behaves strangely. She weeps oftener than she  
laughs.

DON PEDRO. But we soothed her. We told her that  
justice will soon relieve her of your existence. So, be-  
fore attacking our wine, we said to each other: "Let us  
go to the Baron Tabago, Marquis of Mansanares, and  
sooth him. . ."

COUNT PANATELLAS. We even brought something for you.

DON PEDRO. From your wedding feast.

COUNT PANATELLAS. I think you like Malaga. [*The JAILER makes signs that it is forbidden.*]

DON PEDRO. We must not do it. It is his duty. Let him do it.

[*The JAILER drinks out of the bottle.*]

COUNT PANATELLAS. What is he doing?

DON PEDRO. In our country this is called "delivery to the prisoner." I, too, brought you something, Marquis. You see, the money which is due you has been divided into three unequal parts.

COUNT PANATELLAS. Equal!

DON PEDRO. Perhaps in pure Spanish it would be called equal, I don't know. Anyhow, for your share I bought you this orange. [*Hands it over; the JAILER protests.*] It is only an orange. A fruit. In all the regrettable situations of life it is well to eat something sourish.

PIQUILLO. Now I understand the causes of revolutions.

COUNT PANATELLAS. What is that? Revolutions? Look out, young man!

DON PEDRO. Let me have a talk with this intelligent fellow. [*He crawls over the table and falls back.*] Your Excellency, will you please support tottering power. Young man, do you imagine that we—foreigners—are occupying your territory for your pleasure? No! For our own! And we exercise all rights of expropriating

your treasure, including your wives. If you're going to talk of revolution . . .

COUNT PANATELLAS. They will hang a decoration—  
around your neck.

PIQUILLO. We'll see who gets that decoration first!

DON PEDRO. What a scoundrel he is!

DON PEDRO and COUNT PANATELLAS.

This gallant, daring deed of yours

Has raised the status of the men.

Henceforth you are our noble hero,

Dashing, chivalrous, and bold.

Noble, free, courageous,

Braver than all heroes past.

[DON PEDRO, COUNT PANATELLAS, *and the* JAILER  
*go out.*]

PIQUILLO.

They have tried to corrupt me

To vilify my faith and honor.

Such moral shamelessness, such fraud

I have never known before.

Where are you now, my Périchole?

This grief is more than I can bear.

Where are you now, my Périchole?

Whose arms are now embracing you?

What were your thoughts when jilting me?

You could not be my own true wife,

To leave me languishing in prison,

Behind the bars, like a beast at bay.

Where are you now, my Périchole?

This grief is more than I can bear.  
 Where are you now, my Périchole?  
 Whose arms are now embracing you?  
 But I must kill this jealous rage  
 Which eats my heart, corrupts my blood.  
 I must forget my blank despair  
 In the oblivion of sleep.  
 Oh, sleep, good friend of hopelessness,  
 Descend and stay a while with me,  
 To dull the stinging edge of pain  
 And to relieve this weary soul!  
 Where is she? Who is at her side?  
 This wife of mine? . . .  
 Who is at her side tonight? . . .

[*He sleeps. Enter PÉRICHOLE and the JAILER.*  
*PÉRICHOLE pulls at PIQUILLO's coat.*]

PIQUILLO. Who's there?

PÉRICHOLE. I.

PIQUILLO. Périchole!

PÉRICHOLE. You did not expect me?

PIQUILLO. I did not. I did not think you would dare.

PÉRICHOLE. Stop that! Or you will be chained to that ring.

PIQUILLO. Do you mean that seriously?

PÉRICHOLE. Very much so.

PIQUILLO. All right. You are certainly cautious.

PÉRICHOLE. Stop your complaining! Do you think I would have come here if I didn't have strong reasons for it?

PIQUILLO. I can guess your strong reasons.

PÉRICHOLE. What are they?

PIQUILLO. A slave to passion!

PÉRICHOLE. Is that all? . . .

PIQUILLO. You wanted to be witness to my suffering. You are welcome. Here! This is the bed of an honest man. Did you come to gloat over it?

PÉRICHOLE. No.

PIQUILLO. Then what did you come for? [*Exit the JAILER.*]

PÉRICHOLE.

Try to understand me,  
What could have been my aim  
To come at such a time,  
To you, quite unexpected,  
Into this musty pit,  
This subterranean dungeon?  
Reflect and find the cause  
Of my presence here.

PIQUILLO.

Your presence in this filthy cell  
Is easy to explain:  
To feast your eyes on my pain.

PÉRICHOLE.

Beloved, no! I came to you  
To tell you everything!



PIQUILLO.

Will you tell everything?

PÉRICHOLE.

By my life, beloved,  
I came for that alone,  
Hoping that my love  
Would finally convince you.

PIQUILLO.

I am all attention, Baroness Tabago!

PÉRICHOLE.

Yes?

PIQUILLO.

Yes.

PÉRICHOLE.

Then be quiet.

PIQUILLO.

I will be quiet.

PÉRICHOLE.

You must listen and be silent.

PIQUILLO.

I will be waiting patiently.

PÉRICHOLE.

You can not boast of dazzling beauty,  
Nor shining gold, nor sparkling wit.  
You're coarse and wild, your manner's bad,  
You always were a simple clown.  
Your talents?—Even they are doubtful.  
Who knows if they exist at all.

I can not think of one attraction,  
One single charm, and yet . . . and yet . . .

PIQUILLO.

And yet? . .

PÉRICHOLE.

And yet . . .  
My own Piquillo, how I love you!  
I freely bare my heart to you.  
Sweetest, dearest, I adore you!  
My only need is for your love.  
I may love food—you know it well,  
How well these people eat at Court!  
With you I often starved and hungered,  
Wishing for a crust of bread.  
While here at court they feasted daily,  
They've lavished costly gifts on me. . .  
And covered me with silks and velvets. . .  
I've gotten everything . . . and yet . . .

PIQUILLO.

And yet? . .

PÉRICHOLE.

And yet . . .  
My sweetest rogue, I love you only,  
I freely bare my heart to you.  
Sweetest, dearest, I adore you,  
My only need is for your love.

We must lose no time. You want to be free?

PIQUILLO. Of course.

PÉRICHOLE. I have a lot of valuables—enough to bribe any jailer in the land. Ho, jailer! [*Enter THE VICEROY, disguised as the JAILER.*] Have you the keys to the prison? [*He mutters.*]

PIQUILLO. He is deaf and dumb. [*There is a pantomimic scene, PÉRICHOLE begging to be allowed to escape with PIQUILLO as she does not love the VICEROY.*]

THE VICEROY [*as if consenting goes to door and suddenly calls.*] Ho, Guards [*Enter a CONSTABLE.*]

PÉRICHOLE and PIQUILLO. Oh, heavens! . . It is the Viceroy! . .

THE VICEROY. The woman—here! The man—over there! I'll show you how to fool me!

[*THE CONSTABLE chains both to the iron rings. PÉRICHOLE bites his hands.*]

THE CONSTABLE. She bit me! . .

THE VICEROY. That's of no consequence. Get out! [*To PÉRICHOLE and PIQUILLO.*] You wanted to be near one another. Your wishes are fulfilled.

PIQUILLO.

King! You are a contemptible pigmy! . .

PÉRICHOLE.

I'll have you know, we love each other. . .

PIQUILLO.

Monkey! . . Block-head! . .

PÉRICHOLE.

You are a monster!

PIQUILLO.

Horrid ghost! . .

PÉRICHOLE.

Filthy cur! . .

PIQUILLO.

I hope you heard me!

PÉRICHOLE.

I hope you heard me!

We are in love,

Our hearts are full of love.

THE VICEROY.

It is sad when jealous pangs

Rend your heart and torture it. . .

Power and fame when richly won

Are nothing to an aching heart.

PÉRICHOLE and PIQUILLO.

Let sadness and let jealous pangs

Rend his heart and torture it.

There is no greater joy than love,

'Tis life itself, and light, and bliss. . .

Love will never compromise,

What's joy to us is pain to him.

Let sadness and let jealous pangs

Rend his heart and torture it.

There is no greater joy than love,

'Tis life itself, and light, and bliss,

'Tis life itself, and light, and bliss.

The love we know will not grow cold,

Although confined in prison walls.

And, tyrant, you can look at us:  
For we are happy, even now.

THE VICEROY.

She is beautiful! . .

PIQUILLO.

Hands off!

Don't dare approach her! . .

Away with you, villain! . .

THE VICEROY.

May I say just a few words.

PIQUILLO.

What is it?

THE VICEROY [*whispering to PÉRICHOLE*]

If ever in an anguished hour,

You find you're yearning to be free,

Then sing again your little song,

The little song that says, "I love you."

You will always find me ready. . .

Sh! . . I want no words!

I only wait. . .

PÉRICHOLE.

You are horrid! You are vile!

PIQUILLO.

What was it that the monster said?

PÉRICHOLE.

He is filthy, he's a cur. . .

PIQUILLO.

What was it that the monster said?

PÉRICHOLE and PIQUILLO.

You are a savage and a brute,  
An old and filthy ogre! . . .  
Let sadness and let jealous pangs  
Rend his heart and torture it.  
There is no greater joy than love,  
'Tis life itself, and light, and bliss.  
Love will never compromise.  
What's joy to us is pain to him,  
Sadness, jealousy, and pain.  
Love is strongest of them all.

[*Exit THE VICEROY.*]

PIQUILLO. What was it he said to you?

PÉRICHOLE. When?

PIQUILLO. When he was whispering?

PÉRICHOLE. He didn't say anything.

PIQUILLO. You don't lower your voice when you're saying nothing.

PÉRICHOLE. I'm tired of your silly questions! Nonsense!

PIQUILLO. And this for our wedding night! Very pleasant!

PÉRICHOLE. Quite pleasant.

PIQUILLO. You see . . .

PÉRICHOLE. You see . . . [*She laughs. PIQUILLO attempts to kiss her and succeeds after a long effort.*] Sh!

Sh! . . . Can you hear?

PIQUILLO. Yes, I hear! . . .

PÉRICHOLE. A mouse! . . Oh! . . Oh! . .

[*Another prisoner appears—the DUKE OF ACAPULCO.*]

THE DUKE. Hush! . . Don't be frightened. Don't call out. . . I am not a mouse. I am the Duke of Acapulco. I bring you your freedom.

PÉRICHOLE. Oh, oh, I am afraid!

THE DUKE. Quiet, please. Have no fear, my worthy lady. Listen: It is twelve years now that the tyrant has kept me in this dungeon. . .

PIQUILLO. Were you, too, an insurgent husband? Did he take away your wife?

THE DUKE. No. . . Yes. . . First he took mine, and then I took away his . . . two of them . . .

PIQUILLO. How, two?

PÉRICHOLE. Two at the same time? } *Together*

THE DUKE. Yes, two at the same time. You see, I was always a great admirer of feminine beauty and when I became interested in a woman, nothing could stop me. That is why I landed in a prison cell. But all these twelve years I've been boring into a wall with this nail and came out—not into the open—but into this cell. But that is unimportant. In another twelve years we can drill through the other wall.

PÉRICHOLE. Oh, twelve years more of these chains!

THE DUKE. No, no. These chains I can remove at once. I have already dislodged them from their mortar.

PÉRICHOLE. Then release us at once.

THE DUKE. In a moment. [*He frees PÉRICHOLE and embraces her.*]

PÉRICHOLE. Listen, listen, what are you doing? . .

PIQUILLO. Ho, there, Duke! . . What is your Excellency doing there? Hey, hands off! How dare you!

THE DUKE. Pardon me. I haven't embraced a woman in twelve years.

PÉRICHOLE. That is not my fault.

[*THE DUKE again embraces PÉRICHOLE.*]

PIQUILLO. Señor, Señor. . . Evidently, these twelve years have not reformed you.

THE DUKE. Do not be angry with me, Señor, and you, too, Señora, don't be angry!

PÉRICHOLE. I am not angry any more.

PIQUILLO. Nor I. Only set me free.

PÉRICHOLE. Now free him.

THE DUKE. One moment, one moment. . . [*Frees PIQUILLO.*]

PIQUILLO. And what will we do now?

PÉRICHOLE. Oh, I know what to do. But these chains are very heavy.

PIQUILLO. I will hold them up for you. . .

PÉRICHOLE. The Viceroy said that whenever I want to be free, I must sing a certain song of mine and he will come here and . . . [*She whispers.* THE DUKE embraces PÉRICHOLE.]

PIQUILLO. Your Excellency! . .



PÉRICHOLE. Wait a moment. Oh, leave me alone. . .  
[*She whispers.*]

THE DUKE. I will not do it again. . . I will not. [*He embraces PIQUILLO with his right hand and PÉRICHOLE with his left.*]

PIQUILLO. Duke, take your hands off!

THE DUKE. Oh, pardon me. [*He removes his hand from PIQUILLO.*]

PIQUILLO. Not this hand, the other. [*Pointing to PÉRICHOLE's shoulder.*]

THE DUKE. Oh, that? . . All right, then it is the hand only. . . Very well! Very good! . . Meanwhile, pretend still to be chained. [*He fastens the chains.*] But that villain always carries pistols with him. Well . . . Now sing. .

PÉRICHOLE.

I love you very tenderly. . .

Oh, come to me, my dearest friend. . .

[*Enter THE VICEROY. From the background, the MEN's CHORUS.*]

CHORUS.

This gallant, daring deed of yours,

Has raised the status of the men.

Henceforth you are our noble hero,

Dashing, chivalrous, and bold.

Noble, free, courageous,

Braver than all heroes past!

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la! . .

THE VICEROY. Do you consent?

PÉRICHOLE. I do! I do!

THE VICEROY. And you will love me?

PÉRICHOLE. With all my heart.

[*At these words THE VICEROY goes to PÉRICHOLE, turning his back on PIQUILLO who takes off his chains and throws them over THE VICEROY. At the shock THE VICEROY turns around and PÉRICHOLE catches his foot, so that he falls. THE DUKE takes THE VICEROY's pistol and threatens him.*]

THE DUKE. Attention, Your Majesty!

THE VICEROY. The Duke of Acapulco!

THE DUKE. Yes, Your Majesty, the Duke of Acapulco! Don't move or I'll shoot you down. [*To PÉRICHOLE and PIQUILLO.*] You get out. Take the keys! Go! Go! . .

[*PÉRICHOLE, PIQUILLO, and THE DUKE flaunt the keys in THE VICEROY's face, singing, "Ding, ding, ding, ding!"*]

[*The voices of a MALE CHORUS are heard backstage. PÉRICHOLE, PIQUILLO and THE DUKE run off and lock the door. THE VICEROY remains imprisoned.*]

THE VICEROY. Locked in! Hey, you drunkards! Your King is in a dungeon! Will any of these drunken ruffians come to free me?

[*Shots of THE GUARDS are heard. .Music.*]

CURTAIN

## ACT THREE

### SCENE TWO

*[Morning. The scene is the same as Act One. The coping is turned into a barricade behind which are THE THREE SISTERS and a mob of PERUVIANS armed with all sorts of weapons. SOLDIERS are sitting and leaning on the stone coping.]*

SOLDIERS.

Forward march! Forward march!  
March in line of battle.  
Double quick! Face the foe!  
All the regiment!

THE LEADER.

Our lion-hearted soldiers,  
Are all our Viceroy's hope!  
Brave in face of danger,  
Noblest men on earth!

SOLDIERS.

Forward march! Forward march!  
March in line of battle.  
Double quick! Face the foe!  
All the regiment!

THE THREE SISTERS.

How cruel their fate,

Death lurking around them!  
Oppressed by fear  
And saddened by grief,  
We pity their children,  
Why not support them? . .  
Are we so lazy  
With sleeping and drinking  
That we are as sheep?  
We could relieve them,  
Shield them from danger,—  
Why are we indifferent?

OTTALA.

The dance and song of their sweet babes . . .

KUZYA.

Often filled our hearts with joy.

SUMA.

And now we see the cruel Spaniards  
Heartlessly destroy them all.

OTTALA.

We must shake off our indifference. . .

KUZYA.

Too long we've yielded 'neath the yoke. . .

SUMA.

But who is going to take their part  
And get them out of prison?

SOLDIERS.

The wretched fugitives  
Have all three got away.  
But never fear, we'll get them,  
We'll catch the three of them.

The wretched fugitives,  
 Rough justice we will deal them.  
 Forward march! Double quick!  
 Full patrol on every street.  
 All our plans are laid  
 Every house will be searched,  
 They are sure to be found.  
 Forward march! Forward march!  
 March in line of battle.  
 Double quick! Face the foe!  
 All the regiment!

[*A mob of PERUVIANS murmurs with concealed hatred. A PERUVIAN throws a pitcher at a SOLDIER.*]

FIRST SOLDIER. Oh! Oh!

SECOND SOLDIER. Hey, there, you! . .

THIRD SOLDIER. Ho, there, you filthy scum! . .

FOURTH SOLDIER. Silence, you devil's brood! . .

FIFTH SOLDIER. Have you all gone mad? You devil's brood! . .

FIRST PERUVIAN. Bloodsuckers! . . Get out!

SECOND PERUVIAN. The beasts! . . We will! . .

[*Tumult. THE PERUVIANS threaten THE SOLDIERS with knives. THE SOLDIERS rise and threaten attack, with loud cries. Enter DON PEDRO.*]

DON PEDRO. Silence! . . The Viceroy!

[*THE PERUVIANS become quiet. THE SOLDIERS form two ranks. Enter THE VICEROY with COUNT PANATELLAS and OFFICERS.*]

THE VICEROY. Hail, soldiers!

SOLDIERS. Hail, the Viceroy!

THE VICEROY. Peruvians! The three fugitives are hidden among you here. The Spanish administration knows it. It is no use shielding them. Deliver them up!

PERUVIANS. We will not! . . Never! . .

DON PEDRO. Will you give the command to fire?

COUNT PANATELLAS. What will they say in Madrid?

THE VICEROY. Do you realize what they have done? They have violated my *sacred* person. [*Shrill whistles from THE PERUVIANS.*]

DON PEDRO. Order them to fire?

COUNT PANATELLAS. Oh, it will get to Madrid! What will they say?

DON PEDRO. Madrid! Madrid! *We* are the local Government!

THE VICEROY. The armies of His Majesty the King of Spain have demolished greater forts than this puny bar of the Three Sisters. They will make you carrion for the vultures and ghouls of Peru. Deliver the fugitives!

PERUVIANS. We will not! . .

THE VICEROY. Oh, you are stubborn! Give the Three Sisters a whipping!

PERUVIANS [*raging.*] We will not surrender them! Never! No surrender!

DON PEDRO. Hm! . . Suma! . . Kuzya! . . Ottala! . . Get ready!

THE VICEROY. You still refuse? This is my last word!

I give you three minutes' time! Don Pedro, count ten!

DON PEDRO. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .  
five . . . six . . . [*Enter the FRENCH COURT-LADY and*  
*TERRAPOT'S NIECE, falling into line with the OFFI-*  
*CERS.*]

COUNT PANATELLAS. Don Pedro, be careful, they are  
armed. Do you know what they will do to you?

DON PEDRO. Nothing. According to History they will be  
set free in 1821. So we are 12 years to the good.  
Seven . . . eight . . .

THE OLDER SOLDIERS. First line—on your knees!

DON PEDRO. Nine. . .

PERUVIANS [*whispering.*] Don't give in! . . Don't let  
them! . . Don't let them out! . .

DON PEDRO. Your Majesty, shall I count "ten"?

THE VICEROY. Order!

DON PEDRO. T . . . T . . . [*Enter PÉRICHOLE.*] The  
girl! . . [*Enter PIQUILLO.*]

COUNT PANATELLAS. And the boy! . .

PIQUILLO. With your permission, ladies and gentlemen,  
we will render "Singing Birds," the plaint of two  
lovers!

PÉRICHOLE.

Far above, in realms of blue,  
Two singing birds had a nest together.  
They shared their pains, they shared their joys,  
Until a gale blew them apart.

And though she landed in a cage  
All made of gold and filled with grain. . . .

PIQUILLO.

Yet she was sad! . .

PÉRICHOLE.

And sore beset!

BOTH.

Where are you, loving mate of mine?

PIQUILLO.

Life is lonely without you,  
There is no joy in soaring now. . .  
All song is turned into lament,  
All weathers are alike to me. . .  
How can loving hearts forget?  
Can distance separate true lovers? . .

BOTH.

Oh, never, never,  
Nor want nor pain  
Can separate true lovers. . .

PÉRICHOLE.

But some good fairy, friend to sorrow,  
Came to hear of their sad plight,  
In a song brought by the winds,  
And she came to their relief. . .  
Who would not help such lovely birds?  
Who could remain so cold and cruel?

BOTH.

And once again  
A world of love  
Opens for our singing birds.



THE FRENCH COURT-LADY. Your Majesty! In my country, in France, we consider it one of the greatest crimes to interfere with lovers. My humblest duty to Your Majesty! . .

PÉRICHOLE. Take back all your treasure . . . [*She gives it to him.*] Your Majesty . . . All I beg of you is not to shoot us and not to harm the Three Sisters.

DON PEDRO. Your Majesty, why be a second Henry the Fowler? Open the cage for these birds!

THE VICEROY [*to PÉRICHOLE.*] Come nearer! Take all these jewels . . . When your honeymoon is over, let me know! I will arrange for your future. You will become a great singer and the star of the Royal Theatre of Lima. The love of Don Andreas, Count of Ribiera, for you is deep and profound. You can go now!

PIQUILLO *and all* THE PERUVIANS. What did he say to you?

DON PEDRO. Your Majesty, what about whipping the Three Sisters?

THE VICEROY. That is not important.

DON PEDRO. Will Your Majesty permit me to decide that question?

THE VICEROY. You have our permission. Where is the third fugitive? The Duke of Acapulco?

DON PEDRO. Your Excellency, the Duke of Acapulco! The Viceroy is asking for you.

[*THE DUKE crawls out of the cellar.*]

THE VICEROY. To you, Duke, I will not grant a pardon.

THE DUKE. I am not asking for one. The race of the Acapulcos never asked anything of anyone.

THE VICEROY. Officer, conduct the Duke to prison.

THE DUKE. Very well. I will go. [*He embraces one of the Peruvian women.*] There is only one thing I would ask of you, Viceroy: Grant this beautiful lady permission to visit me occasionally. You will understand!

TERRAPOT'S NIECE. Your Majesty, pray grant it!

THE VICEROY. Just to oblige you.

THE DUKE [*to the PERUVIANS.*] And in twelve years you will all be free.

SOLDIERS.

Forward march! Forward march!

March in line of battle.

Double quick! Face the foe!

All the regiment! . .

PÉRICHOLE.

Heigho! . .

He was sure to win, was sure to win,

He is a Peruvian! . .

PERUVIANS.

He was sure to win, sure to win,

He is a Peruvian! . .

SOLDIERS.

He is a Spaniard! . . Spaniard! Spaniard!

CURTAIN

*LOVE AND DEATH*

- I ALEKO
- II THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHI-SARAI
- III CLEOPATRA

---

*RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS*



## INTRODUCTION \*

"Aleko," which introduces the program of "Love and Death," is a passionately intense lyric drama in one act and two scenes which Sergei Rachmaninoff and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko wrote in their youth. A third great figure in Russian art, the composer Anton Arensky, was its godfather. One day in 1891 as Rachmaninoff, aged eighteen, was about to be graduated from the Moscow Conservatory, his master, Arensky, sought out Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, already at the age of thirty-three a commanding figure as a novelist, a playwright and a critic of music and drama. "I have three pupils in composition," said Arensky, "for whom I wish librettos. I want you to do the one for Rachmaninoff." Nemirovitch-Dantchenko turned to Pushkin, as more than one hard-pressed figure in the Russian theatre has done in an emergency during the last hundred years. Taking up the poem, "The Gypsies," he dramatized it in three days and sent the manuscript to the young student-composer. A month later Rachmaninoff had finished the score and with it won the conservatory's gold medal. Two years later, Safonoff, director of the conservatory, arranged for the performance of the gypsy dances from "Aleko." Since then it has been played in its entirety not only at the Great State Theatre in Moscow and at the Marinsky in Petersburg, but all over Russia, with Chaliapin appearing on occasion in the rôle of Aleko.

Like many of the great products of Russian creative artists, "Aleko" has a philosophical undercurrent that a

\* From Chapter X ("By Way of Promise") of "Inside the Moscow Art Theatre," by Oliver M. Saylor. Copyright, 1925, by Brentano's.

westerner may easily lose, enthralled by its absorbing action. That undercurrent, by the wheel of chance, probably means more today than at any time since Pushkin penned his poem. Nor is Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, with Rachmaninoff at hand to make the point more poignant, the first Russian man of letters to detect its deep significance. For two generations ago, Fyodor Dostoievsky wrote of the deep social implications of this story in "Pages from the Journal of an Author."

The other two numbers of "Love and Death"—"The Fountain of Bakhchi-Sarai" and "Cleopatra"—differ from "Aleko" in possessing purely lyric without the additional social significance. "The Fountain" ties up with two Pushkin landmarks: Anton Arensky wrote it as Opus 46 in 1899, the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. Its first fully adequate interpretation was put in rehearsal last year along with "Aleko" and "Cleopatra" with a view to celebrating the hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary.

Not as a part of the program of "Love and Death," which is complete with these three lyrical dramas drawn from Pushkin, but as an independent aspect of the subsidiary activities of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio, which may find expression in the course of the Company's American season under the sponsorship of Morris Gest, a group of Russian and other folk songs is included in this volume. The collector of these songs, Anna Tretyakova, sufficiently explains them in a separate preface.

THE EDITOR.

# LOVE AND DEATH

## THREE TRAGIC SCENES

Drawn from the works of Alexander Pushkin, including the following:

ALEKO—In One Act and Two Scenes. Score by Sergei Rachmaninoff. Text by Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, adapted from Pushkin's "The Gypsies."

THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHI-SARAI—In One Scene, from Pushkin. Score by Anton Arensky.

CLEOPATRA—In One Scene. Score, Text and Action by Reinhold Gliere, drawn from Pushkin's "Egyptian Nights."





## CAST OF CHARACTERS

ALEKO—A Wanderer.

ZEMFIRA—A Young Gypsy Girl, His Wife.

AN OLD MAN—Her Father.

A YOUNG GYPSY.

A YOUNG GYPSY WOMAN.

GYPSIES.



# ALEKO

## SCENE ONE

### CHORUS.

In noisy hordes the gypsies wander  
Over Bessarabia.  
Today their weather-beaten tents  
Are pitched upon the river bank.  
Every foot-path is a high road,  
Their night's shelter, anywhere.  
Gay and free they make their camp,  
Their dreams are sweet beneath the heavens.

### OLD MAN.

Stirred by the magic voice of song,  
My hazy memory recalls  
Ancient phantoms vividly,  
Some gay, some sad and terrible.

### GYPSIES.

Old man, before we fall asleep,  
Tell us of the ancient days.

### OLD MAN.

Our palace moving through the desert  
Did not escape a blow of fate.  
We are the sport of evil passions,  
Evade our destiny we can not.

Too soon my youth came to an end,  
 Its flight was like a meteor;  
 Yet swifter still the day of love  
 Took wing and fled. My Mariula  
 Was true to me for one brief year.  
 Beside the waters of Kagula  
 A stranger-tribe came close to us.  
 The gypsies settled near the mountain  
 And made their camp beside our own.  
 Two nights they slept near us—the third  
 All trace of them had disappeared;  
 With them my Mariula went,  
 Leaving our little girl to me.  
 'T was while I slept—a lightning flash  
 Aroused me but to find her gone.  
 My search, my shouts were all in vain.  
 Zemfira's plaintive little cries  
 Brought me to tears. And ever since,  
 The world of women I avoid,  
 I can not bear the sight of them.

ALEKO.

You did not follow on the trail  
 Of that ungrateful, faithless wretch?  
 You did not plunge your trusty knife  
 Into the hearts of both of them?

ZEMFIRA.

What for? Youth always yearns for  
 freedom.  
 Who can stem the course of love?

} *Together*

YOUNG GYPSY.

Joy comes to us by happy chance,  
 Once gone, it will not come again.

ALEKO.

Oh, no! Were I to find my rival  
Asleep upon a precipice,  
I swear I would not hesitate  
To hurl him down to certain death.

ZEMFIRA.

Father, look! Aleko is frantic,  
His eyes are darting fire and fury.

OLD MAN.

Do not fret him; do not speak.  
It is a fit of homesickness.

ZEMFIRA.

I do not love him any more.

ZEMFIRA.

I'm lonely: How I long for freedom.  
I do not love him any more.

YOUNG GYPSY.

He's jealous, but I am not frightened.

ALEKO.

My bleeding heart cries for revenge.

} Together

GYPSIES.

Enough! Your story's growing stale.  
Let's have a merry dance and song.

[*Zemfira, the Young Gypsy, and the Gypsies, men and women, dance*]

CHORUS.

The lights are gone,  
The moon shines bright  
And fills with light  
The gypsies' camp.

YOUNG GYPSY.

Once more, once more, let me embrace  
you—  
One long embrace for our farewell!

ZEMFIRA.

Oh, go! My husband's harsh and jealous.  
Good-bye. What luck—he is not here.

} *Together*

YOUNG GYPSY.

Be sure to come to our appointed spot.

ZEMFIRA.

When the moon's rays strike on the crest  
Of that high hill beside the grave.

YOUNG GYPSY (*aside*).

She's false! She does not mean to come! . .  
Will you promise not to fail me?

ZEMFIRA.

Away! He's here! I'll come, my love.  
[*Re-enter Aleko*]

ZEMFIRA.

Cruel man, churlish man,  
Cut my throat, burn my flesh;  
I am staunch, I don't care

For your knife or for your brand.  
I hate and detest you,  
I loathe and abhor you;  
My love is another's,  
And I'll gladly die for him.

ALEKO.

A hidden pain gnaws at my heart. . .  
Ah, for the bygone days of love!

ZEMFIRA.

Cut my throat, burn my flesh;  
I will never make a sound;  
Cruel man, churlish man,  
I will not cry out his name.

ALEKO.

Oh, stop! Your singing maddens me.  
I hate to listen to wild songs.

ZEMFIRA.

You do? Well, what is that to me!  
I'm only humming to myself.  
He is fresher than the Spring,  
He is warmer than the day.  
He is young! He is brave!  
And he loves me ardently!

ALEKO.

Zemfira, stop. I've had enough. . .

ZEMFIRA.

So you know what that song means!

ALEKO.

Zemfira!

ZEMFIRA.

You have reason to be angry,  
Since the song was meant for you.  
I have held him so close  
In the silence of night,  
And how gaily we laughed  
At your gray withered locks.  
He is fresher than the Spring,  
He is warmer than the day.  
He is young! He is brave!  
And he loves me ardently!  
I have held him so close  
In the silence of night,  
And how gaily we laughed  
At your gray withered locks!

ALEKO.

The gypsies sleep. The moonlit night  
Sparkles like silver on the camp.  
Why should my heart be clutched and sore?  
Why should it beat and quiver so?  
I have no cares and no regrets,  
My home is where I pitch my tent,  
I am not bound by any law,  
And freedom's blessings I enjoy.  
I scoffed at ruthless destiny,  
And flung my challenge at my fate.  
But now my heart is passion-torn,  
My will becomes as weak as water! . . .  
Zemfira! How she loved me once! . . .  
How tenderly she clung to me,  
All through our long and joyous nights,



Deep in the silence of the desert!  
 One short caress, one merry laugh,  
 A murmur from her lovely lips,  
 Would drive all sadness from my thoughts,  
 And fill my heart with joy and mirth!  
 How clearly yet I hear her say,  
 With bated breath, the tender words:  
 "You have possessed my heart and soul!  
 My heart, forever I am yours!"  
 Then all creation was forgot,  
 All sound was merged in that sweet voice,  
 Like one possessed I placed my lips  
 Upon her glorious eyes,  
 Upon her silk black hair—  
 Zemfira's lips! . . And my Zemfira,  
 All love, all tenderness, all passion,  
 Turned her radiant eyes on me! . .  
 Alas, Zemfira broke her faith!  
 My sweet Zemfira's turned to stone!

CURTAIN

## SCENE TWO

YOUNG GYPSY.

See, in the blue vault of the sky  
The moon floats in its wilful course,  
And as it passes, silver light  
It sheds on all the world below.  
Who can compel her to a path,  
Or can command her "Halt" or "Rest"?  
Who can dictate to loving hearts:  
"You must love one, and never change"?

ZEMFIRA.

I am going!

YOUNG GYPSY.

Stay here.

ZEMFIRA.

Dearest, I must leave you!

YOUNG GYPSY.

Stay yet a while!  
Let us wait till morning.

ZEMFIRA.

It is getting late.

YOUNG GYPSY.

How timidly you love!  
One minute more!

ZEMFIRA.

My life is in peril!

YOUNG GYPSY.

A minute!

ZEMFIRA.

No! I go!

What if my husband finds I'm missing!

ALEKO (*entering*).

He has returned! . .

Halt! Don't go! Don't move!

Or can this be a dream?

(*To Zemfira*) Where is your love, Zemfira?

ZEMFIRA.

Leave me. I no longer love you.

The past will not come back again!

ALEKO.

Zemfira! Think of this, my love!

I gave my life for one desire,

To share my love with you, my years

Of long and voluntary exile.

ZEMFIRA.

He is ridiculous and pitiful!

YOUNG GYPSY.

He is ridiculous and pitiful!

} *Together*

ALEKO.

Love is vanished, like a dream.

No, villain, no! I never will

Resign my rights to such as you.  
I will revenge myself.

ZEMFIRA (*to the Young Gypsy*).

Run, my dearest, run away!

ALEKO.

Halt!

You must not run, my fine young man.

Lie down! . .

[*Stabs him*]

ZEMFIRA.

Aleko!

YOUNG GYPSY.

I am dying!

ZEMFIRA.

Aleko! You've killed him!

See how his blood is splashed on you!

What have you done?

ALEKO.

Nothing.

I bid you now live by his love. . .

ZEMFIRA (*bending over the body*).

Dearest! Can you still forgive me?

My love has sent you to your death.

ALEKO.

You are crying?

ZEMFIRA.

Oh, I do not fear you.  
I hate you for your brutal threats,  
I curse you for your wicked crime.

ALEKO.

Then you, too, die!  
[*He plunges the knife into her*]

ZEMFIRA.

I love him still!

GYPSIES.

Whence comes this noise? What are these cries?  
What is this uproar in the camp?  
What's happened here? Come, let us see!

OLD MAN (*running in*).

Aleko! Zemfira! Oh, my daughter!  
Oh, gruesome sight! See, there she lies,  
Bathed in a pool of blood!  
[*Zemfira dies*]

OLD MAN AND CHORUS

She rests in peace!

ALEKO.

Zemfira! Look on your assassin!  
For one short hour of joy with you,  
I'd give my life without regret.

AN OLD GYPSY WOMAN.

You men go now up to the river  
And dig two deep graves for the dead.

The women in long lines of mourning  
Will close their eyelids with a kiss.

OLD MAN.

We barbarians know no law,  
Do not punish, do not torture. . .  
We want no blood, no groans of pain,  
We'll drive assassins from our midst.

OLD MAN AND GYPSIES.

We barbarians know no law,  
Do not punish, do not torture. . .  
We want no blood, no groans of pain,  
We drive assassins from our midst.  
Your voice will always frighten us,  
Who are soft and tender-hearted.  
You are bold and hard—so leave us.  
Farewell! May peace attend on you!  
[*The bodies are carried away*]

ALEKO.

Oh, Fate! Oh, anguished soul!  
We are alone again!

CURTAIN

THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHI-SARAI

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

ZAREMA—Wife of the Khan.

GIREI—A Crimean Khan.

MARIA—His Niece.

OTHER WIVES OF THE KHAN.

A EUNUCH.

WOMEN SLAVES IN THE HAREM.



## THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHI-SARAI

*Pushkin's poem about the unrequited love of the Khan Girei the Terrible for his niece, the Polish princess Maria, was inspired by the legend of the Fountain of Tears, a legend still preserved in the court of Bakhchi-Sarai, the ancient palace of the Crimean Khans.*

*The sweetness of Maria's disposition, the loveliness of her blue eyes, captivated the heart of the proud conqueror, and the passionate soul of the cruel despot bowed before the bright-eyed Madonna, the pure and innocent Maria. For her he forgot his loving wife, Zarema, the most beautiful of his harem, slighting her charms, and spurning her love.*

*Thus two beautiful women, two tender flowers, were sacrificed on the altar of Love and Death. Maria passed like an angel to eternity; and Zarema, in punishment for the probably violent death of Maria, was thrown by the mute guards of the harem into the sea.*

*But the death of Maria does not end the suffering of Girei. His unanswered love leads him to build, in a corner of the court, a marble fountain to preserve her memory, and beside this fountain he is wont to shed bitter tears over her memory. Legend has preserved the souvenir of this sad memorial, and named it "The Fountain of Tears."*

*The murmur of the waters and the falling of the "tear-drops" are suggested in the prelude to Arensky's miniature opera. To this fountain of tears, Girei adds his own, his inexhaustible fount of eternal sorrow. And through the lips of the poet he says:*

Oh, fountain of my life and love,  
I offered you two lovely roses.  
I love to hear your quiet voice,  
To watch the dropping of your tears.

The murmur of your silver spray  
Renews me, like the morning dew.  
Play on, play on, oh, fount of sorrow,  
In plaintive sighs re-tell your past.

*And the memories of that harrowing past resurrect, with painful vividness, the phantoms of the days gone by.*

*There stands the harem of the Khan Girei. His docile wives recline about the playing fountain; slaves bring aromatic wines; the air is filled with magic beauty and loveliness. The callous, imperturbable Eunuch follows every movement, all eyes and ears. And Zarema, once the light and joy of the harem, now lies writhing in pain, heart-broken and despairing. Suddenly upon this gathering Girei bursts in. Is it possible that Zarema's great happiness is restored to her? Have her secret hopes been fulfilled, will he once again fix his eye with love upon her? Alas! Happiness is vanishing. Cold and impenetrable, he passes on to where his niece Maria remains secluded; broken by grief, Zarema faints; her friends and the slaves hasten to soothe her with songs, but to her they sound like dirges.*

#### THE TARTAR SONG

Heaven's portion for mankind  
Is fresh sorrow every day.  
Bless'd are they who Mecca find  
Ere their lives are clouded over.

Bless'd are they who sanctify  
The Danube's shores by seeking death;  
They will be met at Heaven's gates  
By loving virgins, clad in splendor.

But still more bless'd is he, Zarema,  
A slave to peace and to love's charms,  
Who's favored with the heavenly boon,  
Sweet one, to hold you in his arms.

*But Zarema, loving passionately, can not surrender the one who pledged her his eternal love and completely filled her life with joy. Rather will she curb her pride and kneel at the feet of the woman whose frigid temperament and resplendent beauty have won the fickle heart of her lover; or—she will put an end to that beauty by death. Night falls. (The chorus sings):*

Night descends; the shadows fall  
Athwart the fields of Taurida.  
In the still shelter of the laurel  
I hear the song of nightingales.

And myriad stars escort the moon  
Along the pathway of the skies,  
Thicket and forest, hills and vales,  
Lie drenched in the dim silver light.

The court is still, the harem sleeps,  
A dreamless slumber holds them all,  
No sound is heard, no stir of motion,  
The night supremely undisturbed.

How wonderful the mellow hues  
Of the glowing eastern nights!

What sweetness in these waning hours  
For the beloved of the Prophet!

What comfort at their firesides,  
What magic in their lovely gardens!  
The restful silence of the harems,  
Where in the dim light of the moon  
All things breath of peace and joy,  
Of mystery and love's delight!

*We are now in a secluded portion of the harem. Here Maria, sadly and with tears, prays before the image of the Virgin Mary. Girei, too, is seated there. He is loath to interrupt the peaceful prayers of his prisoner and, with tenderness and pain, he contemplates her fervent devotions. Zarema jealously spies upon them. Her heart is heavy and torn with envy. And here, too, is the cruel Eunuch, stealthily spying upon them all. Girei disappears and Zarema determines to interrupt the quiet sleep of Maria. Forgetting her pride, she kneels before Maria, praying for the return of her peace and happiness, for the restoration of her lover, Girei.*

ZAREMA:

Oh, pity my unhappy lot!  
Do not disdain to hear my prayer.  
Oh, save me! For my destiny  
Now is in your hands alone.  
Sorrow till now I did not know,  
Each day was filled with love and joy.  
But now my happiness is gone,  
I am destroyed. Oh, hark to me!  
It was not here that I was born,  
'Twas far away. . . Of those first years  
The memory is vivid still,

As if they were but yesterday.  
I see the mountains and the skies,  
Hear torrents surging down the hills;  
Impenetrable, pathless woods,  
And other laws and other ways.  
But what impelled me then to leave  
My native countryside?  
I know not.  
Fear and pain  
Were always things unknown to me.  
I lived my uneventful days  
In this harem's sheltered quiet,  
Content to wait till fate decreed  
The time for love to touch my heart.  
And fate was kind; my secret hopes  
Came true—Girei forsook all strife  
And war for the sweet ways of love.  
All his passion for marauding  
Now he turned towards the harem.  
We passed with palpitating hearts  
Before the Khan. His searching eye  
He fixed on me, and silently  
Beckoned to me. And from that day  
The joy of love has filled my heart  
With happiness. Not even once  
Was there a cloud of jealousy  
Or gnawing doubt or weariness  
To mar the splendor of our days.  
Maria, why did you appear? . .  
Alas, he saw you and his heart  
Is full of sinister designs.  
Girei has broken faith with me,  
Unmoved he hears my deep reproach,  
My moans, my sobs all weary him,  
And not a word of our old love

To cheer our dismal hours together.  
I do not lay the blame on you,  
I do not say it is your fault. . . .  
You know how beautiful I am,  
Of all the women of the harem  
Only you can rival me.  
But mine is a consuming love,  
You were not made for such fierce fires.  
Why set your cold and haughty beauty  
To snare and tempt this weakling's heart?  
Leave him to me; Girei is mine,  
On me he lavished his caresses,  
To me he pledged his loyalty  
And all his thoughts and all desires  
Girei has always shared with me.  
My life is bound up in his love.  
You see my bitter tears, Maria,  
I beg—I have no right to claim—  
Oh, give me back my peace, my life,  
Give me my Girei back to me.  
I do not wait for your reply.  
He's mine. Your spell will quickly pass.  
Try anger, soft persuasion, spite,  
To turn his heart away from you.  
Oh, swear to me . . . (not by the faith  
Which I in slavery did adopt,  
But by the faith of my dear mother  
And of yours, too) oh, swear to me  
You will give Girei back to me.  
And hear me: if you press me hard,  
I still am handy with the dagger—  
I come from the Caucasian mountains.

*<sup>1</sup>The phantoms of the past disappear. Again the murmur  
of the Fountain of Tears. Girei, alone with his sorrow  
still sits at the fountain of eternal sadness.*

*THE FOUNTAIN OF BAKHCHI-SARAI* 21

“The waters of the fountain swell  
And fall again in frozen tears,  
Forever dropping, falling, murmuring . . .”

CURTAIN





# CLEOPATRA

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CLEOPATRA—Queen of Egypt.

FLAVIUS—A Roman Warrior.

CRITON—The Epicurean.

A YOUNG MAN.

FOUR DANCING GIRLS.

TWO WOMEN SLAVES.

THREE PRIESTS.

THE EXECUTIONER.

GUESTS.

## CLEOPATRA

*A feast in the halls of Cleopatra's palace. Surrounded by her guests, she lies on her couch; the air is full of odors which inflame the senses with lascivious desires and voluptuousness. Flushed faces, hot breath, bodies lustful, every glance a provocation. The dance of the slaves comes to an end.*

*The Queen begins her dance and as she dances she is choosing herself a lover for the night. Each of the guests hopes, aspires to be chosen, waits for her word. When she has passed before their covetous eyes, the Queen lifts a cup to her lips, as if to drink in honor of the one she has chosen to possess her for the night. Suddenly a fresh thought flits across her mind; the thought seems to gather strength, to absorb her entirely; the revelry dies away. The hearts of the company beat fast and loud. They wait. Cleopatra says:*

If there's enchantment in my love,  
That enchantment you may buy.  
Here me now! I will attempt  
To give you each an equal chance.  
Today my love is sold at auction. . .  
Which of you will bid the highest?  
Tell me, who will give his life  
As payment for one night of mine?

*Silence follows, the guests are terror-struck and tremble with excitement. Carried away by a frenzy of passion they leap upon Cleopatra as if to rend her limb from limb.*

*The Queen, indignant and angry, raises her hand. . .  
The shadow of death passes over them and they disperse.*

Out of the mob one man stands forth,  
Two others follow to the front:  
Their step is firm, their look serene;  
She rises, welcoming the three.  
'T is done: Three nights are now bespoke,  
The couch of death is calling them.

With blessings from the holy priests  
The fatal urn is now brought in.  
The guests all wait with bated breath  
To see the lots drawn, one by one:  
First Flavius comes, a warrior,  
Grown gray in many a Roman war;  
A mocking look in his wife's eyes  
Provokes and spurs him to this fate:  
Thus challenged for a feast of love,  
Defiantly he takes the gauge,  
As he would take defi of combat.  
Then Criton comes, precocious youth,  
Raised in the groves of Epicurus,  
Criton, the votary and bard  
Of the Cyprian god of love.  
Fair of face and sweet of mien,  
Like petals of unopened flowers,  
He seems the God of Love himself,  
With love his issue. His young lips  
Are set off with becoming growth;  
His eyes are sparkling with delight;  
A flood of passion, young and fierce,  
Surges in his noble breast. . .  
And passionately on this youth  
The Queen has fixed her steady gaze.

*And again Cleopatra speaks:*

I swear, Oh, Mother of Delight!  
To serve you faithfully and well:  
I mount this tempting couch of love,  
As one who loves for hire and pay!  
Then hear me, great Cytherean goddess.  
And ye, kings of the unfathomed deep,  
And gods of the infernal shores:  
I swear that to the hour of dawn  
I will obediently submit  
To every wish of my possessors,  
And use the secret charms of love  
To stir and satisfy desire!  
But when the rosy light of dawn  
Comes with Aurora's gleaming fire,  
I swear the axe must then descend  
Remorselessly upon their heads!

*All have listened in terror and now creep away, leaving only the Queen and her victims, the heroes.*

*Mysterious sounds upon the night. Sighs and groans fill the theatre.*

*Then comes the ceremony of investiture for bridal night and funeral. All have gone but Flavius. . . Night calls and sighs. . . He goes to his last Elysium on earth.*

*Darkness. . . And the first rays of the sun reflect Death upon the axe of the executioner.*

CURTAIN



RUSSIAN AND OTHER SONGS OF THE  
MOSCOW ART THEATRE  
MUSICAL STUDIO

COLLECTED IN THE VILLAGES OF CENTRAL RUSSIA BY  
ANNA TRETYAKOVA

**NOTE**

*These Folk Songs are not a part of the production, "Love and Death," but are presented on independent occasions by the Ensemble and the Vocal Quartet of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio.*





## FOREWORD

1. The ancient folk songs of Russia, an authentic creation of the people, are of supreme importance and significance because:
  - (a) They present to us in artistic form the life and customs of a people, and
  - (b) They are the source of material for composers who create their symphonies and operas out of the melodies of these songs.
2. As the cultural life of the people develops, the Russian folksong dies out.
3. The only way in which these songs can be preserved is first to record them with scientific accuracy on the phonograph, and then to immortalize them by presenting them in the theatre.
4. The representatives of the Petrograd Academy of Science and of the State Institute of Musical Science concur in my opinion that:
  - (a) These Russian songs, differing in style and structure from the art song, hardly adapt themselves to the strict measure of conventional musical forms, because of their peculiarity and individuality in beat and rhythm; and that
  - (b) These lawless songs are best rendered by dramatic artists endowed with more freedom and unhampered by the restrictions of the operatic style.
5. The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio is an exceptionally suitable interpreter of these songs because each of its artists passes through a course of dramatic training.

6. These songs are rendered precisely as they are sung, with all their false notes and imperfections of harmony. The dances are executed as exact reproductions of village dancing.

These dances have nothing in common with the virtuoso dancing which seems to have become an indispensable adjunct of every pseudo-Russian chorus in cabarets and restaurants. The style of the song is sustained in the dance.

7. The songs were presented and universally recognized as significant for these qualities:

(a) Melody.

(b) Text.

(c) Play and action, and

(d) Some of them were acknowledged as masterpieces of popular creative power (as, for example, "Oh, Sisters!" and "I walked along the river") by the Petrograd Academy of Science, the State Philharmonic Society, the Musical Department of Glavnauk, and the Ethnographical Association of the State Institute of Musical Science.

8. All the songs were taken down in the villages embraced in the territory of the Glavnauk Academic Centre.

ANNA TRETYAKOVA,

*Actress; Director of Research in Russian Folk Song for the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio; Associate in Science of the State Institute of Musical Science; Compiler and Interpreter of Russian Folk Songs.*

### TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

It is the characteristic of many Russian songs to draw out or hold one syllable over several notes. To make a note-for-note translation into English would therefore require either spelling words out like this: "toge-e-e-e-ther" which looks absurd; or to put in more words than the simple Russian text requires, which would corrupt the quality of the original. It has seemed best to make this translation as close and as simple as possible, to be used as a guide to the meaning of the song, and not as a singable substitute for the Russian.

GEORGE S. and GILBERT SELDES.



## RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS

### I

#### REMEMBER, REMEMBER . . .

Source: Government of Vladimir. From the collection of T. I. Filippoff. Harmonized by H. H. Kedroff.

Remember, remember, our first love, beloved,  
How once, my dear one, we sauntered together.  
Walked carefree together and whispered sweet words:  
"You, my beloved, must not take a wife."  
"I, your dear one, must not take a husband."

### II

#### LITTLE FLOWERS

A Chorus from the Government of Vladimir. From the Filippoff collection. Harmonized by H. H. Kedroff.

How they blossom, how they bud, the flowers in the field,  
Bud, blossom, and wither.  
How he loved, how he loved, the lad loved the lass!  
He loved her—and left her.  
And the lad who loved that lovely lass  
Laughed right in her face.

### III

#### THE LITTLE BRIDGE

From the Same Sources as the Preceding. Harmonized by H. H. Kedroff.

See, over the little bridge  
Sing cherry! the little bridge, sing berry! the little bridge,

The drake is crossing!  
 Sing cherry! the drake, sing berry! the drake!  
 Escorting the little gray duck across,  
 Sing cherry! the little gray duck, sing berry! the little  
 gray duck!  
 The little gray duck was drowned.  
 Sing cherry! the little gray duck, sing berry! she was  
 drowned.  
 The drake was frightened.  
 Oh, sing cherry! the drake, sing berry! was frightened!

## IV

## THEY ARE ALL GOING HOME . . .

Source: Government of Ryazan. Song from a Play. From the  
 Filippoff collection. Harmonized by H. H. Kedroff.

Oh, the women go home, the dear ones go home, but I  
 stay the night long.  
 This coat is not mine; I'll go home and change it.  
 The old man asks me, "Are you well, godmother?"  
 "Oh, not too well. I've a headache still, after the wine  
 of last night."

## V

## BEYOND THE WOODS

Source: Uglitch. Written down by Istomin-Nekrasoff. Har-  
 monized by H. H. Kedroff.

Beyond the woods, the lovely woods, on the Turkish shore,  
 There lies a valley, Oh! how vast it is!  
 And across that valley, across that very valley,  
 There walks a girl, Oh! how fair she is!  
 In her hands are two small wreathes, one of white and one  
 of gold,  
 One for herself and one for him who loves her well.

## VI

## DEEP IN THE WOODS

From the Same Sources as the Preceding. Harmonized by H. H. Kedroff.

Deep in the woods the grass is soft as silk,  
Sing oh, luli, luli, the grass as soft as silk!  
A Cossack of the Don was walking, played the fiddle, oh,  
luli! . . .  
He played and played, and played for time, looking for a  
bride and oh, luli! . . .  
My merry little beauty, come with me, and oh, luli! . . .  
If you don't you will be sorry when you think of me and  
oh, luli! . . .  
I'd better ask the neighbors what sort of a man he is and  
oh, luli! . . .  
Tell me, dear neighbor, what sort of man is he, and oh,  
luli! . . .  
He is a dirty drunkard and he'll drink the coat off his back  
and oh, luli! . . .

## VII

## LULLABY

Source: Government of Vladimir. From the collection of A. K. Liadoff. Harmonized by H. H. Kedroff.

Bye, bye, bye, oh, bye, bye, bye! Sleep dear angel, sleep in  
peace.  
Close your eyes and go to sleep! Oh bye, bye, bye!  
The cat is still a-mewing and little Kolia falls asleep.

## VIII

## THE LEGEND OF ILIA OF MUROMETS

Source: The Village of Khokhloma, in the Government of Nizhni-Novgorod. From the Liadoff collection. Harmonized by H. H. Kedroff.

Over the seas, the vast blue seas, from the Danube to the  
Don,  
Over the blue sea of Khvalinsk, oh! from the Danube to  
the Don,  
Once there sailed ships thirty-seven,  
And the thirty-eighth one was a hoodoo-ship, oh! from the  
Danube to the Don!

## IX

## SLEEP

A Shepherd's Song from the Government of Nizhni-Novgorod.  
Harmonized by A. K. Liadoff.

Sleep itself has fallen asleep!  
Look, Sleep, look at all the people!  
Pick one—pick your heart's desire,  
Take her, Sleep, upon your lap,  
And kiss her as often as you please.

## X

## GOAT

A Comic Song from the Government of Voroniez. Harmonized  
by H. H. Kedroff.

Once on a time we had a goat and he was very wise.  
He used to fetch the water and he used to build the fires in  
the ovens.



He used to cook the porridge and prepare the old folks' food.

Once our goat strayed far away, away into the forest,  
And whom should he meet? Why, all of seven wolves,  
And one of the seven was a lean and hungry wolf  
Who had been for three years roaming, hunting for a kid.  
But our goat was very quarrelsome  
And his beard was very long and his horns were very sharp.

Come on, let's wrestle, let's grip, and let's butt!  
Alas! the wolf grabbed the goat right across the belly,  
Turned him on his back and flung him on the ground.  
The horns are gone, the feet are gone, the belly's gone . . .  
the goat is gone!

## XI

## LINDEN TREE

A Chorus. Harmonized by Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Under the linden in the meadow a tent is spread,  
In the tent there is a table, in front of it a girl.  
She culls flowers from the grass, weaving garlands from  
the hedge.  
Who will wear the wreath she weaves? It is for her lover!

## XII

## ACROSS THE RIVER DAR

A Tartar Prisoners' Song. Harmonized by Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Across the little river, across the little Dar, the fierce  
Tartar tribes blaze their fires bright.  
And when the fires died, it fell to his lot to escort his  
mother-in-law.

So the young man carried her across the wild steppes to his  
 young wife,  
 To his lovely young wife who came from the Rutchi side,  
 as a Russian prisoner.  
 And the mother rocks the cradle, murmuring to herself:  
 "You take after father, little Tartar brat, and after mother,  
 too, dear grandson,  
 For your mother is my own daughter, seven long years in  
 captivity."

## XIII

## THE MOTHER-IN-LAW AND HER SEVEN SONS-IN-LAW

A Comic Song from the Government of Saratoff. Harmonized by  
 A. K. Liadoff.

With seven sons-in-law this mother-in-law was blessed, the  
 dear soul, with seven sons-in-law:  
 Grishka-son, Mikishka-son, Zakharka-son, Makarka-son,  
 Dementi-son, Clementi-son,  
 And dear little Vanka, the favorite son.  
 The mother begins to pass the wine among them:  
 For Grishka—a glass, for Mikishka—a glass, for Zakharka  
 —a glass, for Makarka—a glass,  
 For Dementi—a glass, for Clementi—a glass,  
 For dear little Vanka, half of a little glass.  
 Then mother starts passing the cookies around:  
 For Grishka—a cookie, for Mikishka—a cookie, for Zak-  
 harka—a cookie, for Makarka—a cookie,  
 For Dementi—a cookie, for Clementi—a cookie,  
 For dear little Vanka—a cake!  
 Then mother starts passing some clothing around:  
 Some rags for Grishka, rags for Mikishka, rags for Zak-  
 harka, rags for Makarka,  
 Rags for Dementi, rags for Clementi,  
 For dear little Vanka, a pair of kid boots.

Then dear little mother bids them all goodby:  
 For Grishka—a kick, for Mikishka—a kick, for Zakharka  
     —a kick, for Makarka—a kick,  
 For Dementi—a kick, for Clementi—a kick,  
 And dear little Vanka—gets it in the neck!

XIV

NEAR THE STREAM

A Love Song. Arranged by Constantin Shvedoff.

Near the stream and by the pool, when I was young I fell  
     asleep,  
 And a girl's voice awakened me and I got out of bed,  
 When I got out of bed I washed and dressed up in my best,  
 I woke and washed and dressed and went to see the pretty  
     girl.  
 When I saw the pretty girl I pressed her hand, oh, very  
     tight.  
 "What favor have I done to you to make you press my  
     hand?  
 If you really love me truly, why not kiss me on my  
     mouth?"

XV

VOLGA SONG

Arranged by Constantin Shvedoff.

Down along the Mother-Volga, along its reaches broad  
     and deep,  
 Storm is threat'ning, growing stronger, threat'ning, gather-  
     ing stronger still!  
 Crests of waves all foamy white, and one boat like a black  
     spot,

With its sails all shining white, the sailors' cap are spots of red.

Says the Captain to the sailors, "Now boys, start it all together:

Down along the Mother Volga. . . "

## XVI

## EI UKHNYEM

Song of the Volga Boatmen. Arrangement by A. K. Liadoff.

Pull, boys, pull, ho! Pull, boys, pull, ho! And once again,  
boys, pull, oh, pull, ho!

We will cut down the spruce, we'll trim its leafy head!

Ai da da, ai da, we'll trim its leafy head!

## XVII

## GOOD NEIGHBOR

A Comic Song. Arranged by Constantin Shvedoff.

Dear good neighbor, come and visit me, just as a favor,  
come over now.

"It would be nice to come and see you, but your street,  
good neighbor, is dirty."

That is quickly cured, good neighbor, I'll throw a bridge  
across the street.

—"It would be nice to come and see you, but your gates,  
dear neighbor, creak so!"

That is quickly cured, good neighbor, I'll put some grease  
upon the hinges.

—"It would be nice to come and see you, but your bed,  
dear neighbor, 's too hard."

That is quickly cured, good neighbor, I will make my bed  
all soft.

—"If you do, I'll come, dear neighbor, I will surely come,  
dear neighbor."

XVIII

DOWN THE HILL, THE LITTLE HILL . . .

A Marriage Song. Arranged by Fyodoroff.

How fiercely the wind blows over the house, blows down the  
hill.

And out of the gardens in front of the houses, a lovely  
girl came,

And she was leading a horse by a silken bridle.

Tell me, tell me, lovely one, tell me truly do you love me?

As for me, I'm not in love, but I can not take my eyes

For a moment from your lovely face.

XIX

AT MY FATHER'S GATES . . .

A Dance Song. Arranged by Modest Musorgsky.

At the gates, at my father's gates, Oh, Dunai, my Dunai,  
sparkling Dunai \* . . .

The lads have gone on a wild frolic, Oh, Dunai, my Dunai,  
sparkling Dunai . . .

And one of the lads felt somewhat ill, Oh, Dunai, my  
Dunai, sparkling Dunai . . .

Felt very ill, felt very ill, Oh, Dunai, my Dunai, sparkling  
Dunai . . .

\* The Danube.

I feel so ill, I'd better take a walk, Oh, Dunai, my Dunai,  
sparkling Dunai . . .  
I will strike on the silver strings, Oh, Dunai, my Dunai,  
sparkling Dunai . . .  
Listen, lads, to what the string is saying, Oh, Dunai, my  
Dunai, sparkling Dunai . . .  
The string is saying, We must get married, Oh, Dunai, my  
Dunai, sparkling Dunai . . .  
We must get married to some old hag, Oh, Dunai, my  
Dunai, sparkling Dunai . . .  
Put the old nag in a corner near the stove, Oh, Dunai, my  
Dunai, sparkling Dunai . . .  
Feed her on porridge and a lot of milk, Oh, Dunai, my  
Dunai, sparkling Dunai . . .  
The milk made the old one young again, Oh, Dunai, my  
Dunai, sparkling Dunai . . .  
The porridge made her very gay, Oh, Dunai, my Dunai,  
sparkling Dunai . . .  
She put on the boots and walked away on three legs, Oh,  
Dunai, my Dunai, sparkling Dunai.

## XX

## THE WIND BLOWS . . .

A Little-Russian Meditation. Harmonized by A. Gretchaninoff.

The wind is blowing sudden gusts, bending the branches  
of the oak.  
On a lonely grave the Cossack sits and asks a question of the  
wind.  
"Tell me, wind, oh, furious gale, what shall be the Cossack's  
fate?  
Where his fortune, what his hope? Where to find the  
Cossack's freedom?"

"She lies prostrate, beaten down, trampled over by gray oxen!"

The Cossack heard and softly wept, shedding bitter tears.

XXI

WHOSE LITTLE HOUSE? . . .

Little-Russian Song. Harmonized by A. Gretchaninoff.

Whose is the little house that's been so long unswept?  
Who is the little girl who's been so long uncared for?  
I thought and thought so hard my head began to spin.

Why does he live so far away?

Whose is the little house that's been so long unswept?  
Who is the little girl who's been so long uncared for?  
I thought and thought so hard my head began to spin.

Why does he live so far away?

The hoop is snapping—topsy-turvy!  
The Cossack girl has lost her reason.  
I thought and thought so hard my head began to spin.

Why does he live so far away?

XXII

WAITS

A Little-Russian Song in Imitation of the Sound of Bells. Arranged by Constantin Shvedoff.

Bom! Bom! Bom! Dilin-dilin-dilin-bom!  
In Ukraina the bells began ringing early.  
Fine evening, good evening! To all good people, good cheer.

The pretty girl walked around the garden.  
Fine evening, good evening! To all good people, good cheer.

Walked around the garden, gave birth to a boy.  
Fine evening, good evening! To all good people, good cheer.

## XXIII

## A LOST GIRL

Harmonized by A. K. Liadoff.

Would you were gone from here, well of deep water,  
     Sing cherry ripe, sing cherry ripe!  
 At midnight my father-in-law sends me to fetch water,  
     Sing cherry ripe, sing cherry ripe!  
 How I loved to disobey when I was young,  
     Sing cherry ripe, sing cherry ripe!  
 And how he threatened me with this and with that,  
     Sing cherry ripe, sing cherry ripe!  
 With this and with that and with his son, too,  
     Sing cherry ripe, sing cherry ripe!  
 I will wrap up all his threats in a little bundle,  
     Sing cherry ripe, sing cherry ripe!  
 Wrap it in a bundle and throw it into the fire,  
     Sing cherry ripe, sing cherry ripe!

## XXIV

## FAREWELL TO KIEFF

A Convict Song. From the collection of Hartevelde. Harmonized by Constantin Shvedoff.

Farewell Kieff, farewell; goodbye to the Prison of Kieff.  
 Soon I shall behold the steppes of Siberia.  
 Soon, soon the convoy will take you away,  
 They will put irons on your feet and shave your head.  
 Beyond Siberia the sun rises—in Siberia never,  
 But in Siberia the people are the same old faithful friends.



## XXV

## A LITTLE LARK

A Prisoners' Song Taken Down in the Government of Voroniezkh.  
Harmonized by W. A. Fyodoroff.

Dear lark, dear tiny young lark,  
Sing us a song of Spring where the thaw has come  
Bring comfort to the youth, cheering his dreary confinement  
In his dark stone cell.  
'Tis not one year nor is it two since I came here.  
Behind iron grates and cast-iron doors miserably imprisoned.  
Ah, it is good to live in prison—for those who have never  
been there!

## XXVI

## MY NATIVE STEPPE

A Siberian Convict Song. From the collection of Hartevelde.  
Harmonized by Constantin Shvedoff.

I long for you, for you, my native steppe.  
I can not live in my stuffy *izba*, my heart yearns for the  
open,  
Living in an *izba* is not for me.

## REFRAIN

I was born a vagabond, a vagabond I'll die!  
I left Russia behind, I care only for freedom.

Over the mountains, across the forests, to tramp the day  
long,  
On forest moss I'll make my bed and sleep there like a  
king.

I will rest and go on again!

A vagabond am I.

*Repeat refrain.*

The whole country is before me, mountains, tundras and taigas.

I strike fear into all hearts, they flee me or pay tribute,  
I take it and am gone again!

A vagabond am I.

*Repeat refrain.*

## XXVII

### FROM THE ISLAND

A Sakhalin Song. From the collection of Hartevelde. Harmonized by Constantin Shvedoff.

From the island, the cursed island, I escaped and fled across the stormy sea.

Ah, I can do no more, my strength fails me, would I had stayed there and died there!

I have torn the iron chains, swept aside the bolts,  
Across the sea and over the hills I made my way.

I fear not the wintry storm, nor dying of hunger, I will come in a barge to the Amur,

I can not live behind bars any longer, and will sell my freedom dear.

## XXVIII

### A CHORAL DANCE

A Convict Song. From the collection of Hartevelde. Harmonized by Constantin Shvedoff.

I will throw off my turban and will start a merry dance.

My belly's full and I am drunk, so here it goes!

Fetch me here some buxom girls, I will treat them one and all.

You can kill me—I must have my fun.

Here's Matryona, Alyona, here's Khavronia and here's Sonia,

Here's Dunyasha, here's Natasha, here is Masha coming, too.  
See, my pocket's full of holes, but my knife is always handy,  
Get out of here, don't hinder me, out of my way, I'll pay  
you all.

I will pay the music and pay the girls, too,  
If you treat me right until the morning.  
You're a treasure, little one, if you only can drink vodka,  
You're a treasure, little one, if you only can drink vodka,  
Wizardry! I see the mountain and the taigas dance around  
me—

Doesn't matter! Come along! We'll dance, too.  
There's a light in the sky—is it the sun or the moon?  
Nothing ever matters much to me—I'm standing treat!  
So long as the reed-pipe plays for me all through the night,  
So long as the reed-pipe plays for me all through the night.

## XXIX

### KHLIUNDA

A Choral Dance of Convicts. From the collection of Hartevelde.  
Harmonized by Constantin Shvedoff. Imitation of a deep-voiced pipe against which the tenors sing:

Khliunda, Khliunda, Khliunda! Briskly step round—have  
no fear—

Look out there, step aside, Khliunda is coming!  
Tundras and taigas and forests are dancing with us,  
When the Khliunda starts Khliunda, Khliunda,  
Everything makes way!

## XXX

### DEATH BY TORTURE

Harmonized by Constantin Shvedoff.

Your life-blood crushed out in deep dungeons,  
You valiantly breathed your last.  
In the strife for the good of your people,

You gallantly laid down your life.  
We did not bow down in depression,  
We did not let tears dim our eyes.  
When, taking last leave of your body,  
We stood at your opening grave.  
No bitterness stifled our spirits,  
All eager to rush to the field,  
And vengeance we vowed without mercy,  
Over your still open grave.  
We, too, like yourself will prepare  
The soil for a new generation,  
An augury teeming with promise  
Of happy and glorious days.

## XXXI

## A REQUIEM

Blind Beggars' Song from Moscow. Arrangement by V. A. Fyodoroff.

May the Lord be mindful of all your kin,  
Your ancestors, your tribes, your fathers and your mothers,  
Your grandfathers, your grandmothers, your uncles, your  
aunts,  
The Lord alone knows them all and each by name.  
Write them down, Oh, Lord, on the scrolls of the Church,  
Raise them up to the holy city of the spirit.  
We, the poor, must always pray to the Lord  
Who gives us our food and drink,  
Who clothes and sandals us and covers our sinful bodies.  
Lord, let us help with our prayers,  
Give eternal salvation to their souls, give health to their  
bodies,  
And forgive them their sins!  
May the Lord give you length of years!

XXXII

SERBIAN POPULAR SONG

Music by Glovatch.

Men of Serbia, be not downcast, glory awaits you, do not  
despair!  
Fame is calling to the Kossovo field, calling to the bloody  
carnival.  
With every year you will recall more sharply the sacred oath  
of the hour of battle,  
You will never cloud over, you will never forget the dread-  
ful disaster of the battle.  
You are guilty, but throw off your chains!  
Fling them at your tyrants and you will be free.  
Let Dushan see, let Dushan learn,  
That Serbia lives, that Serbs are free!

XXXIII

THE HUNTER AND THE HARE

Music by César Cui.

See the hunter in the woods!  
See he walks and looks about.  
Under a lovely little bush  
Sits a hare.  
Hi, there, Rover, catch him, quick!  
Says he to the dog.  
I don't belong to you, said the hare.  
Jump!—the hare's gone!

## XXXIV

## SPRING IS COMING

Words by Tutcheff. Music by Gretchaninoff.

The snow across the fields lies white, yet the waters murmur  
of Spring.

They spread and wake the sleeping shore, spread and sparkle  
and call aloud!

They call aloud throughout the land that Spring has come,  
that Spring has come!

We are the heralds of the Spring; as forerunners—she sent  
us forth!

Spring has come! Spring has come!

The glowing procession of warm May days

Is crowding after her: Spring has come, Spring has come!

The waters wake the sleeping shore, spread and sparkle and  
call aloud,

Spring has come!

Spring has come!

## XXXV

## WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD

Funeral March in Memory of Those Who Died for Freedom.  
Music by Tcherepnin.

Weep not over the bodies of the heroes who fell with  
weapons in their hands,

Sing no dirges over them, do not contaminate their ashes!

They need neither songs nor tears—all they need is honor  
due them.

Step bravely over their bodies and carry their standard still  
onward

Under their standard fight down their enemies, lead the  
battle to victory!

There is no other honor, no more sacred tribute, to the  
shades of the heroes who have fallen.

### XXXVI

#### BLACKSMITHS

Words by Émile Verhaeren. Melody arranged by Constantin  
Shvedoff.

We are blacksmiths, our spirit is young, we are the keys to  
happiness.

Raise high our heavy hammers—strike into the steely breast!

We are forging happiness for the people, we are melting  
labor's chains,

And for that longed-for freedom we are struggling and  
will die.

We are the blacksmiths of our country, seeking only her  
progress.

It is not in vain we spend our strength, it is not in vain we  
raise our hammers.

For after each blow the enemy ranks are thinner and hatred  
grows feeble,

And over the fields of our native land the shackled people  
will rise again.

### XXXVII

#### GREETINGS

German Sentimental Song. Music by Hertel.

Greetings I send you, beloved! Where are you now? My  
heart yearns for you!

My thoughts fly towards you and my burning desires.

Try, my beloved, to know how deeply I love you.  
Greetings I send you, beloved. You fell asleep and forgot  
me,  
And here I wander alone, under your window the night  
long.  
Try, my beloved, to know how deeply I love you.

## XXXVIII

## THE JOLLY CARPENTER

German Song. Music by \*\*\*

The jolly carpenter is building a house, all day long he  
wields his hammer.  
His works speeds on.  
But all day long his thoughts are of the nest he will build  
his beloved.  
His cares increase.  
The house he's building will soon be finished and he will  
build his own  
Where he'll live with his love.  
And he sings of her, of his dear little bird,  
And his song is sad.  
It sounds so distant, under her window in the evening  
when he goes to her,  
To sigh with his beloved.  
The house he's building will soon be finished and he will  
build his own.

## XXXIX

## THE ROSE-BUG AND THE ROSE . .

Music by Feyt.

The old rosebug is flying, zoom, zoom, zoom!  
His uniform is sapphire, but he melts with love as he flies  
to the rose.



He sits at her side and says, "My beauty, look at me, what  
a nice bug am I!  
There's no harm in loving me, zoom, zoom, zoom!"  
And the rose answers, "I know a moth, a very young and  
handsome moth,  
And though you may be a big bug, you are altogether too  
old."  
And just then the bug sees the white moth passionately  
kissing the rose.  
Oh, what a scandal! The bug could not bear it!  
He dropped down in the grass and there fell asleep.

## XL

## FOUR SUITORS' SERENADE TO ONE LADY

Music by Alexander Borodin.

While the street sleeps we gather beneath the window,  
We know where your door is, we know well the house.  
Quick, open! Quick, we are waiting!  
Let us, let us, let us all in!  
All four of us love you,  
We burn with love, all four of us,  
And it's long, long, long we've been standing under your  
window.  
And we stand, stand, stand, and we sing,  
Open quickly, or else we depart,  
Let us, let us, let us all in.  
For all four, four, four, are in love with you.

## XLI

## SERENADE

Music by Abt.

The dazzling sunset light dies out in slumbering rays,  
The air is fragrant, in the skies the stars begin to shine.

All nature breathes of tender love, sleep covers everything.  
And in her dreams she can not hear the familiar songs  
    'neath her window.  
Rest, beloved, in your sweet sleep.

## XLII

## NIGHT

Music by Franz Schubert.

Ah, the night! the night! It breathes with tender love.  
The skies are azure-bright, the moon is shining.  
A warm fog lies over the meadow,  
Only the stars tremble slightly in the skies.  
And there, vaguely formed, like a giant of old fable,  
The enchanted forest seems to step forward.  
Here a bird, perhaps in sleep, begins to sing—and stops,  
And there a star, torn from the heavens, shoots down and  
    is gone.

## XLIII

## CIRCASSIAN SONG

Words by Alexander Pushkin. Music by Nikolai Tcherepnin.

The sea is moved by a great wave, the mountains sleep in  
    soundless slumber.  
The weary Cossack falls asleep, resting on his lance.  
Sleep not, Cossack! In the dead of night the Tartar stirs  
    across the water.  
The Cossack puts out in his skiff, dragging his nets as he  
    goes.  
Cossack, you will drown in the sea, as children drown  
In the hot summer. The Tartar stirs across the water,

On the shore of his beloved waters flourish his rich encampments,  
A merry chorus dances—run away, Russian girls, hurry, beauties, come!  
The Tartar is stirring across the water.

# XLIV

## QUADRILLE

From a Collection of Russian Folk Songs. Music by Napravnik.

Captain's daughter, don't walk out at midnight,  
Oh, in my garden, in my lovely garden!  
Lushinka, oh, luli, lushinka, oh, luli.  
In front of our gates the girls form a circle,  
Oh, the villages are so near together,  
One below the city of Saratoff,  
One above the city of Tsaritsuin, yes!  
Near the stream, oh, near the stream the grass grows,  
Green grows the grasses, oh! and silky-soft.  
And I mowed with three scythes.  
In the forests by the Danube a beer-vat stands on the sands.  
Oh, my little untilled field, shall I seed you all with flowers?  
The flowers began to blossom, my heart died.  
Beyond the sea, on the hill, murmurs the green forest.  
Under the hill, beyond the sea, stands a villa.  
And in the forest the lark sings loud his song,  
And a young widow lives in the villa.

Along the street a youth is walking,  
The youth waits on the broad street.  
A little brook runs over a gravel bottom  
And the fine lad walks along its bank.  
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! my dear one loves me!

## XLV

## THE LAKE ASLEEP

German Song. Music by Pfeil.

The lake is asleep, the birds fall silent in the darkening  
treetops.

The rays of the sun have long been extinguished,  
And night offers golden dreams.

The lake is asleep. In the dark firmament the stars twinkle,  
a shining chorus,

And humbly the flowers turn their faces in prayer to heaven.  
The lake is asleep and over the earth the blanket of night is  
spread.

My stormy soul, you will at last  
Find peace again.







